

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

OF THE

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VICAR OF ILE BREWERS, NEAR TAUNTON;
AND LATE MISSIONARY TO THE JEWS AND MUHAMMADANS IN PERSIA,
BOKHARA, CASHMEER, ETC.

"Who would not travel over sea and land, to be instrumental in the salvation of one soul!" FRANCIS XAVIER.

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TO THE

RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.,

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, ETC.,

WITH SENTIMENTS OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

BY HIS FRIEND,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

On the general scope of the opinions contained in this book, Dr. Wolff has one word to say. It has been the endeavour of his life, ever since he grew up to man's estate, to promote sentiments of Christian love amongst his fellows throughout the world; and he wishes that these pages should contribute to the same blessed end. To avoid "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness," is therefore his especial desire, and to bring all Christian brethren to feel themselves under the fellowship of the Gospel of Christ: so that there may be an approximation to those feelings which shall universally prevail at that glorious day, yet to come, when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and his Christ; when the savage nature of even the wild animals shall be subdued; when "the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." For the whole creation shall cease to groan, when Christ shall have his tabernacle with man, and be their God, and they shall be his people; and then those words of prophetic vision of St. John shall be realized, "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are with them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

CONTENTS.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH; CHILDHOOD; EARLY EDUCATION AND ADVENTURES; BAPTISM 1

CHAPTER II.

STATE OF RELIGION AT VIENNA; C. M. HOFFBAUER; COUNT STOLBERG 22

CHAPTER III.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE; MADAME DE KRUDENER; ROUTE TO ROME 47

CHAPTER IV.

ROME; POPE AND ECCLESIASTICS; COLLEGIO ROMANO; PROPAGANDA 68

CHAPTER V.

MONASTIC LIFE; HENRY DRUMMOND; LEWIS WAY; CAMBRIDGE; CHARLES SIMEON 109

CHAPTER VI.

GIBRALTAR; ALEXANDRIA; CAIRO; MOUNT SINAI; RETURN TO CAIRO 145

CHAPTER VII.

DESERT; GAZA; JAFFA; MOUNT CARMEL; ACRE; SIDON; MOUNT LEBANON 215

CHAPTER VIII.

JERUSALEM, ITS INHABITANTS AND NEIGHBOURHOOD . 243

CHAPTER IX.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE; EARTHQUAKE AT ALEPPO; MEDITERRANEAN; HOLY LAND 268

PAGE

CHAPTER X.

MESOPOTAMIA; UR OF THE CHALDEES; HARAN; PADAN-ARAM; KURDISH ROBBERS; JACOBITE CHRISTIANS; DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS; SENNACHERIB . . . 300

CHAPTER XI.

BAGDAD; BOSSORA; SABEANS; BUSHIRE; SHEERAZ; SHEAH AND SOONNEE 324

CHAPTER XII.

ISPAHAN; TEHERAN; TABREEZ; ABBAS MIRZA; TIFLIS; ERIVAN; ARMENIA; CIRCASSIA; CRIMEA; CONSTANTINOPLE; DUBLIN 351

CHAPTER XIII.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER; IONIAN ISLANDS; THE DESERT AND HOLY LAND; JERUSALEM AGAIN; IS POISONED 401

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LEVANT; MOUNT ATHOS; INTENSE THIRST; SALONICA; HOOKHAM FRERE; STARTS FOR BOKHARA *viâ* CONSTANTINOPLE AND PERSIA . . 429

CHAPTER XV.

ADVANCE TOWARDS BOKHARA; PLAGUE; TEHERAN; BOOSTAN; DESERT OF CAYEN 453

CHAPTER XVI.

BURCHUND; TAKEN PRISONER; DERVISHES; CARAVAN; MADE SLAVE; TORBAD-HYDAREEA; "THE HEAD-TEARER" 477

CHAPTER XVII.

MESHED; BOROWSKY AGAIN; ABBAS MIRZA; TURCOMAUNS; SARAKHS; DESERT OF MOWR; GATE OF BOKHARA 503

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

OF

DR. WOLFF.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH; CHILDHOOD; EARLY EDUCATION AND ADVENTURES; BAPTISM.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, a fierce persecution was raised against the Jews in Prague, by the students of that place. This spread generally against the members of that nation who were scattered throughout Bohemia; and compelled many of them to emigrate to Germany and other countries of Europe. A rabbi, named Wolff, whose family had been dispersed by these troubles, and who himself was born in the year 1720, resided at a little village called Weilersbach, near Forcheim, in the district of Bamberg, and was appointed the rabbi of a small Jewish congregation there. Another rabbi, a cousin of Wolff, named Isaac Lipchowitz, settled himself at Bretzfeld, near Ebermannstadt, which was only three miles distant from Weilersbach. These two lived in great amity, and often visited each other; and both married ladies of the country of Franconia. Wolff

had two sons and two daughters; the name of the one son was David, the name of the other son was Asshur. David, the elder son, who was born in the year 1750, left his father's house when he was seven years old, and studied Hebrew and the Chaldean languages, and the science of the Talmud, in the Jewish college at Prague, and learned the pure German language, in one of the elementary schools established there for the Jews; Maria Theresa, the empress, and her son, Joseph II., having not only arrested the persecution, but issued an order that all the Jews should be well instructed in the German language.

After David had finished his studies at Prague, he became the private tutor of several rich families in Moravia and Hungaria; and when he was thirty years of age, he returned to his native place, Weilersbach, where he found that both his father and mother had died. He then married Sarah, daughter of Isaac Lipchowitz, of Bretzfeld, his second cousin, and became a rabbi first at Weilersbach, in the year 1794. His eldest son was born in 1795, and was called "Wolff," after his paternal grandfather. This child is the subject of this history. The Wolff family belonged to the tribe of Levi. *

* Wolff was not strictly the surname, or super-name, of this family, as the Jews observe the Oriental custom of bearing a single name, which is conferred at circumcision. "Wolff," however, had often before been a name in the family; and the subject of this memoir "wakened" or revived it from his father's father.

When the French invaded Germany, in 1795, the event struck terror among the Jews in Bavaria, for they had heard that the French committed all kinds of excesses. Rabbi David therefore, with his wife and firstborn son, then only fifteen days old, left Weilersbach, and was appointed rabbi at Kissingen, where the family took up their residence. Young Wolff's mother and father often afterwards related in his presence, that their firstborn son was so beautiful a child, that the Duchess of Weimar, and the whole Court of Weimar, and other visitors at the Spa of Kissingen, would frequently take him from the arms of his nurse, carry him about, and show him to each other as a prodigy.

In the year 1796, another boy was born to David, who received the name of Jacob Leeb. In the following year, Rabbi David went with his whole family to Halle, in Saxony, on the River Saale, which belongs to Prussia, and where there is a famous German university. Here also he was appointed rabbi of the Jewish community. In the year 1800, little Wolff and his younger brother were sent by their father to a Christian school, in order to learn to read the German language. In 1802, Rabbi David was appointed to a larger community of Jews, who were residing at Ullfeld, in Bavaria. Here young Wolff daily listened, with the highest interest, to the conversation of his father, when the Jews assembled in his house in the evening time, and he spoke to them about the future glory of their nation at the coming of the

Messiah, and of their restoration to their own land; and also about the zeal of many rabbis who had travelled to Jerusalem and Babylon as preachers to the Jewish nation. He spoke with particular admiration of the great Moses Bar-Mymon, who had been a celebrated physician both among the Jews and Muhammadans, and was also remarkable for his Talmudical learning and holiness of life. Among other stories, he gave the following account of Mymon. He related how that for many years Mymon was ignorant of the Jewish law, and of every science, and was, to all appearance, devoid of any talent. And that, grieved at feeling himself much below his fellows, he left his father's house, and went into a synagogue, where he stretched himself near the ark where the law of Moses is deposited, and remained there whole nights in tears, praying to God that he would give him ability to become skilful in the divine law, and in other sciences. And the Lord so effectually heard his prayer, that he subsequently became the famous Mymonides, and was the friend of the Arabian philosopher Averoes, who wrote the More-Neboochim, which tries to explain the law of Moses in a philosophical manner, and many other works. Wolff's father also told his Jewish congregation the following tradition, which made the most astonishing impression on the boy. It referred to the life of Judah-Haseed, the holy man, who became the great light of the Jews at Worms, in Alsatia. When his mother was with child with

him, she met a Christian, who in driving his cart, purposely tried to run over and crush her. But a wall by the wayside, in a miraculous manner, bowed itself over the mother, and protected her from the design of the malignant Christian.

Rabbi David also frequently spoke about the Pope and his Cardinals, and the grandeur of his empire, and the magnificence of the city of Rome. And of our blessed Lord he told the young Wolff a curious tradition, or rather read it to him out of the Jewish Talmud, which contains a treatise on the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. Therein Titus is described as the most wicked man in existence, and it is related of him that he died from the tortures produced by a little fly of copper which entered his brain during the siege, and increased in size until it became as large as a dove, and tormented him to death. But when he was dead, a man named Onkelos, then a heathen prince skilled in the practice of sorcery, though afterwards a Jewish convert, celebrated for his commentaries on the Bible, came forward and raised Titus to life by magic, and then asked him how he would treat the Jews? To which Titus replied, that he should ill-treat them, and inflict upon them every possible torture. Upon this, Onkelos raised Jesus of Nazareth also from the dead, and asked Him how the Jews ought to be treated? And Jesus of Nazareth answered, "Treat them well."

This history made a very deep impression upon young Wolff, so that he asked his father who this

Jesus was? And his father said that He had been a Jew of the greatest talent; but, as He pretended to be the Messiah, the Jewish tribunal sentenced him to death. Young Wolff then asked his father, "Why is Jerusalem destroyed, and why are we in captivity?" His father replied, "Alas, alas, because the Jews murdered the prophets." Young Wolff reflected in his mind for some time, and the thought struck him, "perhaps Jesus was also a prophet, and the Jews killed him when He was innocent!"—an idea which took such possession of him, that whenever he passed a Christian church, he would stand outside and listen to the preaching, until his mind became filled with the thought of being a great preacher, like Mymonides and Judah-Haseed; and he would frequently go to the synagogue and stretch himself in front of the sanctuary where the law of Moses was deposited. Sometimes he wished to go to Jerusalem, and appear there as a great preacher; and sometimes he wanted to go to Rome, and become a pope. He almost every day visited a barber, who was also a surgeon, and whose name was Spiess.* Here he would talk about the future glory of the Jews at

* The worthy Spiess, and his kindness, made such an impression upon Wolff, that he never forgot him; and even so lately as in the year 1846, he wrote from Ile Brewers to the clergyman of Ullfeld, to ask what had become of his old friend and his family? He was told, in reply, that Spiess and his wife had died only a few years before, but that his son and daughter were still alive, and recollected him very well; and they said that little Wolff was a very droll boy, and that they always liked him when he

the coming of the Messiah. At that time Wolff, in his simplicity, related that when the Messiah should come, he would kill the great fish leviathan, who ate ten millions of every kind of fish every day; and who is as large as the whole world; and would also kill a large ox, which is as large as the whole world, and feeds every day on 3000 mountains; and the Jews would eat of that fish and of that wild ox when the Messiah should come. When Wolff was thus talking, Spiess and his family would be all the time in fits of laughter; but one day old Spiess, with his stern look, said to little Wolff, "Dear boy, I will tell you who the real Messiah was; He was Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, whom your ancestors have crucified, as they did the prophets of old. Go home and read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and you will be convinced that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." These words entered, like a flash of lightning, into Wolff's heart; and he can sincerely say that he believed, and was struck dumb. No word came out of his mouth, but he went home to his father's house, and read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah in Hebrew, with the Jewish-German translation, and then said to his father, "Dear father, tell me of whom does the prophet speak here?" His father stared at him, and gave no reply; and Wolff dared not to ask him a second time, but went into

came to their house. They added, that one day he had said, "If ever I get a wife, and she does not obey me, I will put her in prison, and thrash her, and give her nothing to eat."

another room, and wept. And there he heard his father say to his mother, who was also weeping, "God have mercy upon us, our son will not remain a Jew! He is continually walking about, and thinking, which is not natural."

Wolff, the next morning, ran to the clergyman, who was a Lutheran, and said to him, "I will become a Christian, and be a preacher. Will you teach me Latin and French?" He said to Wolff, "How old are you?" He replied, "Seven years." He said, "Wonderful, wonderful child; I cannot receive you, because you are under the tutelage of your father and mother. Come back to me when you are more advanced in age." Wolff kept a perfect silence about this occurrence, and thus the time passed on.

When Wolff was eleven years of age, his father came as rabbi to Würtemberg, and sent him with his brother, Jacob Leeb, to the Protestant Lyceum in Stuttgardt. Wolff's brother had no mind for study, though he had a great deal more talent than Wolff. To sell old clothes was the height of Jacob Leeb's ambition: and he actually did sell some school books, and bought with them pins and needles to sell again. Wolff grew tired of all this, so he left his father's house, when only eleven years of age, and went to Bamberg, a Roman Catholic town.

But, before doing this, he paid a visit to his father, who asked him, "What will you now learn?" He said, "Greek." Then he asked him,

"What will you become?" He replied, "A physician and a preacher, like Mymonides." The old Jews who were present, stroked their hands over their heads, and said, "Woe, woe, woe! Your son will not remain a Jew; he will be mixed with the Gentiles, and go the way of all the Gentiles." His father gave no reply. He then sought an interview with his uncle Asshur, of Weilersbach, who said, "Wolff, Wolff, give up studying, it will lead on to Christianity, and I shall disinherit you. You will not have one farthing from me. I will leave everything to my other nephews"—his sister's children. Wolff replied, "They are more deserving of it than myself, for they are a staff to you in your old age." Wolff then asked the blessing of his uncle. His uncle put his hands upon him, and said, with weeping eyes, "The Lord Jehovah bless thee, and rejoice over thee, as over Ephraim and Manasseh." Then he said, "Now go in peace; say the blessing over everything you eat; don't eat with uncovered head; go every day to the synagogue; never lie down without having said, 'Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is one God,' etc." Thus Wolff arrived at Bamberg, and was most kindly received by his cousin, Moses Lazarus Cohen, as well as by his wife.

Moses Lazarus Cohen was a Jew of the modern style, rather leaning towards infidelity. He read the writings of Emmanuel Kant, Schiller, and Göthe; and he rather liked the idea of Wolff's love of study, and introduced him to the Lyceum

of the Roman Catholics. The famous Graser, a Roman Catholic priest who was married, entered Wolff as a pupil of the Lyceum; and he was placed in the class taught by the Rev. Father Nepff. One Wednesday, Nepff said to Wolff, "Wolff, to-day you need not have come to the school, because I teach religion." Wolff said, "I rather wish to be present and to hear it." The first Wednesday he expounded the Sermon on the Mount. The second Wednesday he expounded the 9th chapter of the Acts, containing the conversion of Paul. When he enlarged upon this chapter, he said, "the church of Christ contained people who trod in the footsteps of Paul: such as Francis Xavier, Ignatius Loyola, and the many missionaries who went forth to preach the gospel of Christ to the nations." Wolff was so much struck with amazement, first with the exactness of the description given of the character of the apostle before his conversion, and then by the description of the Jewish tribunal, which is so wonderfully depicted in the words—"And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest, and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem," (Acts ix. 1, 2, 3)—that he became determined to join the Christian Church. So he went back to the house of his cousin, Moses Lazarus Cohen, and said to him, in the presence of his wife, "My mind is made up, I will become a

Christian, and be a Jesuit; and I will preach the Gospel in foreign lands, like Francis Xavier." The cousin laughed, and merely said, "You are an enthusiast!" but his wife became very angry, and threw a poker at him, and cursed him, and turned him out of the house.

Wolff left Bamberg without saying one word, and without a single farthing in his pocket; and travelled toward Würtzburg. On his way, in a field, he found a shepherd, who was a Roman Catholic, and he asked him if he might stay in his house for the night? The shepherd replied, "Yes, my friend;" and brought him to his cottage. He then asked Wolff if he was a Roman Catholic? Wolff replied by giving him an account of his history; and after they had partaken of a frugal meal, the amiable shepherd knelt down with his family, to pray the rosary; but previous to their commencing the prayer, the shepherd said, "Let us pray five Ave Marias and one Paternoster for the good of the soul of this poor Jew, that the Lord may guide him to his fold."

They prayed five Ave Marias and one Paternoster, and in the morning, before Wolff left, the shepherd said to him, "Friend, you are in distress; allow me to share with you what I have got. I will give you two florins, which will carry you well to Frankfort." This loan Wolff accepted, and was afterwards able to return it to that excellent man.

He arrived at Frankfort on the Maine, where he found the Jews complete infidels, and the Pro-

testants the same. So he remained there only a few months, teaching Hebrew, to get money that he might travel further; and then he came to Halle, where he fell in with some professors, who were Rationalists; but he also met with one, Professor Knapp by name, a professor of theology, who said to him, "Young man, if you would become a Christian, merely because you believe that Jesus Christ was a great philosopher, remain what you are. But if you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and God above all, blessed for ever—then pray to God that this belief may penetrate into your heart and soul."

Wolff had to contend at Halle with much external opposition both from Jews and from the infidelity of Christians; and he suffered also from his own mind, which was too much in the world, and there was much levity about him, which he himself confesses. He left Halle in the year 1810, and came to Prague, in Bohemia, having now in his purse money enough to carry him to Vienna. On his arrival at Prague, the Roman Catholics entirely mistrusted him, saying, "Jews here become Christians by hundreds, without the slightest conviction of the truth of Christianity; so that, if a boy twelve years of age does not get from his father what he wants, he says to him, 'Father, if you do not grant my request, I will *hitch*'" (*i. e.* apostatize!). Wolff therefore left Prague for Vienna, and from Vienna he went to Presburg, and then back again to Vienna, when every farthing of his

money was gone. Here he walked about in deep sorrow near some barracks outside the town, called the Alster Caserne. But while plunged in hopeless melancholy, an officer of the Austrian army came behind him, whose name was Major Zsigrey, of the Colloredo regiment, and struck him on the shoulder, saying, "Young man, why so absorbed?" Wolff made him acquainted with his history, and present want of means; and showed him at the same time the testimonials he possessed from Professors Knapp and Niemayer. Major Zsigrey said, stroking his moustaches, "Young man, if you will stay with me in my quarters for some months, and make yourself useful to me, I will give you enough to eat and to drink, until you find some friend to take care of you." Wolff went with him, and one day he was reading Virgil to himself, when the major said, "Do you understand this book? read a little, and translate it to me;" and Wolff doing this to his satisfaction, he said, "My dear young friend, you must remain with me as my guest, and eat at my table as long as you will." Wolff stayed with him about six weeks, and then left Vienna for Munich.

On his way thither, he came to Mölk, a celebrated Monastery of Benedictine Friars. He had read in novels, and heard even from Jews, that monasteries are the seats of learning, where one can improve one's self in science and religion. He therefore went to the Prior, whose name was Father Christopher, and spoke to him in Latin.

Father Christopher said, "You must be introduced by me to Father Florian Manuli, I can do nothing without him, because he is the catechist, and a man of great influence in the monastery." Manuli at once agreed to Wolff's desire to remain and receive religious instruction in the monastery, and said that he was to teach Hebrew to the students, and continue his own Latin studies, for which he was to receive ten florins a week and his food. This monastery was a very splendid one, and the monks lived "in dolce giubilo," amusing themselves in all kinds of ways. But they did not like Wolff, and they frequently set on their cook, who was a very handsome woman, to tease him; and as Wolff was once sitting at dinner with the students, all of whom had hitherto respected him, the cook came in, and asked Wolff whether he would eat pork? He said, "Yes," and then she began to sing in German—

"Mauschel ist tod! Mauschel ist tod!
Ist er tod? Sei er tod.
Friszt er kein Speck und Brod,
Mauschel ist tod," &c.*

On hearing this song, Wolff became so angry, that he gave the woman a slap in the face, and fled the monastery, and came to Munich.

* "Moses is dead! Moses is dead!
Is he dead? Let him be dead.
Then he will eat neither ham nor bread,
Moses is dead," &c.
"Mauschel" is a German nickname for Moses.

At Munich, the Jews were most kind to him, and he went into the Gymnasium to study Latin, Greek, history, and also dancing: all which were prescribed by Government. Wolff, however, did not wish to attend the dancing school, and he was asked why he would not. So he wrote a short statement that he had no talent for dancing. The director, professors, and all the committee burst out laughing when they read his letter; and he was forthwith desired to learn to draw. This he also declined for the same reason. The director of the Gymnasium, whose name was Kajetan Weiler, a serious, stern-looking man, and a cold philosopher, but of firm principles, insisted upon his learning both. He never would draw a line, however, but got a friend to do his work for him, and all admired his skill, until he betrayed himself by telling them laughingly of the imposition. For this offence he was flogged with a birch, and imprisoned for twenty-four hours on bread and water, when the director, a monk of the Order of the Theatines, said, "Wolff, you had better wait some years before you are baptized; the levity of your mind is at present too great." Besides this, Wolff's relations at Munich protested against his being baptized.

So he left Munich after a residence of six months, and came to Anspach, where he fell in with Protestant professors, all of whom were infidels. For instance, Professor Stephani, who wrote on the Lord's Supper, a work in which he com-

pared our blessed Lord with Catiline. Wolff also read the writings of Professor Paulus, on the New Testament, in which he not only denied the Divinity of Christ, but gave a most revolting description of his birth, for which the reader is referred to "Paulus's Commentary on the New Testament." Wolff also read the "Wolffenbüttelsche Fragmente," which completely disgusted him with Protestantism, and determined him to be baptized into no other Christian Church but the Roman Catholic; in which resolution he was confirmed by the perusal of the beautiful writings of Johann Michael Sailer.

At last, Wolff came, in the year 1811, to Saxe Weimar, where he studied under Director Lenz, of the Lyceum, son-in-law to the famous Saltzmann, who had a celebrated institution near Gotha, (a kind of preparatory college for the University) for young men from England and from other countries. Here, Johannes Falk, the satirical poet, and afterwards a great benefactor to the poor, the son of a wigmaker of Dantzic, but then Councillor of Legation at Weimar, and the intimate friend of Göthe and Schiller, took much interest in Wolff, and read with him the Latin Classics, and Natural Philosophy; and gave him to read his own "Coriolanus" and "Prometheus;" but Falk was at that time a complete Pantheist. When Wolff told him his design of becoming a Christian, and of treading in the footsteps of Ignatius Loyola and Francis

Xavier, he said to him, "Wolff, let me give you a piece of advice. Remain what you are; for, if you remain a Jew, you will become a celebrated Jew, but as a Christian, you will never be celebrated, for there are plenty of other clever Christians in the world." One day, he was walking out with Falk, when a gentleman, with a commanding and wonderful countenance, came towards them. Wolff said to Falk, "I am sure this is Göthe." Falk said, "How do you know that?" Wolff replied, "I have read his 'Egmont,' and I judge from that. For only a man with such a countenance could have written 'Egmont.'" Göthe came towards Falk, and embraced him in a cordial German manner. Then Falk told Göthe, "Now, imagine, this boy knew you from having read your 'Egmont.'" Göthe was flattered with this, and patted Wolff's head. Falk then told him, "He wants to become a Christian, and a man like Francis Xavier; but I advise him to remain a Jew, in which case he will become a celebrated Jew." Göthe said to Wolff, "Young man, follow the bent of your own mind, and don't listen to what Falk says."

Wolff was not pleased with the religion of Weimar, for although the men he met there were far from being infidels, still the religion of Herder, Göthe, Schiller, and Wieland, was a mixture of poetical, philosophical, half Christian, half Hindoo materials, and not at all to his taste. They swore by Prometheus, and sympathized with Ariadne upon Naxos; Kant and Fichte had been their saints, and subjects

of daily meditation. Nevertheless, out of this school of free-thinkers, came Dr. Valenti, who was at first a liberal and a revolutionist, but afterwards became a full believer in Christ.

Wolff loved Weimar, but he soon proceeded to Heidelberg, where he used to visit Johann Heinrich Voss, the translator of Homer, and of almost all the Latin and Greek poets; and also Kreutzer, the writer of the "History of the Mythology of Ancient Nations," a man of deep and firm principles. From Heidelberg Wolff went to the famous monastery called Santa Maria Einsiedlen, in the canton of Schwytz in Switzerland; and there he read Hebrew and Chaldean with the learned father Genhard, and Jacob Briefer, for which they paid him a sum of money. With this he travelled to Soleure, where he was most kindly received by Father Günter, and at once asked his permission to attend the lectures on philosophy at the college of Soleure. But when he added that, after he should have been well instructed in the Catholic religion, he wished to be baptized, and become a missionary, Father Günter replied: "My dear young man, there has never before been a Jew at this college, and if it should be heard that one had entered the place, it would alarm the whole town. Yet I wish you to remain here for the lectures; and you may also come to me for religious instruction every day. But you must not tell anybody that you are a Jew; on the contrary, go to church like the rest, and you can live in the house of a citizen

of Soleure, named Alleman, where another student also boards, whose name is Biederman."

Wolff accordingly lived with and became a great friend of Biederman, and they slept in one room, their two beds standing opposite to each other. A conversation once took place between them, whilst they were lying in their respective beds, and the night candle was burning. Wolff said to Biederman, "We have now been friends for some months. I therefore wish to make you acquainted with a circumstance about myself, but I hope that our acquaintance will not be disturbed by it." Biederman replied, "You may tell me anything, we always shall remain friends." Wolff asked Biederman, "Who do you think, Biederman, I am?" Biederman replied, "To tell you the truth, I have always suspected you to be a Berner"—(one of the Protestant cantons in Switzerland called Berne), by which term the Swiss designate all Protestants. Wolff asked him the reason why he suspected him of being a "Berner." Biederman replied, "Because you behave so strangely at church. You sit when others stand; you kneel when others sit." Wolff replied, "Now I will tell you who I am." Biederman said, "Who are you?" Wolff replied, "I am a Jew." Biederman was so frightened that he screamed, and leaped out of the bed; the noise of which roused the landlord and landlady, who came naked into the room, and said, "What's the matter,—is the devil here among you?" Biederman exclaimed, "Worse than that, Wolff is a Jew!" They were

greatly shocked, but Wolff calmed them in a most wonderful manner by what he said; and by explaining to them that he had come to Soleure in order to be instructed in Christianity, and become a missionary. They were quieted, therefore; but the next day the whole town was full of the news. However, it did not produce any bad consequences to Wolff, except that henceforth he was watched.

One day, before the dinner at this lodging, the family turned their faces towards the image of the Virgin Mary, with her Holy Child Jesus on her knees, but Wolff turned his towards the window; on which the landlady said to him, "Sir, our Lord God is not near the window. Our Lord is here,"—pointing to the image. Wolff indignantly replied, "Our Lord is everywhere; this is only a piece of wood." The landlord went immediately to Father Günter; and then told Wolff that Father Günter desired him to beg pardon. This Wolff declined to do; and so he left the place, and arrived at Prague, in Bohemia.

As Wolff was passing a church in Prague, he heard a Franciscan friar preaching very beautifully, and staid to listen. And after the sermon was over, he went into the vestry and told who he was; whereupon the Franciscan friar spoke very kindly, and introduced him to Bishop Hain, to the prelate Caspar Rozko, and to Professor Ulman, professor of the Hebrew language. When Wolff had related the story of his residence at Soleure, the bishop and the rest of the gentlemen said,—"Thou art

not a common Jew; we shall write to Soleure to Father Günter, and if all is as thou sayest, we shall instantly baptize you." This they did, and Father Günter wrote a very faithful letter in answer, stating the facts as Wolff had stated them; and so Wolff obtained his wish and was baptized at Prague, by the Most Reverend Leopold Zalda, Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery called Emaus, on the 13th September, 1812, being then seventeen years of age. His godfathers were Joseph Veith and Charles Morawetz, and he received the name of "Joseph." He then went to Leutmeritz, where he was confirmed by the Bishop of Leutmeritz; and he received at his confirmation the names of "Stanislaus Wenceslaus," which, however, he has never used.

CHAPTER II.

STATE OF RELIGION AT VIENNA; C. M. HOFFBAUER; COUNT STOLBERG.

As the Benedictines of Emaus were sent, by order of Government, to Klattau in Bohemia, for the purpose of forming there a Lyceum (or preparatory school for the University), Wolff was requested to go with them, that he might assist them in teaching German and Latin, which he accordingly did. But his popularity in that place drew down on him the jealousy of the monks. He therefore, after having gained some money by teaching, returned to Prague, on his way to Vienna, where he purposed studying the Arabic, Persian, Chaldean, and Syriac languages, as well as philosophy and theology. The famous philologist, Father Dobrowsky, ex-jesuit and tutor to the children of Prince Nostitz, furnished Wolff with letters of recommendation to Professor Johannes Jahn, the great oriental scholar; and to Dr. Kopitar, the great Sclavonian scholar; and to the celebrated Joseph von Hammer, the greatest oriental linguist in Vienna, the translator of Hafiz,—the editor of "The Mines of the East," and the author of "The History of the Osman Empire." Joseph Wolff arrived with these letters at Vienna, where he was examined by the Professors, and

declared competent to give private lectures on the Chaldean, Latin, Hebrew, and German languages; and at the same time, he was matriculated student of the University, and attended lectures on Arabic, Ecclesiastical History, and Divinity. It was here that he became acquainted with Friedrich von Schlegel, the great poet, philosopher, historian, and critic of the poetry of all nations; as also with his wife, Madame Dorothea von Schlegel, who was a daughter of the famous Moses Mendelssohn. Besides these, he formed acquaintance with Theodor Körner, the talented author of the "Lyre and Sword," and other poems; and with Baron von Penkler, Aulic-counsellor of Austria. The above-mentioned Schlegel and his wife, as well as Penkler, took the greatest interest in Joseph Wolff; and they introduced him to their Father Confessor, Clement Maria Hoffbauer, Superior-general of the Order of Redemptorists.

Before proceeding with Wolff's history, it is necessary to state the condition of Roman Catholicism in Vienna. There was the archbishop, with his canons and priesthood, who belonged to that body of Roman Catholic clergy who may be styled the "Roman Catholics of the Court." That is, they were pompous, and adorned with orders and crosses, the rewards of courtiers, and may be compared with the "high and dry" party of the Church of England. Certainly, though, there were amongst them people of a different and more spiritual character, such as Jacob Frint, who was confessor to the Emperor, and

almoner to the Empress; and who wrote eight volumes on the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, in which he tried to defend them by the assistance of the writings of Emmanuel Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Bardili, Wieland, Schiller, Herder, and Göthe; and he was a benevolent man. All his party believed in the Pope's supremacy, but they tried to keep the Court of Rome within proper bounds; and were opposed to what they considered as encroachments of the papal power upon the rights of the national church.

Another party in Vienna was that of the followers of Johannes Jahn, who were 'strictly attached to scripture, but leant somewhat to German neology: not with regard to the divinity of Christ, and the doctrine of the atonement, but upon the grand question of inspiration, and the interpretation of prophecy.

The third party was that of Johannes Michael Sailer, the Fénélon of Germany, and the great Friedrich Leopold, Count of Stolberg. These united strict orthodoxy, and attachment to the papal power, admiration for antiquity and the fathers, firm adherence to the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, and belief in the miracles of that Church, with rejection of what is called "pious opinion." As, for instance, they rejected not only the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, but denied the necessity of asking the intercession of the Virgin or of saints; and their minds revolted at the notion of *worship* being addressed to any but

the Most High. They believed in the infallibility of the Church, but denied that of the Pope.

There was a fourth, but small party, the Mystical Party, or the so-called Peschelites. Peschel was an interpreter of the Revelation of St. John; and he taught that people ought to be so inflamed by the love of Christ, that they might desire with St. Paul to "know the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." Peschel's followers took up this idea further, and insisted that Christians should continue the atonement among themselves; with which view they assembled on a Good Friday in a certain house, and cast lots for one to be crucified; and he on whom the lot fell was to be sacrificed. The lot fell on the first occasion upon a poor butcher's maid-servant, who actually submitted to her fate, and suffered with great fortitude and patience. But the next time it fell on a fat Roman Catholic priest, who did not relish the thought at all; and so he gave notice to the police, who took the mystics into custody, and Wolff himself saw Peschel in prison. Peschel was a most amiable-minded man. He never retracted any of his opinions; and when the archbishop wished him to recant, he replied, "You are a blasphemer." He nevertheless confessed to Wolff that he had not intended his followers to proceed to such lengths as they had done.

The fifth party was that of Clement Maria Hoffbauer, who was supported by the *élite* of Germany's learned men, Friderich von Schlegel, and his wife, *née*

Dorothea Mendelssohn, Friedrich Ludwig Zacharias Werner, the author of the celebrated poem, "Weihe der Kraft," or "Martin Luther," and Adam Müller, philosopher and historian: and around Hoffbauer all the great nobility of Poland, and the archbishops and bishops of Hungary rallied, showing that they were willing to engage to serve under his banner. The working clergy of Austria in the country, and the mystical philosophers of Austria, the Pope's Nuncio, and the great Cardinal Consalvi, were all friends to Hoffbauer; and Pope Pius VII. also countenanced him, and admired his zeal. To bring back the spirit of the Middle Ages, was his great design; and he had a firm belief in the papal power. A burning love towards the Virgin Mary, and all the saints, and belief in the perpetuity of the power of miracles in the church of Rome, were doctrines which he powerfully impressed from the pulpit, united with a love of Jesus Christ.

We must now describe the outward appearance of Hoffbauer. He was about five feet seven inches high, with a penetrating shrewd eye. He wore a three-cornered cocked hat upon his head, a black gown of rough cloth over his body, and a girdle round his loins. Shoes without buckles, and rough stockings of coarse wool were on his feet. He always knitted his own stockings, sitting upon a sofa of black leather. He had in his room a little altar, upon which a crucifix was placed, with the picture of the Virgin Mary. His room was divided into several parts, where his

young priests had each a table, at which they wrote. He rose at four o'clock in the morning, when he was heard reciting the Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria; and going down stairs, he whispered a short prayer on his way to church, where he celebrated the mass, and heard confessions. He preached five times a day, always coming home to dinner at twelve o'clock precisely. Then he gave a knock upon the table, to summon all the clergy and the young men to assemble together in his room, where they knelt down, whilst he directed a meditation on some spiritual subject—as, for instance, on the importance of spending our lives usefully in the service of God, and for the good of mankind.

His sermons were most extraordinary. Sometimes he preached the Gospel of Christ with such power, that it could never be forgotten by any one who heard him. He one day preached about prayer, when he said, "Many a great sinner says, 'I will pray when I shall be nigh to death.' But do you recollect Antiochus, who also prayed when the very worms were gnawing him, and when he was nigh to death? Yet, what does the Spirit say of his prayer, 'Und der Bösewicht hub an, und betete zu dem Herrn, der sich nun nicht mehr über ihn erbarmen wolte.' Thus this bad man prayed, but his prayer was not heard; and so will it be with some of you here." Sometimes he would preach about apparitions of spirits, who came from purgatory, or even from hell; and he would describe the appearance of the Virgin Mary, with a golden crown upon

her head. Sometimes he lamented the decay of the customs and manners of the monks. It is worth while to give extracts from some of his sermons.

"A Jew, converted to the Roman Catholic religion, once entered a monastery of Jesuits, where he was highly revered for his holy life. But one day, when he was reading mass at the altar, and consecrating the host, he was overheard cursing Christ by one of the monks. That monk denounced him to the Superior, when he defended himself in such a way, that he was unanimously declared to be innocent. That same night, however, he entered the cell of the monk who had accused him, and compelled him, by threatenings, to deny his faith, after which he smothered him. The next day, the monk was found dead in his bed; and all the fathers declared it to be the judgment of God upon him for his calumny of the Jew. But, on a certain day, when they were all seated at dinner, the dead man appeared, and told the whole history; and then he took hold of the Jew by the hair, and dragged him down to the lower world."

It may be well, also, to mix up with his sermons, some of his private conversation. He once related the following story of Martin Luther: "A preacher, in Switzerland, exclaimed in a sermon, 'My dear brethren, shall I bring forth Luther from hell?' They exclaimed, 'Yes!' 'Well,' he cried, 'Luther!' And a voice from outside was heard, asking, 'What do you want?' 'Come in,' was the reply, 'and show yourself that you are in

hell!' Then Luther came in, in his old gown, roaring dreadfully; and with a kettle of sulphur upon his head, with which he made such a stench, that all the congregation ran out of the church."

Now then for another of his sermons, from which it is worth while to give an extract, as it refers to the decay of monasteries. He said to the monks in a public sermon, "Oh you friars, who spend your days in eating and drinking, and in playing billiards, and in dancing, let me tell you a story. There was a monastery with which I am well acquainted: the monks there spent their days in eating and drinking, and being merry. And one day, the lay brother was preparing to spread the table, when there entered the refectory a company of strange monks, with the abbot in their midst. The strange abbot said, 'Call down stairs the abbot and the rest of your monks.' They came, when that strange abbot commenced as follows: 'Two hundred and fifty years ago, we were inmates of this monastery, and we lived the same sort of life that you do now; and now we are all lost in hell.' Then the strange monks commenced with a loud chaunting voice, '*Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui sancto;*' and the chorus replied, '*Sicut erat in principio, nunc et semper in sæcula sæculorum, Amen.*'" Here Hoffbauer added, "This is their condemnation, that the lost souls must give glory to God against their will;" and then he continued, "After this, the strange monk exclaimed, '*Dominus nobiscum;*' and a voice was heard from out of the

ground, '*Dominus non vobiscum;*' upon which a fire came out, and destroyed them all!"

The King of Bavaria and the Austrian princes venerated Hoffbauer so much, that they would sometimes come to kiss his hand: his alms were unbounded, but he frequently gave with a bad grace. Once a poor man came to him for assistance; he gave him ten florins, but he said at the same time, "*Nun gehe hin, und sage überall die Pfaffen sind grosze Schurken.*"

His zeal in the pulpit, and at the confessional, was very great. One day, when he had been bled, the bandage came undone in the pulpit, and he sank down fainting; but on recovering, he simply said to one of the priests, "Tie the bandage more firmly," and then he continued his discourse.

Nevertheless, there were two traits of his character which it is difficult to reconcile with his fame. These were, first, a most violent temper, which he occasionally displayed, even for the slightest trifles; and secondly, the excess to which he carried mental reservation. For instance,—once, one of his secretaries had not come at the moment he called him, so he seized a glass that stood near, and smashed it to atoms; and he would sometimes strike his clergy at the altar, and then excuse himself by observing, "I am determined not to be like Eli; who, for having overlooked the faults of his children, broke his neck, and was rejected of God."

The mental reservation system was carried on by him in a most remarkable way. To prove this, it

is only necessary to cite the history of Rosalia, the daughter of a rich merchant at Vienna, in the year 1812. She was about 23 years old, and Hoffbauer was her confessor; she daily visited him in his own house, and he consigned her to the spiritual direction of Joseph von Libowsky, who, in Wolff's judgment, was the most envious, jealous, uncharitable, uncouth, odious, mischief-making, heartless, irreligious fellow in existence. But he took infinite trouble with Rosalia, conversed with her in favour of his Order, and showed her the pictures of holy women, to excite her zeal. Wolff saw one of those pictures; it was that of a fine and beautiful lady lying on the ground, with a rosary in her hand. Her eyes were directed to Heaven; but upon her body, mice and rats were gnawing, and she was covered with thorns. In this state this woman was represented to have lain thirty years on the ground. By such stimulants Rosalia's mind was inflamed with the desire of becoming a Saint.

Joseph Wolff left Vienna in the year 1814, for Count Stolberg's, and afterwards went to Rome, but on his return to Vienna in the year 1818, he went to Hoffbauer, and finding that Rosalia was no longer there, he asked, with his usual simplicity, "What has become of Rosalia?" Hoffbauer got into a rage, which was awful, and said, "What have you to do with it? Has your curiosity no bounds?" Wolff dared not to say another word; but one of Hoffbauer's young clergy, Martin Stark by name, took Wolff aside, and said, "Let me ad-

vise you, Wolff, never to mention the name of Rosalia again, she has disappeared. Nobody knows where she has gone; Hoffbauer has been examined, and all of us, before the consistory, and the archbishop himself, and by the police, but nothing is known about her, and the police have already spent 50,000 dollars (which is £8000) to find her, but in vain." Wolff believed it all.

One day, however, he called upon a neighbour of Hoffbauer, a lady who was also his own personal friend. This lady, whose name was Bieringer, was herself bent upon entering a convent. She said to Wolff, in a most significant manner, "Do you think Hoffbauer does not know where Rosalia is?" Wolff replied, "So I have been informed." Miss Bieringer again smiled in a most penetrating manner, as if she would have said, "I know better." Soon after this, Wolff came to Val-Sainte, where he met Joseph Srna. He asked Wolff, "Have you heard anything about what has become of Rosalia?" Wolff pleaded ignorance. Srna smiled in a very cunning way. At last Father Joseph Sabelli arrived in the Monastery of Val-Sainte. The first word he said to Srna was, "At last Rosalia has been discovered; but, God be praised, she has confessed nothing, except that Count Dahalsky had given her money for travelling." Sabelli continued, "I went that same night to Dahalsky, and told him how far Rosalia had confessed." (Count Dahalsky was a great friend of the Redemptorists.) He replied, "I don't care for it, I may give my money to whom I please."

In short, the whole history of Rosalia was this. The Redemptorists wishing to establish a nunnery, composed of the daughters of high people, and to have the first nunnery at Bucharest, Rosalia was to be sent there. But as emigration was not allowed in Austria, and as they were well convinced that her parents would not give their consent, the affair was arranged so as to delude the public as to Rosalia's real intention; and to enable the Redemptorists to have the appearance of sincerity if they should be questioned about her by the ecclesiastical and civil authorities. She was to go about among her friends, and say in a joking manner, that she was about to go to Rome; so that if they should be examined after her disappearance, whether she had never given any intimation of her intention, or told them where she was going, they might answer, with an appearance of candour, "Yes, she told us that she was going to Rome." And again, she was to change her name, and to be called "Phillipina," instead of Rosalia, so that they might say with safety, that they knew not where "Rosalia" was.

But the most ignoble part of all this affair was, that while Hoffbauer himself was acquainted with the whole proceeding; whenever he was examined before the consistory, or before the police, instead of answering the questions, he began to preach justice to them, and left the whole defence upon the shoulders of his younger ecclesiastics. Yet when he came home from the tribunal, he would reproach these very ecclesiastics for their

criminal conduct in having meddled at all with Rosalia.

One fact more about Hoffbauer, and then we shall have done with him. In the year 1818 he was living with some of his clergy in his private house, whilst a few others of them resided elsewhere, among friends of the Order. But these came every day to their brethren at Hoffbauer's, where they all prayed together from the breviary, and lived, to a certain extent, in the communion of their Order, though not in strict observance of its rules, which can only be properly carried out in a monastery. Father Johannes Sabelli, Hoffbauer's secretary, however, was not satisfied with this makeshift arrangement, complaining that it was not in accordance with his vows. And at last he asked to go to a monastery, which a branch of the Order had established in Switzerland, called Val-Sainte, near Fribourg, but Hoffbauer would not allow this. And as blind obedience to the Superior is their rule, Sabelli could not have his own way. But, meanwhile, to the monastery he was determined to go. And one day he said to Wolff, "Now mark, Joseph Wolff, in six weeks from to-day you will witness a spectacle, which you have never seen before in this house. And you will see that Hoffbauer will be obliged to let me go to Val-Sainte."

After six weeks were over, on the very day that Father Sabelli had predicted something strange, the chief secretary of the Pope's Nuncio entered the room of Hoffbauer, where the society were all as-

sembled, and delivered to Johannes Sabelli's own hand a letter from the Pope. This was most unusual, for the Superior opened all letters; for whomsoever they might be directed. The letter was to this effect: "You must tell Hoffbauer, respectfully, that you wish to go to Val-Sainte, and ask his permission. If he lets you go, well. If he objects, go without his permission." Sabelli, on receiving the letter, went up-stairs to read it, whilst the Nuncio's secretary coolly sat down on the black sofa with Hoffbauer, and gave to him also a letter from the Pope. When Hoffbauer read it, he flew into a violent rage, and exclaimed, "I know what I will do; the Court of Rome shall fall down to the ground. It is I who make Roman Catholics at Vienna, not the Pope!" And having said this, he left the poor secretary on the sofa, whilst he walked off, to hear confession in Vienna. Nor did he waste one single word of remonstrance upon Sabelli. The Pope's Nuncio, meantime, evidently afraid to incur the displeasure of so powerful a man as Hoffbauer, conciliated him in a most crafty manner. On the following day, he called again, and sat down with him upon his black leathern sofa, and said to him, "Now, Father Hoffbauer, let us not quarrel; the thing may be remedied to your satisfaction. Emigration is not allowed by the Austrian Government. I will, therefore, write to Rome, that Sabelli cannot get permission from the Austrian Government to go to Switzerland, and the whole affair will be over."

The Pope's Nuncio proposed this because he well knew that Hoffbauer would not for one moment show submission to the power of the Austrian Government; and so it proved, and Hoffbauer consented at once to Sabelli's departure.

We have had almost enough of that extraordinary man who, with the assistance of Messieurs Schlegel, Pilat, and the poet Werner, ruled the whole ultra-Montane party at Vienna, and upset the influence of the courtier clergy, who went about ornamented with the stars of the Emperor. He could not bear, however, the mystical pomposity of the German philosophers and their philosophical terminology, although he had a high regard for Schlegel and the Abbot of Saint Gallen. "These are two very learned men," he said; "I can understand them, but all the rest don't understand themselves." Of Werner he said, "He is a man without dignity, and full of vanity and self-conceit." One anecdote more about him will illustrate his opinion of the German philosophers. The famous Adam Müller once talked to him for a whole hour. He allowed him to go on, but after he had done, coolly said to him, "Pray, Adam Müller, can you explain to me the meaning of what you have said? I have not understood one single word."

Wolff lived two happy years in Vienna, and studied there history, ecclesiastical and profane, and Eastern languages. There, also, he cultivated the acquaintance of many remarkable persons, and made a journey, during the vacations, to Presburg, where

he was introduced to the famous Canon Jordansky, and underwent an examination in practical philosophy. Thence he went to Pesth and Bude, and saw the great Archbishop of Erlau, Baron von Fischer by name. By making the acquaintance of Schedius, Schwardner, and Szabo, the translator of Homer and Virgil into the Hungarian language, and Maron, the author of the "Hungarian Grammar," also the gentlemanly Baron Szébesy, in Erlau, Wolff conceived a high idea of the great talents and learning of the Hungarians, and was convinced that there are great geniuses among many of those nations who are often considered to be barbarians.

When Wolff returned to Vienna, he began a translation of the Bible into German, which was admired by the first scholars in Germany, to whom he showed specimens; and after Frederick Leopold Count of Stolberg, had heard of him, he sent him an invitation to his palace, called Tatenhausen, near Bielefeld, in the county of Ravensberg in Westphalia. On his way thither he remained awhile with the Fénélon of the Catholic Church in Germany, Father Johannes Michael Sailer, to whom he was introduced by letters from Ignatius Heinrich von Wessenberg, the coadjutor of the Archbishop Prince Primas, Baron von Dalberg, Archbishop of Ratisbon and Bishop of Constance. Sailer introduced Wolff to the Professors of Landshut, Drs. Salat, Zimmer, and Ast, and they asked him to give a lecture on Hebrew before the Univer-

sity of Landshut, which was received with enthusiasm. This was in the year 1814.

Thence Wolff proceeded to Ratisbon, and was welcomed at the house of the philosopher Klein, who treated him with the greatest affection, and gave him introductory letters to Drs. Möhler, Kanne, and Schubert, in Nürnberg, where Wolff rested for several days. And here he was much struck by two remarkable characters whom he met. One was Kanne, who was a mighty genius, acquainted with the whole Eastern literature and philosophy; but who for many years denied the greater part of the history of the Bible, and declared it to be a mere mythos, until, suddenly, he was struck by the lightning of the grace of God, and became a humble believer in the Lord Jesus: and it was when under the influence of this conviction that Wolff found him. The other man was Schubert, who is still alive, a philosopher and physician. He was on the point of becoming a Roman Catholic, but retraced his steps, and remained a pious believer in Jesus, within the pale of the Lutheran communion. Wolff's stay was in the house of Dr. Möhler, a Norwegian, who had been converted to Roman Catholicism by Count Stolberg, and whose son is now Professor of History at Louvaine, in Belgium, and a mighty champion for the prerogative of the Papal power, and the mediæval times.

From Nürnberg Wolff proceeded to Aschaffenburg, where he remained for several days in the house of the philosopher Windischman, the writer

of the "History of Magic;" after which he stopped at Frankfort on the Maine, where he made the acquaintance of Brentano, Bucholz, Schlosser, and Frederick Schlosser, who had left the Lutheran for the Roman Catholic Church. In Frankfort Wolff gave an imitation of Werner's sermon, imitating his voice in so faithful a manner that people outside, who knew him, believed that Werner must have arrived from Vienna.

At that time in those literary circles there was a great discussion about a wonderful nun, Catherine Emmerich, in Westphalia, who bore on her body the wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ. Upon her head was the crown of thorns, and in her two sides were the wounds of Christ. The crown of thorns and these wounds were said to bleed every Friday; and it was asserted that no painter could paint them with more exactness. All the philosophers and the physicians who examined her, and the director of the police, M. Garnier, had declared them to be supernatural. For, as the physicians justly observed, if these wounds had been made by art, they would become sore, which was not the case with them. She expressed herself with dignity and beauty about religion, which, as Count Stolberg justly observed, she could not have learned within the precincts of the monastery in which she lived, which was an institution chiefly for the lower orders. She said to Sophie, Countess of Stolberg, "How happy are we to know the Lord Jesus Christ; how difficult it was to our ancestors

to arrive at the knowledge of God!" She never admitted any one to see her wounds, except those who were introduced to her by her spiritual director and confessor, Overberg, of Münster; and Wolff boldly confessed his belief in the genuineness of that miracle, for did not Paul carry about with him the marks of the Lord Jesus? That holy woman had visions, and why should such a thing be impossible?

At last Wolff arrived at the house of Count Stolberg, and was quite overpowered at the first sight of that holy man with his grey and bushy locks, his heavenly eye, his voice so soft in common conversation, but like thunder when he spoke on any important subject. Wolff recited to him on his arrival a sermon of Werner's, in which he addressed the Virgin Mary, saying, "Pray to the Lord Jesus, and to *her*" (the Virgin)—when, suddenly, Stolberg thundered out, "Blasphemy! this is not the teaching of the Church." By-and-by came in the little wife of Stolberg, five feet high, and rather more severe in manner than her husband; and soon after her came the Chaplain of the House, Kellerman, who was afterwards Bishop of Münster; and then came Vornholdt, the second tutor; and then the third tutor, who had been a gardener, but was educated above his rank, entered the room with a rosary in his hand. Last of all arrived the eleven sons, and seven daughters of Stolberg, the young counts and countesses, eighteen in all—sons like thunder, and daughters like lightning. There was

also there the Countess von Brabeck, who was born at Hildesheim, and had blue eyes and red hair, but was full of intelligence, and spoke fluently German, Italian, and English. This young lady was beautiful as the sun, fair as the moon, and modest as an angel; and she was betrothed to Christian, Count of Stolberg, the second son.

It was delightful to look at this family when they rode out after dinner on horseback; and Wolff felt himself transported into the old times of knighthood, when he saw the old count coming forth from the burgh, with his thundering boys, and chaste daughters, and the Countess Brabeck accompanying them. When Blücher visited Stolberg, the daughters strewed roses before the hero's feet, and Count Stolberg himself wrote a poem on the occasion, which begins, "Wallet mit hochgesang dem Helden entgegen," which means "Go to meet with high song the hero."

Wolff lived many months in the house of that beautiful poet and grand nobleman Count Stolberg —happy months, never to be forgotten in after life; and whilst there was employed in translating the Bible, of which he read specimens to the Count. The Count was so much pleased with it once or twice, that he kissed and tickled Wolff in a droll, good-natured way, as he was used to do when suddenly charmed. Then the Countess said to the Count in an under voice, so that Wolff might not hear it, "Papa, you will make the young man vain!"

Wolff observed that Stolberg's system was en-

tirely different from that of Schlegel, because Stolberg disliked the Middle Ages; and, although adhering strictly to the *dogmas* of the Roman Catholic Church, troubled himself very little with its so-called *opiniones piæ* (pious opinions). He was against the belief of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary; and when Wolff remarked that she had been the mother of Jesus, Stolberg said, "and Eve was his grandmother." He disapproved, too, of calling the Virgin Mary the Queen of Heaven; saying that God glorified himself here on earth by his Son; and that He glorifies himself in every star and planet in a way we know not of; and, revelation being silent, there was no reason for believing the Virgin Mary to be placed over all. He did not believe, either, the bodily Ascension of the Blessed Virgin to Heaven, but simply the Assumption of her soul; and said that she died at Ephesus.

One morning when the family were sitting at breakfast, the news arrived from Münster and Brussels that Napoleon had escaped from the Island of Elba. Stolberg rose and said, "This will be his last attempt."

Wolff walked out with him that day, when suddenly Stolberg became absorbed in thought, and, like a flash of lightning, he burst forth as if inspired with prophetic vision, "Er fällt! Ihn stürzt Gott der almächtige. So hat es beschlossen der Alte der Tage." "God Almighty casts him down; thus it has been decreed by the Ancient of days."

Christian, Count of Stolberg, a youth nineteen

years of age, returned from Berlin, where he had been in the house of the great historian, Niebuhr, and coming home to his parents' house, he embraced his betrothed bride, and went to Waterloo, where he fell in the battle, with one of his brothers. Thus was the prophecy of the old Count Stolberg fulfilled, which he uttered in the year 1792, saying, "My sons, the Stolbergs, shall fall, and shall die the beautiful death, the death for their King—the death for freedom—the death for their fatherland." It was most heartrending to witness the separation of Christian, Count Stolberg, from his betrothed lady, the Countess of Brabeck. He was but nineteen years old, and she seventeen, and he had loved her ever since he was seven; when he used frequently to ride out in the morning to converse with the little girl, then five years old, who leant to him out of the window. The old Countess said to him when he was departing for the battle in which he died, "Children, you know it breaks my heart to see you part; but Christian, thou must go. Duty and the fatherland call thee!" and so saying, she left the room, bathed in tears.

Too much can scarcely be told of this most interesting family; and therefore Wolff quotes a passage from his own brief memoir, which was published about thirty-five years ago. "Count Stolberg read with me the New Testament; and he himself and his wife often spoke with me of the power of Christ and of his resurrection,—of his humility, and of his love to his elected people: and

he said to me very often, 'I feel great concern and love for you, and for your brethren, the children of Abraham.' He spoke with horror both of the Inquisition and the Crusades, and considered both as abominable. He considered John Huss a martyr, and spoke of Luther with great regard. It was his intention that I should remain in his house some years; and I also desired and intended it, because I found myself very happy in the company of this great man. But it was not the will of God that I should do so, and I was there only three months. When Napoleon returned from Elba to France, Count Stolberg and his family were in great distress, because, as he had always been an adversary of that tyrant, and had written continually against him, he was now, from being so near France, in danger; and therefore determined to go to Holstein to his brother, in order to place himself and children in security. I left his house with tears, because I had found in him a real friend. And believing his system to be that of the Roman church, and seeing that it accorded with the spirit of Catholicism in all ages, I continued a faithful follower of the Church of Rome; and when, after my departure from Count Stolberg, I visited some learned men of the Protestant denomination, I defended with great fire the Roman church; and when they said 'The Catholics believe the infallibility of the Pope, and command the worship of images,' I denied it, and declared that Count Stolberg had taught me the true spirit of Catholicism, which was

nothing else than the true doctrine of the Gospel. They replied, 'Stolberg is a good Christian, but he has formed for himself his own Catholicism, which is different from that of Rome; go to Rome and you will be convinced.' Count Stolberg gave me when I left him twenty-eight guineas for my journey, of which I sent the greater part to my mother."

The subjoined poem is a translation from Stolberg, made many years ago by Dr. Wolff's friend, Mrs. Alfred Gatty, and refers to the death of Count Stolberg's first wife:—

WARNING.

"Let none complain, on whom a woman's love
Beneath the shadow of his homestead smiles,
Though earthly troubles like a flood should pour
Wave after wave around.

"They cannot sink him! As the tears of morn
Dry quickly up before the rising sun,
Ev'n so the floods of sorrow pass away
Before the smiles of love.

"Ye happy! Feel your God-sent happiness!
Salute with tears of joy the early day,
When its young purple light in glory streams
Upon the loved one's sleep.

"Ye happy! Feel your God-sent happiness!
With tears of joy salute the quiet eve,
Ere softly in the flickering lamp-light's ray,
Ye slumber by her side.

"Look on me! Look!—None ever was more blest!
The blessings beggars dream of, kings misuse,
Were but as worthless fleeting chaff, before
The fulness of my joy.

"For thou wert mine, thou sweet one! Dear one, mine!
Mine, mine, thou darling with the dove-like eyes!
Mine, mine, the fondest heart that ever beat
In loving woman's breast.

"Thoughtful and tender, with the hand of love
She spun the glittering threads of all my joy.
And the days glided in the stream of life,
Wave after wave away.

"Wave after wave bore up the little bark,
Wherein we two together floated on;
And on each side, behold! the waters gave
Her gentle features back.

"Oh, none was ever happier! But the fool
Nourished yet many wishes: spread the sails
To many breezes of deceitful hope,—
Looked right and left, around.

"Then, in a sudden storm—behold! behold!
God took his Agnes from him! Now, alone
Upon the wreck he stands, and gazes round,
And speaks the warning words:

"Ye happy! Feel your God-sent happiness!
Praise God awaking, praising close your eyes;
Shut up the fool's door of the idle heart
Against each wandering wish.

"Father of Love! whom tears propitiate,
Let me weep on, while life and light are left:
When my eye fails in death, let Agnes come
To lead me unto Thee!"

CHAPTER III.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE; MADAME DE KRUDENER; ROUTE TO ROME.

Wolff left the house of Count Stolberg on the 3rd of April, 1815, and went to Elwangen, and there met again an old pupil from Vienna, Prince Alexander Hohenlohe Schillingsfürst, afterwards so celebrated for his miracles; to which so many men of the highest rank and intelligence have borne witness that Wolff dares not give a decided opinion about them. But Niebuhr relates that the Pope said to him himself, speaking about Hohenlohe in a sneering manner, "*Questo* far dei miracoli!" *This* fellow performing miracles! It may be best to offer some slight sketch of Hohenlohe's life, and of the opinion of Madame Schlegel and Bishop Sailer, about him.

Hohenlohe was born in the year 1793, and was put first to be educated by the famous Jean Paul Richter. His person was beautiful. After that, he was placed under the direction of Vock, the Roman Catholic parish priest, at Berne. One Sunday he was invited to dinner with Vock, his tutor, at the Spanish ambassador's. The next day there was a great noise in the Spanish Embassy, because the mass robe, with the silver chalice, and all its appurtenances, had been stolen. It was advertised

in the paper, but nothing could be discovered, until Vock took Prince Hohenlohe alone, and said to him, "Prince, confess to me; have you not stolen the mass robe?" He at once confessed it, and said that he made use of it every morning in practising the celebration of mass in his room, which was true. He was afterwards sent to Tyrnau, to the Ecclesiastical Seminary in Hungary, whence he was expelled, on account of levity. But, being a Prince, the Chapter of Olmütz, in Moravia, elected him titulary canon of the Cathedral; nevertheless, the Emperor Francis was too honest to confirm it. Wolff taught him Hebrew in Vienna. He had but little talent for languages; but his conversation on religion was sometimes very charming, and at other times he broke out into most indecent discourses. Sometimes he conversed of his high attachment to the Papal power. But sometimes again, he broke forth in invectives against the whole court of Rome. He was ordained priest, and Sailer preached a sermon on the day of his ordination, which sermon was published under the title "The Priest without Reproach." On the same day money was collected for the building of a Roman Catholic church at Zürich, and the money collected was given to Prince Hohenlohe, to be remitted to the parish priest of Zürich (Moritz Mayer). But the money never reached its destination. Wolff saw him once at the bed of the sick and the dying, and his discourse, exhortations, and treatment of those sick people were wonderfully

beautiful. When he mounted the pulpit to preach, one imagined one saw a saint of the Middle Ages. His devotion was penetrating, and commanded silence in a church where there were 4000 people collected. Wolff one day called on him, when Hohenlohe said to him, "I never read any other book than the Bible: and the crucifix is before me, as you see, when I compose my sermons. I never look in a sermon-book by any one else, not even at the sermons of Sailer." But Wolff, after this, heard him preach, and the whole sermon was copied from one of Sailer's, which Wolff had read only the day before.

They afterwards met at Rome, where Hohenlohe lodged in the monastery of the Jesuits, and there it was said he composed a Latin poem. Wolff, knowing his incapacity to do such a thing, asked him boldly, "Who is the author of this poem?" Hohenlohe confessed at once that it was written by a Jesuit priest. At that time, Madame Schlegel wrote thus to Wolff: "Wolff, Prince Hohenlohe is a man who struggles with Heaven and Hell, and Heaven will gain the victory with him." Hohenlohe was on the point of being made bishop at Rome, but, on the strength of his previous knowledge of him, Wolff protested against his consecration. Several princes, amongst them Kaunitz, the ambassador, took Hohenlohe's part on this occasion; but the matter was investigated, and Hohenlohe walked off from Rome without being made bishop. It was in Alexandria in Egypt, five years

afterwards, viz. in 1821, that Joseph Wolff heard for the first time of the miracles of Prince Alexander Hohenlohe. In his protest against this man, Wolff stated that Hohenlohe's pretensions to being Canon of Olmütz were false; that he had been expelled from the Seminary of Tyrnau; that he sometimes spoke like a saint, and at other times like a profligate; and, in short, he gave an exact account of his life, as before described. Now to return to Wolff's own history.

In the year 1815 he went to Tübingen, and entered the Protestant University there. But, as he was professing openly his faith in the Roman Catholic religion, every eye was directed to him, and every movement he made was observed. His instructors were Schnurrer, professor of Arabic, Steudel, professor of Hebrew and Biblical literature, Flatt, a holy and good man, professor of the interpretation of the New Testament; and Eschenmayer, professor of Philosophy. Wolff having had to contend with poverty, asked the professors whether he could have the free table, which is given to a number of students in the Protestant cloister at Tübingen. They unanimously declared that this foundation was for Lutherans, and not for Roman Catholics. Upon this, Wolff wrote a letter to his Majesty the King Frederick, and told him that he, Wolff, had been the personal friend of Count Stolberg, who had had the honour of dining with his Majesty every day at St. Petersburg, at the time when his Majesty was a general officer in the Rus-

sian service, under Emperor Paul. Wolff wrote at the same time to Count Dillon, a favourite of the king. After six days from his writing these letters, an order arrived from the King that Joseph Wolff must enjoy the privilege of being admitted a free guest of the cloister at Tübingen; and at the same time a letter arrived to him from his Royal Highness Prince Dalberg, Bishop of Ratisbon, the late Grand Duke of Frankfort, granting him a yearly pension of £25. This enabled Wolff to study comfortably at Tübingen, and take a very good lodging in the house of the Bürgermeister of Tübingen, Bossert by name.

Here Wolff studied, with all diligence, the Oriental languages, and theology; and he disputed with all the professors in favour of the Roman Catholic religion. But when he stated his views on the *dogmas* of the Church of Rome, the unanimous opinion of the professors and students was, that his views were not those of the Church of Rome, but those of Frederick Leopold Count of Stolberg, and of Bishop Sailer; and that, though they tolerated at Rome that those views should be held by Stolberg, they would not allow Joseph Wolff to hold them when he came to Rome, and entered himself as a pupil at the Propaganda, which was his intention.

Though Wolff observed in Tübingen, with great delight, the piety of the Lutheran professors, Flatt, Steudel, and Bahnmayer, who were far from being Neologists, and were real Christians;—yet

he was disgusted with the harshness most of them expressed against the Church of Rome, especially with the intolerance of Schnurrer and Gab. Wolff left Tübingen in 1816, to proceed towards Rome, and arrived in Aarau, where he lodged partly with the Roman Catholic priest, Vock, who at that time was a latitudinarian, and afterwards an ultramontane; and partly with Zschocke, the Walter Scott of Switzerland, and the writer of the history of Switzerland. And there, in Aarau, he made also the acquaintance of that extraordinary lady, Madame la Baronne de Krudener, the authoress of the novel called "Valerie." She had been a lady of fashion at all the Courts of Europe, and was suddenly converted by a vision; and appeared, as the Ambassadress of Christ, first at Paris, in the years 1813–14, after the battle of Leipzig, when the allied Powers met in Paris, and exiled Napoleon to the island of Elba. She lived in a hotel, and sometimes she made her appearance in one of the grand *salons*, dressed like a nun of the Dominican Order, and though already past fifty summers, her former beauty had not yet passed away.

The Emperor Alexander was struck with conviction of sin, and converted through the preaching of Madame de Krudener. Talleyrand also, and all the princes of the empire attended the discourses which she delivered in French and German, in the presence of all the grandees and Powers of Europe. She pointed to Christ, whom she continually styled "the lion of the tribe of Judah," who shall come

to fight the battle, and subdue his enemies. Jung Stilling, too, the ex-tailor and the ex-charcoal-burner, but afterwards the celebrated professor of Marburg and Carlsruhe, was induced to become her disciple; and it is said that she was the authoress of the Holy Alliance made between the Powers of Europe for maintaining legitimacy.

When Labedoyère was sentenced to die, Madame Labedoyère went to Madame de Krudener, fell at her feet, and asked her to intercede for him with the Emperor Alexander. She did so, but the Emperor Alexander told her that it was not in his power to save his life. Madame de Krudener was grieved, but went to the prison, spoke to him about religion, and did her utmost to comfort and strengthen him. Labedoyère was executed; and, after his death, he appeared to Madame de Krudener by daylight, and said to her, "*Madame, je suis sauvé,*"—"Madam, I am saved."

Wolff called on this lady at Aarau; he went, by her appointment, at eight o'clock in the morning, and remained with her till ten o'clock at night. She wore on her bosom, enamelled with gold, a piece of the real cross of Christ. Her companions were, Monsieur Empaytaz, who was a Genevan priest; Madame d'Armand, a follower of Madame de la Motte Guyon, and the mother of M. Empaytaz, and Demoiselle la Fontaine. She was now no longer surrounded by the princes of Europe, but by the learned; by priests; by the people of Switzerland, especially the Pietists; by the poor,

the blind, the lame, the maimed. Pestalozzi also called on her, and shed tears of repentance. She had been exiled from Basle before she came to Aarau. The moment she left the town, a dreadful thunder-storm was heard at Basle, which was declared to be a punishment upon the city for having exiled that holy woman. She wrote in Wolff's album five sheets, which were penned with an eloquence which astonished Pope Pius VII., when Wolff translated them to him. She had such influence, that people knelt down, confessed their sins, and received absolution from her. But now we must leave her. There is only further to be said, that she begged Wolff to see the infant seminary, which was to be established at Basle, for the sending forth of missionaries into all the world; of which, Dr. Blumhardt was the first inspector, and Spittler the secretary. She also furnished him with letters to a very extraordinary man, Professor Lachenal by name; and to her son-in-law and daughter, Baron and Baroness Bergheim, who resided in a little village called Hörnle, near Basle; and to Baron d'Olry, Bavarian ambassador at Berne, a Roman Catholic by profession, but who had been converted to a living faith in Christ by her preaching; and finally, to Madame la Baronne de Staël Holstein, the famous author of "Corinne."

The members of that infant seminary at Basle were of the Reformed Church, and of true Gospel piety; they loved Christ with all their heart;

but Wolff disliked in them their inveterate enmity to the Church of Rome, to which he himself was unflinchingly attached; and he defended it with a fire which, as they confessed, carried them away. They said, for instance,—"What do you say to the Church of Rome having burnt Huss and Jerome of Prague?" Wolff simply said, "What do you say to John Calvin having burnt Servetus?—and to the whole Lutheran consistory having persecuted and suffered Kepler, the great mathematician, to starve?—and to the preacher Ulrich Zwingli having died in battle, like Ali, the Muhammadan?" They replied, "We don't ascribe infallibility to them." And Wolff replied, "And the Church of Rome does not ascribe infallibility to the murderers of Huss and Jerome." They replied, "The Church has done it." Wolff replied, "The Church simply declared their doctrine to be heretical, and the State punished them; and this is the argument the Protestants use with respect to Calvin." They replied, "The world has become wiser, and more enlightened since then." On which Wolff replied, "And the Roman Catholic world has also become wiser and more enlightened since then." Blumhardt said, "Rome has never changed." Wolff answered, "Rome is not the Catholic Church." They replied, "You have to believe the infallibility of the Pope." Wolff replied, "This I do not believe." They said, "You are a Stolbergian, and not a Roman Catholic." And Blumhardt added, "With your sentiments you will be banished from Rome." Wolff answered, "This is still to be ascertained."

Now, as to the character of Lachenal. He was a mystic by nature, but the most benevolent man in the world, so that the poor of Basle quite lived on his bounty. He was exceedingly attached to Wolff, and said to him one day, "You are, in one respect, entirely like myself: I take religion to be a matter of heart and imagination; reasoning has nothing to do with it. My belief is, that Christ will appear upon earth with a sword in his hand, and dressed like a field-marshal, and on his breast he will wear a star, covered with diamonds!" Lachenal's great friend was Jung Stilling, who held equally mystical ideas with himself. Wolff and Lachenal went to Hörnle one evening together, where they found Baron and Baroness* Bergheim, at their devotions, with the poor of the village; such being their custom. They were just then singing, "Christ upon Golgotha," composed by Lavater. After this was over, they embraced Wolff, and then they were surrounded by shoemakers, tailors, and carpenters, who embraced Baron Bergheim as their "brother in Christ." Wolff noticed at once, with his innate acuteness, the pride and vanity produced in those mechanics, by being allowed to embrace a baron! And he took the liberty, afterwards, to speak to Baron Bergheim about it, and to tell him that he would do no good by allowing such liberties; adding that he ought to follow the example of Count Stolberg, who was as pious a man as ever lived, but who addressed the tailor, shoemaker, and

* A daughter of Madame de Krudener.

peasant, as "Thou;" and demanded from them that they should address him as "high excellency," and "Count of Stolberg." Baron Bergheim was much struck, and changed his habits from that moment, and said, "Wolff, you are a man who will bring a new spirit into the Church."

Wolff, after a few days, took his knapsack, and went on foot towards Fribourg, in Switzerland. On his road to Fribourg, he met Protestant peasants, who seriously asked the Roman Catholic friars to make the sign of the cross upon their sick cattle, in order that they might be cured; whilst, with the same breath, they laughed at the superstition of the Roman Catholics, though they were not behind them in the same thing. Wolff arrived in Fribourg, where he met with Père Passerat, the head of the Redemptorists there, who, observing his Hebrew bible, asked to look in it; and then said, "This bible was printed in Amsterdam." And Passerat took the bible away and would not return it, because it was printed in a heretical town.

Wolff, in great distress at his loss, left Fribourg and came to Vevay, where he met with the Protestant preacher, Scherer. He called on him, without knowing him, and said to him, "Would you sell me a Hebrew bible? The Redemptorists have taken mine away in Fribourg." He continued, "I am a Roman Catholic, and am going to Rome to enter the College of the Propaganda." Scherer answered, "I am sorry I have no Hebrew bible; but will you stay here and dine with me?" Wolff did so, and

during dinner, Scherer became so attached to him, that he said, "There! I see you are an interesting young man; and my wife and myself will be happy if you will stay here a fortnight: and we will show you the country around Vevay." Wolff remained there a fortnight, and made the acquaintance of Monsieur Gaudard, colonel of a Swiss regiment, who was a man of deep reading, and acquainted with all the chief mystical writers of England, France, and Germany. He wrote to the Emperor Alexander of Russia, to assist him in establishing a military knighthood, for the purpose of promoting Christianity in the depths of Siberia.

Sometimes during this visit, Wolff went with a company of ladies and gentlemen to an open field, near the lake, to enjoy a picnic, on which occasions they danced; and Madame Scherer insisted once upon Wolff dancing with her. But he, never accustomed to dance, could only hop about with her, and at last gave a kick to her ankles, so that she gave up all attempt at dancing with him ever after.

At other times, he went rowing about in a boat with the rest on the lake of Geneva, when M. Roselet, the assistant of Scherer, played the harp, and the ladies on the shore accompanied it with the heavenly melody of their voices. Previous to his departure, M. Roselet made Wolff a present of a Hebrew bible; and then he departed for Valais, where the Redemptorists again saw his bible, and took it away, because it was printed in Leipsic. Wolff, however, who remained over-night in the

house of the Redemptorists, recovered his book by stealth, and ran off. This bible we must finish the adventures of, before we go on with our history.

Wolff travelled with it throughout Italy, and arrived with it at Rome. And on being introduced to Pope Pius VII., he showed it to him, and told him its adventures; on which Pius VII. laughed and said, "There are hot-headed people to be found everywhere." And both in the Collegio Romano, and the Propaganda, Wolff studied up for his examination out of that bible, and wrote notes in it, and was allowed to retain it; but two years afterwards, when he was banished from Rome, the bible was, in the confusion, left behind. Wolff made several attempts at getting it back, but in vain; and after this, he came to England, and, having studied in Cambridge, undertook his great missionary tour through Central Asia, and finally reached the United States of North America.

On his arrival in Philadelphia, in company with the Right Reverend George Washington Doane, Protestant bishop of New Jersey, as they were passing the house of the Roman Catholic bishop of Philadelphia, Bishop Doane, pointing to it, said, "Wolff, one of your old friends lives there,—the Roman Catholic bishop of Philadelphia." Wolff said, "Come, and let us pay him a visit." On which, Bishop Doane sent him there with one of his clergymen, and a Protestant Episcopal lawyer. Wolff announced his name to the bishop, who came

down stairs to receive him, and said, "Ricordatevi di me?" Wolff at once recognized him, and said, "Yes! you are Kenrick, my fellow-pupil in the College of the Propaganda." And then they went together to the Bishop's room, who took a bible from his table, and, showing it to Wolff, said, "Take back your own!"

And that bible is now in Dr. Wolff's possession at Ile Brewers, which was twenty years away from him. In November, 1859, Wolff paid a visit to Mrs. Read, who resides at Sheffield, and is daughter to the same Scherer of Vevay, in whose house he received the bible, which afterwards he twice lost and twice recovered.

But to return to the history of Joseph Wolff, and the continuation of his journey.

He went from Valais to Milan, where the professors and the librarians of the Ambrosian Library paid him the greatest attention, except Van der Hagen, a German; a nasty jealous fellow, and disliked by his colleagues. However, he was remarkable for one thing. He discovered the famous imposture and forgery of the *Codex diplomaticus*, which excited such a sensation throughout Europe, in the year 1770, and was translated by the impostor, Giuseppe Vella, and deposited in the monastery of San Martino, in Palermo. It is worth while to take some notice of that imposture.

A great deal was said at that time about correspondence which had taken place centuries back,

between the Kings of Naples and Morocco, and the Sultan; when suddenly Giuseppe Vella, a Maltese and a priest, published what professed to be that very correspondence; one column containing the supposed original, in Arabic, and the other column Vella's translation. This interesting volume was deposited in the monastery of San Martino, in Palermo; and Giuseppe Vella received a pension from Austria and from Naples, and was knighted by the monarchs of both those countries. Van der Hagen, Professor of the Eastern Languages at Milan, who himself knew very little of Arabic, had yet his doubts about this document, so he wrote to both courts, and was charged by both monarchs to go to Palermo, and examine it. On his arrival there, he found on looking at the original, that it was nothing but the Roman Breviary in the Arabic language. Giuseppe lost his orders and pensions, and was imprisoned for his imposture.

The Italian Professors at Milan, especially Don Georgio, procured for Joseph Wolff letters of introduction to Cardinal Vedoni, at Rome; and, after having stopped for some weeks at Milan, he proceeded on his way, on foot, with a knapsack on his back, like a German student, to Novara. A torrent of rain surprised him, and wetted through everything he had. On reaching Novara, late in the evening, and having had a letter for a nun there, whose name was Huber Miéville, he hastened to present it. These nuns were Salesians —of the Order of François de Sales—and were

allowed to walk out. Wolff rang the bell. A sister came to the door, and exclaimed, "Deo gratias." The door was opened, and Wolff said he had a letter for Mother Huber Miéville.

He was shown to the splendid refectory, where he met the Padre Confessore, a Dominican friar: a fat gentleman, but of an amiable-looking countenance, with a rosary in his hand. He began to enter into conversation with Wolff, while the letter was sent upstairs to the nun; when suddenly Huber Miéville, with the whole band of nuns, came down, shouting, "Un Ebreo, un Ebreo convertito!"

They immediately asked Wolff to supper. Standing near the table, the Padre Confessore offered up a prayer, and Wolff made the sign of the cross. They all exclaimed, "How this blessed, blessed young man makes the cross! Amiable boy" (Amabile giovane), said they, in the midst of their prayers, "God bless him!"

Then the Padre Confessore very gravely inquired of him, "Can you say *Pater noster?*"

Wolff recited *Pater noster.*

"Say *Ave Maria.*"

Wolff recited *Ave Maria.*

"Say again *Salve Regina.*"

Wolff recited the whole of *Salve Regina.*

All the nuns exclaimed again,

"Veramente un Santerello!" "Truly, a little saint!"

And the Dominican friar said,

"He will be an apostle, like Paul!"

He gave to Wolff his large shirt to put on, for he was soaked with wet. They procured him also a night-quarter in the house of the first magistrate of the place; but Wolff was to breakfast and dine with the nuns. After breakfast, they introduced him to the Abbess, who was a French countess, seventy years of age. She was seated upon a beautiful chair, and in a most handsomely furnished room. She was just finishing the words of the psalmist, which she uttered with great devotion, "If thou regardest iniquity, O Lord, who can stand?" *Si observaveris iniquitates, Domine, Domine, quis sustinebit?*

After this, she gave Wolff her two cheeks to kiss, which he did with great grace.

She then talked about the decay of piety in the Church, with wonderful dignity; and presented Wolff with a beautiful rosary of silver, and nice little cakes, called "Nuns' hearts," and ordered her nuns to provide him with everything, and to give him letters for Turin. He got letters also for Cardinal Cacciapiati, and then departed for Turin.

On his arrival at Turin, he was received, with the greatest kindness, by the Prussian ambassador, Count Waldbourg-Truchsess, who was one of the commissioners from the Court of Prussia, and accompanied Napoleon to the island of Elba. His wife was the daughter of Prince Hohenzollern Hechingen, a Roman Catholic. Wolff met in their house, Madame de Stael Holstein, August Wilhelm von Schlegel, and Count de la Torre, a man of great

information and piety, and well versed in the German language. And he also met Kosslossky, Russian ambassador, and Monsieur Potemkin, nephew of the great Potemkin, favourite of the Empress Catherine. Wolff read first to Madame de Staël, and the whole party, what Madame de Krudener had written in his album; on which Madame de Staël observed, that she had the highest admiration for Madame de Krudener, because in her one could see enthusiasm in its highest perfection. After this Wolff read portions of his poetical translations of Isaiah and Jeremiah; and Schlegel gave him a hint about his mode of reading —finding fault with him because he continually read with too much emphasis, an observation of which he availed himself in future.

At Turin, he also met in the library two interesting persons, Professor Pieron, professor of the Oriental languages and librarian, and an English gentleman, who has ever since been Wolff's friend, and whom he will again have occasion to mention when he gives an account of his arrival at Rome. This was a man of the highest accomplishments, well versed in Latin and Greek, and in Italian, German, and French literature; and who is still alive, "a fine Old English Gentleman of the olden time." His name is David Baillie, Esq. And by-and-by, after all the ambassadors, and Professor Pieron, and David Baillie, and Abbate Tosi, had furnished Wolff with letters of recommendation to the foreign ambassadors, and cardinals, and to that

celebrated member of the Inquisition, Benedetto Olivieri, a Dominican friar in Rome, Wolff was requested by David Baillie to accompany him to Genoa.

In Genoa, he took leave of Baillie, and embarked for Cività Vecchia in a little felucca, being accompanied by a pious, good, excellent Spanish friar of the Dominican Order, whose name was Padre Quarienti, with whom he conversed about Don Quixote of La Mancha. But, as the wind was contrary, he remained at Porto Fino, ten Italian miles from Genoa, for three weeks. The wind then changed, and after three days more, he arrived at Leghorn. But when the wind again changed for the worse, and Wolff's money had decreased to half a louis d'or, he was afraid that this would soon be spent, so he set out on foot from Leghorn for Pisa. This was in May, 1816, and the heat at that season was so overpowering that Wolff found it difficult to walk, and he was still 300 English miles from Rome; and having had no letters of credit for any of the towns on the road, he did not know what to do. So he knelt down and prayed. Scarcely had he prayed for a few minutes, when a vettura came up behind him, destined to go to Rome. Wolff arranged with the vetturino to take him as far as Pisa, for which he agreed to give him a quarter of a louis d'or. But there were sitting in the carriage several passengers, and one of them was struck with Joseph Wolff, and asked him where he intended to go? Wolff said, "I

intend to go to Rome, to enter the College of the Propaganda, and to become a missionary." The stranger said, "Why do you not agree with the vetturino to take you to Rome? He would do so for six louis d'or." Wolff said, "I have only a quarter of a louis d'or left myself; but will you trust me, and pledge yourself to the vetturino that I will pay him? If so, I will pay you in a day after my arrival in Rome. I give you my knapsack as security, until you have the money." The stranger replied, "I don't want your knapsack. I will advance you the money, for you have honesty written in your face."

So Wolff continued his journey to Rome; passing through Siena, where he stopped to look at the room of Santa Catarina of Siena, who in her writings reproved the pomp of the Popes with much power and energy. And there he saw the paintings of Coreggio. During his journey, he was joined by two Franciscan friars from Spain; an old one, and a young one. The old one was an ignorant jackass; but the young one was a man of the highest talent, who gave Wolff an insight into the cruelty of the Inquisition in Spain.

At last, Wolff arrived at the frontier of the Papal States, where he saw the cross planted, with the papal arms in the centre, superscribed with the word *Pax*, by which Wolff was most agreeably surprised. But on his proceeding further, he saw a gallows, and criminals hanging upon it, whereupon he could not help making the remark to one of his

friends, "There does not seem to be perfect peace in the Papal States!"

At Faenza, Wolff made the acquaintance of a most interesting young man. This was Orioli, Professor of Chemistry in Bologna. He was versed in all the writings of the philosophers of France, England, and Germany, and he said to Wolff, "Look out at Rome, Wolff; *Con Dio è perdono, un prete non perdona mai*—With God there is pardon, a priest never pardons." At Viterbo he saw the sepulchre of Santa Rosa, which performs many miracles. The nuns gave him a piece of her girdle, which he put into his pocket; but he lost it half an hour after.

CHAPTER IV.

ROME; POPE AND ECCLESIASTICS; COLLEGIO ROMANO; PROPAGANDA.

At last Wolff arrived in Rome, when he found that he had travelled in the vettura in company with Prince Salignac, and his interesting daughter, ten years of age. And the person who had advanced him the money was an officer of the Piedmontese army, who had left it in order to go into the desert of Egypt, and live there as a hermit, and atone for his sins. There seemed great conviction of sin in this man.

Wolff, on his arrival in Rome, met with his friends Johannes and Philip Veith, sons of Madame Schlegel, and step-sons to the great Friedrich Schlegel. Here Wolff must enlarge a little on the family of these two remarkable men, who were both painters, of high celebrity in their own country. Madame Schlegel (who was a daughter of Mendelssohn the philosopher) was married first to their father the Jewish banker Veith; but Friedrich Schlegel became acquainted with her, and wrote in her praise a novel called "Lucinde;" to which Madame Veith replied by another novel entitled "Florentine." After this, she was divorced by Veith; but the two sons followed their mother, and were soon after baptized

with her and Schlegel himself into the Roman Catholic Church. Nevertheless, the noble old banker, Veith, never forsook his children, but made them the heirs of his fortune. Johannes Veith advanced the money to Joseph Wolff on his bills on Germany at once; and he thus was able to repay the Piedmontese officer, who continued his journey into the desert of Egypt, to die there as a hermit. Wolff looked out for him afterwards, on his arrival in that country, but could never find him.

Painter Overbeck, and the two Veiths, and the son of the philosopher Plattner, went the same day with Wolff to that extraordinary man, the Abbate Pietro Ostini, of whom we shall have a great deal to say; and who took Wolff at once to Cardinal Litta's, and announced to his Eminence that a young man of the Jewish nation had arrived, who wished to enter the Propaganda. Litta said, "This can be nobody else but Joseph Wolff. I must immediately recommend him to Pius VII." Wolff was then called into the room, where Litta received him with the greatest cordiality, and said to him, "This evening your arrival will be announced to his Holiness Pius VII."

Here we must make a few remarks about Ostini. Pietro Ostini was Professor at the Collegio Romano, and taught ecclesiastical history there, even before the exile of Pius VII. to Fontainbleau, and he also continued to hold this office after the return of that amiable pontiff, and his cardinal. But during their banishment Ostini became a partisan of

Napoleon, and favoured his government in Rome; which fact (in a subsequent conversation he held with Wolff) he did not attempt to deny, but simply said in reply to Wolff's reproaches, "I held myself neutral at that time." However, it had struck Ostini that events might change, and the Pope might return; so to secure his approbation, he undertook the conversion of celebrated Protestants to the Romish Church, in which attempt he wonderfully succeeded. He converted the celebrated painters, Overbeck, Vogel, and Schadow, and the poets Tieck and Werner, Princess Gagarin, and many others. He was not a man of great learning, but of much taste and judgment. He knew very well that the ultramontane system would not do with Germans, and therefore he adopted the system of Bossuet; and after he had converted a crowd of celebrated Germans, he introduced them in a body to the confessor of the Pope, Bishop Menocchio, who still remained in Rome, and was a performer of miracles, healing the sick with the sign of the cross; and Ostini desired this great man to confirm his converts. When, however, the Pope returned from Fontainbleau to Rome, he showed himself (it is to be regretted) more severe than his friends had expected. Many of those who had espoused the cause of Napoleon were exiled to Corsica; Cardinal Maury was seen by Wolff lying stretched in a black gown, at the foot of the altar, as a penance; and his Holiness exclaimed, "Ostini must go to Corsica." But here Menocchio interfered and said, "Nay, your Holiness,

this must not be—for Ostini has been a mighty instrument in the hands of God, for bringing in many great heretics to the church." Pius VII. pardoned Ostini accordingly, and all Rome shouted, "Ostini ha cambiato!" (Ostini has changed!) and so he had; for as Wolff observes, he never saw such a cringing fellow as he had become. Whenever he saw a great man, whom he knew to be intimate with the Pope, he instantly bowed to the ground, so that his nose almost touched the earth.

However, to return to Wolff. He was introduced by the Prince of Saxe Gotha to Cardinals Consalvi, and Pacca, and by Monsignor Testa to His Holiness Pope Pius VII., who received him with the greatest condescension; Wolff had seen him previously in the Church of St. Maria Maggiore, and had been deeply impressed by the sanctity of his appearance, and now wished to kiss his feet, but he held out his hand, which Wolff kissed with great simplicity. Pius VII. talked with him about Stolberg, Schlegel, and Hoffbauer, and then desired him to read some part of the Hebrew Bible. This he did, and the Pope said to him, "You are my son," —(Siete mio figlio!)—implying his affectionate interest in him. "The Propaganda is not yet restored from its confusion during my exile,* but

* During the exile of Pope Pius VII. at Fontainbleau, the Collegio Urbano della Propaganda Fede was partially used as barracks by the French soldiers, and altogether thrown into confusion. On the return of the Pope in 1814, a restoration was commenced, but it was not fully completed until the year 1817.

you shall go to my own seminary, and hear the lectures at the Collegio Romano, until order is re-established. I shall give directions for your reception." The Pope's voice was as soft as a child's, his countenance remarkably mild, and his eyes had an habitually upward glance, though without pretension or affectation. Wolff gently and caressingly patted his Holiness on the shoulder, saying, "I love your Holiness!" (Io amo la vostra santità.) "Give me your blessing!" Then kneeling down he received the benediction of that holy man, of which he will always treasure the most pleasing recollection, in spite of those bigoted Protestants, who declare the Pope to be Antichrist!

And thus on the 5th of September, 1816, Wolff entered the seminary of the Collegio Romano: a part of the establishment which is appropriated to the use of young Italians who are being educated as Priests of the Diocese of Rome. Wolff was told that his admission there was an unprecedented act of favour; and that the Pope had sent for the Rector, and specially recommended him. On his entrance he received the usual dress of the pupils, namely, a violet blue garment, and a triangular hat. It was the custom of the place, whenever a novice arrived, to put him under an elder pupil, who became his "Angelo custode," and made him acquainted with all the usages of the place. To the honour of the pupils and professors of that college, be it said, that they treated Joseph Wolff with the greatest kindness and cordiality. They were young men of the

highest intelligence and talent; lively, fiery, witty, cordial Italians; some of them of high birth: among others there was Count Ferretti, the present Pope Pius IX., a mild, pious, liberal-minded young man, who was well acquainted with the writings of Savonarola, and warmly recommended them to Wolff. And when Ferretti became Pope in 1846, Wolff (then in England) remembered the advice of his old acquaintance, and purchased all Savonarola's works, which had been so favourite a study with the now celebrated man.

Another of Wolff's co-disciples at the Collegio, was Conte Mamiani from Pesaro, nephew to the Cardinal Galeffi. Mamiani, then only seventeen years of age, was a youth of extraordinary talents, whose name is mentioned in "Cancellieri's Biographies of Talented Italians." He was a wonderful improvisatore, and of remarkably gentlemanly conduct and manners.

Nevertheless, there were strange instances of ignorance to be found among the pupils, of which Wolff once took advantage in his own favour. A fellow-student was badgering him, as was rather their custom at first, about the superiority of Italy over Germany, and urging the fact even upon religious grounds;—"Only consider the number of saints Italy has produced," was his argument; "whereas in Germany you have none!" Wolff exclaimed, "Be quiet, or I will prove to you that you are a very ignorant fellow!" "Well," answered the student, "if there are any German saints, name

them, and tell us how many." "Will you count them?" asked Wolff. "By all means," said the other. "Very good," said Wolff; "now begin." And then beginning to number them off on his own fingers, he said—

"Who was Göthe?"

"Good!" said the student. "Well, there is one, certainly."

"Who was Schiller?" continued Wolff.

"That is two, then," remarked the student.

"Who was Jean Paul Richter?"

The student nodded consent to the third.

"And who was Kotzebue?"

"Come! I must grant you four."

"Who was Baron Trenk?"

"There, there! five!"

But Wolff's list was not exhausted. He went on with Wieland, Herder, &c., in quick succession, till he came to his thirtieth and last saint, Schinderhannes, the celebrated robber, and there he stopped.

"But, after all," remarked the student, "what are thirty saints for such a country? The number is pitiful!" "There now!" exclaimed Wolff, "I told you that if you would not be quiet I would prove that you were a very ignorant fellow, and that is just what I have done!" And then he explained to him the joke.

When the lectures at the Collegio Romano commenced, Piatti, professor of dogmatics, opened the course, and gave the first on the subject of predestination.

Wolff sat near him, at his right hand, when Piatti dictated the following words:—

"My dear hearers:—This is a most perplexing subject, I therefore must give you a precautionary warning. The question of predestination is a very difficult one, therefore you must neither take the Scripture, nor the Fathers as your guide, but the infallible decision of the Roman Pontiffs. For Pius V. has declared, in one of his Bulls, that if any one should say that the opinion of St. Augustine on predestination has the same authority as the decision of the Popes, he shall be *Anathema.*" Wolff at once took fire, and said, before them all, "Do you believe the infallibility of the Pope?" The professor said, "Yes." Wolff said, "I do not."

He was at once surrounded by the whole college; Bonelli was especially indignant, and exclaimed, "Bad and impious people seldom do believe the infallibility of the Pope; but if you want to stay at Rome, drive away these iniquitous thoughts!—'*Scacciate questi pensieri cattivi!*'"

Wolff became furious, but has since confessed that he did not show the real spirit of Christianity in the opposition which he offered. Nay, he owns that it argued a great deal of vanity in him as a young man, to attempt to be a Reformer. He ran to Cardinal Litta, and told him the dispute he had had, and that he did not believe the infallibility of the Pope.

Litta's conduct was most delightful. He showed the meekness of an angel, merely saying,

"My son, do not dispute, I beseech you, with those hot-headed young men. For, if you dispute, I cannot protect you. And you will be persuaded of the Pope's infallibility when you hear the reasons."

Soon after, Wolff took umbrage on another point. His curiosity was excited in the highest degree, to hear how the College of Rome would, in the Course of Lectures upon Church History, treat the "History of the Reformation," by Luther, and his excitement rose to such a pitch, that he was almost frantic with impatience. Ostini was, as has been said, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History; and in spite of not being deeply learned, he was a man of astonishing mind and acuteness, and had a powerful gift of reasoning. His lectures, therefore, were very interesting, his account of the Crusades most beautiful, and his defence of celibacy ingenious. Wolff remarked too, that in lecturing on the history of Henry IV. and Gregory VII., he showed both prudence and candour; for as long as he was able to defend the latter against the Emperor, he did it; but when he came to facts mentioned of the Pope which he could not defend, he merely read the history, and left the pupils to form their own judgment. At last, however, he arrived in his lectures, at the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

"Now," thought Wolff, rejoicingly, "now we shall come soon to the history of Luther!" But he was disappointed; the moment Ostini came to the period when Luther had to make his appearance,

he closed the whole course of Ecclesiastical History,. and began again with the first century.

Wolff asked him, openly in the college, "Why do you not go on?" He coolly replied, "It is not the custom at Rome."

But Wolff was not only dissatisfied with Ostini's lectures, but with the conversations he heard between him and the other professors. There was nothing of religion, or of the improvement of the soul in what they said; but they talked about the flattering letters His Holiness received from such and such a potentate. One could easily look into the inmost soul of Ostini, when one heard him say,

"I shall have a hand in that business—Cardinal Consalvi patted my shoulders. I have been even noticed by Count Blacas," &c. In short, there are Mr. Worldly-wise-men at Rome, as well as everywhere else.

There was a great fuss made by the Tractarians, when Dr. Hampden was appointed Bishop of Hereford. They said such a thing had never been heard of, as that a man, who inclined to German neology (which Wolff never could find out Dr. Hampden did), should be made a bishop. Some even went so far as to say, "It is enough to make one go over to Romanism." "The whole Church should protest against the appointment." And actually thousands of clergymen put down their signatures to the protest; but when Wolff was asked for his, he declined giving it. Again, when they protested

against Gorham's appointment, they said, "This is enough to make a man become a Romanist." And Wolff was again asked for his signature, but again declined giving it. Upon which one of the clergymen went so far as to call him a "turncoat;" but for this he did not care a farthing. Now, however, it is well they should know why he acted thus. It was because both Hampden and Gorham were people of unspotted morality, and Wolff has always been the advocate of liberty of opinion within limits.

But there was Baron von Häffelin, Titular Archbishop of Elvira, and Bavarian Ambassador at Rome, against whom both Ostini and the Pope himself warned Wolff, telling him that he should have nothing to do with him; because he was convicted as one of the *illuminati;* a disciple of Weisshaupt, the atheist; a jacobin in his politics, and with a number of natural children around him. And yet that very man was made cardinal six weeks after Wolff was warned against him, and without his having given the slightest symptom of change of sentiment; and there was only one cardinal who protested against his appointment, and he did so in vain. How foolish, then, of the Tractarians to say, that the appointments of Hampden and Gorham were enough to make them Romanists! Let the cases be compared! When Wolff asked Ostini why Häffelin was appointed a cardinal? the answer he gave was, "Because he made a beautiful Concordat between the King of Bavaria and the Pope!"

Another circumstance is to be mentioned, by which Wolff was offended, and gave offence.

Cardinal Della Somaglia came to the Collegio Romano, in the room of the rector. He was an extraordinary man; powerful in scholastic learning, gentlemanly in his appearance, a man who had been exiled with Pius VII. to Fontainbleau, and had withstood every encroachment of Napoleon. This man, when eighty-five years of age, was made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and he was dean of the College of Cardinals.

When Wolff came to him in the rector's room, His Eminence treated him with great condescension, and asked him his views respecting the church of Rome, of which Wolff still spoke with the highest enthusiasm. He asked him, among other things, what branch of study he most liked? Wolff answered, "The study of the Bible in the original tongue." Cardinal Della Somaglia replied, "You must not rely upon that; and you must never forget that the Church is the interpreter of scripture. I will give you an instance. There is a word," His Eminence continued, "in one of the Prophets (he knew not which), which is translated, 'A virgin shall conceive and bear a son.' There was a long dispute about it, whether it means 'Virgin,' or not; and people could not agree, until the Pope was asked; and the Pope decided that it meant 'Virgin,' and then the dispute was at an end. So, you see, the Hebrew language is an ornament for a priest, but no neces-

sity; for the Pope at last must decide everything."

Wolff replied with a most unpardonable sneer, "How *can* the Pope decide, if he does not know Hebrew?"

Upon which Della Somaglia rose, and said, "Wolff, I am afraid for you, that you will become a heresiarch!" And Ostini repeated the very words to Wolff afterwards, "His Eminence, Cardinal Della Somaglia, is afraid that you will become a heresiarch!"

Wolff does not justify his frequent rudeness to his superiors; but one good result certainly followed from his habit of questioning the infallible authority of his teachers. His desire for studying the Holy Scriptures grew stronger and stronger, and he would sometimes remain alone in his room to read them when the other pupils went to take exercise in walking, or to assist in the churches: and he sometimes even took his bible into the lecture-room, to the neglect of the lectures on scholastic divinity. He had at first no Oriental books, nor means to provide himself with a master at the Seminary; but when Mr. Baillie, with whom he had travelled from Turin to Genoa, called upon him and found how he was circumstanced, he bought him books, and gave him two guineas monthly, which enabled him to take an Oriental teacher, and to pursue his studies. This provoked a good deal of animadversion from the other pupils. They said, "Of what use will the Holy

Scriptures and the eastern languages be to you, if you do not know scholastic divinity, which alone can enable you to refute the sophisms of heretics?".

Wolff wept when so urged, but did not give up the point. At last, Cardinal Litta commanded him to study the scholastic divinity, which his other pursuits so much interfered with, and he did so for a short time. But he used to get weary very soon while so engaged, and would often get up and walk about his room, reciting passages from the Scriptures, in the deepest melancholy: especially the following verse, in Hebrew,—"Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together; I, the Lord, have created it."

Nevertheless, Wolff was not altogether the only one in the College who ventured upon freedom of thought. Mamiani once said to him, "Wolff, I never can be reconciled to the union of the sword with the cross: there must be a change, *i. e.* a severance of the spiritual and temporal powers." Mamiani became Prime Minister to Pope Pius IX., in the year 1848, when he contributed to produce, in some degree, the change he then spoke about. He is now Minister of Public Instruction to the King of Sardinia. His improvisatorial powers have been already mentioned; and they were often a source of wonder and delight to his fellow-students, when, during their vacations, they made excursions to Tivoli—the ancient Tibur—near Mæcenas'

Villa, where the Collegio had a very fine country house. There Wolff read Horace in the Poet's own villa, and enjoyed himself very much; for the collegians continued very kind to him, let him say what he would, and plenty of amusements were provided. The Cardinal sent ventriloquists and others for their diversion, and they visited several monasteries in the neighbourhood, as well as all the ancient ruins, as of the Sybil's temple, &c. And on these occasions they had pic-nics, where they drank *aurora*, a delicious beverage, composed of coffee, chocolate, milk, and sugar, mixed together; eating with it exquisite *pasticci*. And then it was that Mamiani would enchant them with his improvisatorial genius. Some one gave him a theme, and he at once broke forth into a most spirited tragedy, with different persons and voices. Only Italians are capable of thus improvising.

One day, during their stay at Tivoli, Wolff went with his fellow collegians to a Franciscan monastery, where they were celebrating the festival of St. Franciscus Assissi. All Romish monks are accustomed to preach sermons on the day of their patron Saints, which they call "Panegyrica;" and Wolff on this occasion heard the Panegyricum of St. Francis of Assissi, preached by a friar of the Order. He enlarged on his sufferings and miracles, and told them that the church of St. Peter was one day on the point of tumbling down, when St. Francis upheld it with his shoulder. He also said

that he had on his body the five wounds of Christ; and then he went on to say, "Francis of Assissi has taken upon himself the sins of the whole world." Wolff, on coming out of the church, said to his fellow collegians, "That Franciscan friar is a jackass." To which they all agreed. They then returned to their country house, where the day finished with a treat of beautiful music; and, after a residence altogether of two months at Tivoli, they returned to Rome to the college.

Wolff is anxious here to have his opinion of the Roman Colleges thoroughly understood. Differing, as he constantly did, from both teachers and pupils in theological views, (as the foregoing anecdotes have shown,) he must yet uphold to admiration the moral and religious training he witnessed in those establishments. Neither in the Collegio Romano, nor the Propaganda, did he ever hear an indecent observation, either from priests, prefects, or pupils; nor see one single act of immorality. A strict surveillance was the system of the Collegio Romano. The Prefect called the pupils every day for the rosary prayer, and closed the doors of their rooms in the evening. On his opening the door and awakening them in the morning, one of them had to recite the Litany of the Virgin Mary, and the rest to cry *ora pro nobis.* After this they went into the private chapel, and read a meditation taken from the book of the Jesuit Segneri, which contains many good and beautiful things. But the description of Hell and Paradise, there

given, is the same Wolff once read in a Rabbinical book, and in a Surah of the Koran. During recreation, after the first studies of the day were over, the pupils (invariably accompanied by the Prefect), walked out and visited several churches, performing a silent prayer, for a few minutes, in each of them. After which, they went to the Porta Pia, or the Quirinal, where there is always a gathering, both of the inhabitants of Rome and visitors. There they might meet, any day, cardinals, prelates, princes, noblemen, their own friends, and strangers from foreign lands—Germans, Spaniards, English, French—even travellers from Chaldæa, Abyssinia, Jerusalem, &c. And thence they returned to the college, where, after a prayer, each pupil retired to his own room for further study. In the evening again, they assembled in the corridor of the building, where their friends in the town visited them, and they conversed freely on any matter they pleased. Then followed supper, and then, before they retired to rest, they went again to the chapel, where a portion of the Gospel, and meditations from Segneri or Rodriguez, were read aloud. Such was the daily routine at the Collegio Romano, varied, as has been seen, during vacations by expeditions into the country, and even temporary absences.

And in the Propaganda, to which Wolff went afterwards, the regulations were very similar, only with this addition, that in the time of recreation, letters from all parts of the world were read, giving

accounts, both of the progress of missionaries, and of their complaints that there should be so few labourers in the vineyard. In one of these from one Du Burgh, then in the United States of North America, the following outpouring occurred:—

"Alas, alas! whole districts here have embraced the Protestant religion, because there were no labourers of the Church of Rome. Prince Gallizin, (son of Princess Gallizin, of Münster), has to do all the work alone, as missionary; going about with the rosary and cross in one hand, and the breviary in the other, to convert the whole of America to the true faith."

An American gentleman, Barber by name, originally belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church there, but who had become a Roman Catholic, and was visiting the Propaganda, heard Du Burgh's letter read, and made the observation that almost all the Protestants in the United States were very well-intentioned, although, as he now thought, mistaken. To which Professor (afterwards Cardinal) Ostini remarked, "Wolff is right in maintaining that we ought not to say all Protestants are lost; for, 'Multæ oves foris, multi lupi intus'—*There are many sheep without, and many wolves within, the Church.*"

Every true Christian must see the value of this remark, and acknowledge the liberality which dictated it; and, if the Missionary Societies of England would look at the Roman Colleges, with the same candid spirit, they would see many things there,

which they might take as a model, with great advantage to themselves, instead of finding sweeping and indiscriminate fault because differences of religious opinion exist. The cardinal-prefect, and the rest of the cardinals, who are members of the Propaganda, are not mere patrons, giving their names and subscriptions, but never going near the place, nor troubling their heads about it, as is the case with patrons of English Societies; who leave everything in the hands of a few individuals, of whom even the nominal Committee knows little or nothing; and who are often retired tradesmen, or unemployed naval officers, without either knowledge or interest in the matter.

In the Propaganda, the patrons are workmen, and do their own work, or see for themselves that it is done. They visit the college, will attend sick pupils, cover them up in their beds, send them suitable presents, as of cakes, with twenty or thirty candles burning on them; or, in cases where amusement is necessary, will order actors, ventriloquists, and jugglers to be fetched for their entertainment; and the pope himself does not disdain to visit among them. Surely this is a contrast to English customs, and not very much in their favour!

Again, on the return of Propaganda missionaries from places where they have been stationed, they are consulted by the assembly of cardinals, as to what has been done, and what remains to be done, in that particular locality; instead of being, as in

England, sent to a poky lodging-house, in High Holborn, and submitted, from time to time, to the humiliation of being lectured by some long-nosed, snuff-taking lady, of the so-called Evangelical party, whose only care is to bid them beware of Puseyism, over-formalism, &c., &c., &c., whatever happens to be the religious bugbear of the day. In short, at Rome the value of a man's work is both ascertained and acknowledged; and a missionary coming from a distant country is frequently consulted privately by a cardinal, as well as publicly by the general assembly of cardinals and monsignori—the subject of these discussions being, the necessities and results of the mission. And, when he is sent forth again, he is not hampered by instructions from a petty committee, or even a cardinal, but he goes out as *missionarius, cum omnibus facultatibus apostolicis.*

All the German artists and learned men—amongst others Bunsen, and the philologist Becker, the editor of Plato—called on Wolff, during their stay in Rome; and Niebuhr also, who arrived there during somewhere about that time. And Wolff delivered in the college a lecture to the Germans generally, on Isaiah and Jeremiah, and the historical books of the Old Testament. They visited also, in his company, the seven churches of Rome, and said an Ave Maria in each church.

Wolff has always thought it delightful to see Rome still the rendezvous of the most learned men in the world. So it has always been, and so it is now. Moreover, he is convinced of the liberality

shown there to strangers, travellers, and savans of every sort. He cannot believe that Winkelmann had any reason for committing the hypocrisy of becoming a Roman Catholic in order to make researches in the Vatican Library. Wolff himself has heard, in the Café Greco, unbelievers discussing the merits of revelation with believers, perfectly unmolested. From the Protestant German painter Vogel too, he one day heard a story which showed what freedom of speech was generally allowed; and the account of which will prove what liberty of association the students of the Collegio Romano enjoyed.

The Saxon Minister, Abbate Adorni, had much wished to convert Vogel to the Roman Catholic faith; and he, in self-defence, one day asked, "Pray tell me, Abbate Adorni, if the Roman Catholic religion is so much better than the Protestant, how is it that the Protestants are more moral than the Roman Catholics?"

To which inquiry the Abbate made answer,—

"I admit what you say; but I will tell you the reason in a moment. The devil has the Protestants in his hands, as it were, leading them about like dogs in a string; and thus being sure of them at last, he does not trouble himself with tempting them now, knowing that let them be as moral as they please, it will do them no good. Whereas, if he does not attack the Roman Catholics with all his might, they are certain to slip through his fingers and go to heaven!"

To hear this story from Vogel was natural enough, but great was Wolff's astonishment next day, when Ostini himself alluded to it, saying, "Imagine, Wolff, the mischief done by such arguments as those of Abbate Adorni with Vogel!"

It is a curious circumstance, that years afterwards, Vogel himself joined the Romish Communion.

Wolff once, wildly enough, proposed the foundation of a new religious Order at Rome, to be composed of painters, sculptors, and artists of all kinds; and got the letter suggesting this delivered to the Pope by the Prince of Saxe Gotha. The Pope replied to him through Mons. Testa, that he prayed God to bless his zeal, and hoped great things would one day be done by him; and he sent messages to the Superiors of both the Collegio Romano and the Propaganda, recommending "his dear son" Joseph Wolff to their attention.

And the kindly feeling was warmly reciprocated. Wolff saw many fine sights while he was in Rome, for instance, the Canonization of Alfonso Maria Liguori, the founder of the Redemptorist Order, and other imposing spectacles; but nothing that ever impressed him so much as when that holy, good, trembling old man, Pius VII., with a crown upon his head, entered the church of St. Peter, and kneeling down at the sepulchre of the Apostle Peter, offered up a silent prayer, amidst the dead silence of the whole crowd in the church. Then Wolff burst into tears.

Soon after Wolff had returned from Tivoli to the college, he received a visit from His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince, afterwards King of Bavaria, accompanied by his celebrated physician Ringseis, a religious Roman Catholic, who had added to his Catholicism the mysticism of Jacob Böhme, the shoemaker, the great theosophist of Germany, soon after the Reformation.

But in spite of the respect which was shown him, he was often very unhappy, for his continual disputes destroyed all devotional feeling and Christian meekness; and yet he could not resist engaging in them, although his best friends counselled him otherwise. The painter Overbeck said one day, with much justice, "We should bear the prejudices of other men with gentleness and humility, because we are all more or less prejudiced."

But Wolff could not see this properly then. On the contrary, he argued with Overbeck; "The Protestants of Germany believe me to be a hypocrite in entering the Roman Catholic Church; and I should be such, if I were to consent to their abuses." Overbeck's answer to which was, "You are not yet able to check such things as these: you must wait as Christ did, till you are thirty years of age. Nay you will surely fall into the same error, and embrace the doctrines you now abhor, if you will not hear the voice of your friends." Nevertheless, Overbeck spoke for the time in vain, as will be seen.

One day, indeed, matters became quite boisterous at table in the Collegio Romano. One of the pupils

said, "Wolff, how could you pat the Pope's shoulders? Are you not aware that the Pope is God?" Wolff became as red as a turkey cock, and said, "How can you dare to say such a thing? the Pope is dust of the earth, *polvere della terra.* If he was God, I could not have touched him." All the collegians, and the professors, and rectors, and vice-rectors, rose from their seats, and exclaimed, "Wolff, what are you saying?" Wolff said, "This fellow called the Pope, God; and I say he is dust of the earth: who is right?" One answered, "Is it not said, ye are gods?" Wolff said, "Yes, which may be broken to pieces." Another said, "He is God on earth, for he has all power in heaven and on earth, and in purgatory." And, again, another said, "One may call him God, in a large sense." Wolff replied, "I shall not call the Pope God either in a large or a small sense: he is dust of the earth." Another said, "He may be called God in a most pious sense." And to Wolff's utter surprise, every one of the most learned men belonging to the Court of Rome defended and supported the expression.

But here one frank confession must be made. It may well be asked, Why did Wolff always attack the abuses and irrelevant points of the Church of Rome, when he was only a pupil in the place for a particular object? Protestants, as well as Roman Catholics, advised him not to do so. Niebuhr, Stolberg, and Cardinal Litta, as well as many others, all agreed on the point. They said, "You, Wolff, are only a pupil; you are neither

bishop nor priest; be quiet till you have heard more, and have a position."

Wolff answers frankly, that although he hopes that love for Divine truth has been one of his ruling motives from his youth upwards, yet his great enemies all through life have been—vanity and ambition; cherished and encouraged alike by injudicious friends and covert foes. He owns that during his life at Rome, his vanity made him believe that he knew everything better than those by whom he was surrounded; and as people told him that he was like Luther in outward appearance, he resolved, if possible, to be a Luther also in his stormy and wild career: while, at the same time, his insatiable ambition made him wish and aim at becoming Pope, as he once openly avowed in the College. And, being then an admirer of Gregory VII., he said he wished to be like him in daring and firmness, but to do exactly the contrary to what he did, and to signalize himself by abolishing celibacy, and the worship of the Saints. He even told his fellow-pupils of the name he intended to assume when Pope, namely, Hildebrandus I.!

At last, in December, 1817, the Propaganda was rebuilt, and Wolff was about to be transferred into that College. But there is a beautiful custom at Rome, that before one enters upon a new situation, or place, one goes to a retreat. Wolff went, therefore, with all the collegians of the Propaganda, to a monastery built upon Monte Cittorio, of the order of St. Vincent de Paula, inhabited by

holy men, but suspected to be Jansenists; and he found among those monks deep and silent devotion, not the spirit of controversy. They always rose early in the morning, and went to the chapel, which was only half lighted; and every day, on some different subject, a silent meditation was carried on. Not Segneri, but Thomas à Kempis was read; and, during dinner, the life of Filippo Neri. To Wolff's utter astonishment, in the life of Filippo Neri, the cause of Savonarola was declared to have been just, and that he was put to death most unjustly by Alexander VI. Wolff, now about twenty-one years old, lived fourteen happy days in that retreat, leaving it with great regret; and a few days before Epiphany, was at last introduced into the Propaganda, built upon the Piazza d'Espagna. On the day of Epiphany, the pupils gave an "academia" in forty-two languages. It was in the evening. All the ambassadors were present, and all the cardinals, and the German artists, and French priests. Wolff spoke in five languages, and chanted so that the hall rang; and all the auditors were in raptures, and applauded him; and the Italian collegians of the different colleges present kept saying, "Look at him, look at him, what tremendous eyes he makes!" "*Guardateli, guardateli, gli occhi che fa!*" After the whole was over, the servants of the cardinals, together with their masters, slapped his back and said, "*Per Bacco, per Bacco! che voce! che voce! che occhi! che occhi!*"

An Armenian Bishop said, "His voice goes up above the heavens."

At last, the lectures commenced, and were attended by young Irishmen, by Armenians, Bulgarians, Maronites, Chaldeans, Abyssinians, Negroes, and people from Algiers and Tunis. The Chinese pupils had their college at Naples, because they were not able to bear the climate of Rome. The pupils in the Propaganda were dressed in a long black gown, with a red girdle around it; there were five red buttons at the collar, indicating the five wounds of Christ—the red colour being the symbol of the danger of losing his life, to which a Missionary is exposed; and they wore three-cornered cocked hats: and thus Wolff was dressed. The rector of the Propaganda was at the same time teacher of *dogmatica*, and Finucci was the professor of Biblical literature and casuistry. The rector was Raimondo Serdomenici, a dreadful dogmatist, of which fact one cannot give a better idea than by allowing him to speak for himself. He once asked Wolff, "Is it dogma that Jesus Christ died for all?" Wolff said, "Yes; for Scripture says, 'He gave himself a ransom for all.'" Serdomenici said, "No such thing; that is not a dogma of the Church; it is only a dogma that he did not die for the elect only, against Calvin." Wolff said, "Why should it not be dogma, for Scripture declares it?" Serdomenici said, "The Church has not so decided:"—then he continued, "it is not yet dogma, that the Virgin Mary was born without

sin; but the time may come when the Church will so decide, with the annexation of *anathema* to any person who does not believe it."

At another time, the question was proposed, whether Jansenius was a heretic? The rector said, "One cannot exactly say that, for he says at the end of his work, that he submits everything he wrote to the decree of the Church. But if the Church had burnt him, she would have done well." Whereupon Wolff exclaimed, "The Church has no *right* to burn." The rector said, "How do you prove that?" Wolff said, "It is clear—it is not allowed to murder. 'Thou shalt not kill!'" The rector said, "May a shepherd kill a *wolf*, when he enters the flock?" Wolff replied, "A man is not a beast." The rector replied, "Seventeen Popes have done it." Joseph Wolff replied, "Seventeen Popes have done wrong."

During that whole conversation, two gentlemen were standing at the door of the room, and heard the conversation; one of whom was Henry Drummond, the late Member for Surrey, Wolff's steady friend to the last moment of his (Drummond's) life; as he publicly declared, at Freemasons' Tavern, in 1827, he was resolved to be. His words were: "I will remain Wolff's friend to my dying hour, though all England should trample upon him!"—and he nobly carried them out. His expression of countenance was such, that to look at was to love him, even when he made the most sarcastic remarks. The other was Hallyburton, afterwards Lord Doug-

las, of Edinburgh. Both delivered letters to Wolff from Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, and Zschockke, from Switzerland. The first words of Drummond were, "Wolff, go with me to England!" Wolff replied, "No; I shall not stir until I am turned out." The next day, David Baillie came to Rome, and brought letters on Wolff's behalf from the Duchess Litta, Cardinal Litta's sister, from Milan.

Wolff, at that time, had one visitor after another. Amongst them, his friends Niebuhr, Bunsen, and Brandis, called upon him; and Niebuhr told him, "Wolff, you are in danger. In case you see the blow coming, fly to the Prussian palace." Just at this time also, a certain Baron Von Akerblad called on him, and entered into conversation with him on prophecy. Akerblad was an unbeliever; he took up the Bible and said, "Now, Wolff, what do you make of this prophecy: 'He shall establish his kingdom upon the throne of his father David?'" Wolff answered, "This must be understood spiritually." Akerblad replied, "I have not been made an infidel by Voltaire, but I have been made an infidel by you divines. You go to the Jew, and try to throw down his throat those few prophecies which you deem to have been fulfilled literally; and as soon as the Jew turns round, and shows to you prophecies which stare you in the face, you turn round and demand of him that he should understand them *spiritually*."—Akerblad was right;—for, for one convert, the divines of the present

day make to Christianity, they make ten infidels, with their phantomizing systems of prophecy; as Wolff has since learnt to believe.

Wolff's stay at the Propaganda had now become very critical; yet, amidst all these controversies, the pupils and professors behaved very amiably towards him, as their constant joking with him showed. Observing that he was very fond of tarts, they all sent their tarts on a plate to him, which he carried up stairs to his room. He then invited for the next day, all his friends, the German artists, Protestants and Roman Catholics, to his room, and gave them a dinner; whilst the pupils and professors standing outside, shouted, in a laughing and not angry way,—"Here, look! Wolff has assembled all the heretics of the place in his room, and is giving them a dinner,"—the dinner consisting chiefly of the tarts which had been given up in his favour by themselves.

Thus Wolff spent his days, notwithstanding all controversial quarrels, most agreeably in the Propaganda; and had frequently occasion to admire, amidst the intolerance and bigotry of some priests of the lower order, the highly liberal-minded principles of Pope Pius VII. And even the bigotry he witnessed forced his respect at times, as being the development of undoubted, if mistaken piety. Wolff recalls now a young man, who often provoked him by entreating him not to eat more than eight ounces of food upon a fast day, because the theologians had ruled that that was the proper

quantity; but whose countenance as he spoke was nothing short of heavenly in expression. With this youth, Pedrucci by name, Wolff had a dispute one day about the nature of hell fire; Wolff maintaining that it could not be a material fire, which so offended Pedrucci's stern faith, that he called him "beast." Wolff then became incensed, and appealed to authorities, and Menocchio looked up the matter in the theological dictionary, and found that most of them, and among them St. Johannes Damascenus, contended for a metaphorical interpretation. Whereupon, poor Pedrucci wept for his undue zeal, and begged Wolff's pardon like a child.

A circumstance happened which hastened Joseph Wolff's removal. All the pupils became discontented with the new rules given to them, and rose in open rebellion against the rector. Wolff sided with the pupils, and declared the rules monkish. One evening a letter arrived from Henry Drummond, saying, "Wolff, come out of Babylon." But although the letter reached Wolff, it was first read by the College, and thus Drummond's words became known to the authorities. Now, a custom prevails in the College, that every night after prayer, the door of every pupil's room is shut. But Wolff observed, through a little window which was in the door of the room, that after his was locked, the rooms of the rest were left open; and that one after the other the students were called to the Rector's room; and the next morning Wolff heard

from his fellow pupil, Rese, who is now Bishop of Michigan in America, that all the pupils had been examined about Wolff's sentiments. That same day Wolff was asked by the Rector whether it was dogma that Christ had died for all? He answered "Yes," but the Rector said "No." On which Wolff asked "Why?" when the Rector replied, "Because the Church has not decided, and has only declared heretical the doctrine of the Calvinists, that Christ died for some, and has reprobated the rest." Wolff exclaimed, "It needs no decision of the Church, for Scripture has clearly decided, which says, 'He gave himself a ransom for all.'" The pupils took Wolff's part, and one of them, Tragano by name, from Bulgaria, said, with all the warmth of a Bulgarian, "If Christ died not for all, we need not all worship Him." Wolff wrote instantly to Cardinal Litta, and said, "The Protestants of Germany were right, the Propaganda teaches errors;" and, unfortunately, Wolff added in his own name, the argument used by Tragano (in order not to compromise Tragano), that, if Christ died not for all, all need not to worship Him. Next day Litta himself entered the College of the Propaganda, and went at once to Wolff's room, and sat down. Wolff attempted to kneel before him, but His Eminence told him to sit down. Cardinal Litta said, "I have read your letter, in which there is a great deal of nonsense (*de' spropositi*). First, ask any theologian you please, and he will tell you that Christ died for all is not dogma, be-

cause the Church has not so decided; and the words of Scripture, therefore, may mean, that He died for 'many' (as it is said also once); and as to your argument that if He died not for all, we need not all worship Him, it is most absurd; for we do not worship Him because He died for all, but we worship Him because He is God." Wolff gave up the argument entirely. The whole demeanour of Cardinal Litta was that of a highly-dignified prince, devoted priest, affectionate father, and believing Christian.

At that same time Wolff received letters from Monsignore Testa, private secretary of the Pope, a learned, amiable, and pious prelate, warning him, in the most affectionate manner; telling him that a tempest was over his head, that his sentiments were disapproved by the Propaganda, that he was in danger of being turned out. Testa wrote to Cardinal Litta at the same time, and spoke to him as well, recommending Wolff to his protection. Litta replied, "I can no longer save him." A few days after this, a tailor came to Wolff's room, (the tailor of the Propaganda,) and took the measure of his clothes. In the same way, the shoemaker came and took the measure of his feet; the hatter came and took the measure of his head. Wolff was in great apprehension, and did not know what to do. And presently his friends, the painters and artists at Rome, heard that something was going on amiss with him; so they came to him, and said "We have come here to tell you that we will all

go in a body to the Pope, if anything is done to you!"

At last, on the 15th of April, 1818, Cardinal Litta sent for Wolff. The messenger merely said "Cardinal Litta wants you." Wolff went. He was instantly admitted to the Cardinal's presence. His Eminence said, "Your sentiments, my dear Wolff, are clearly known; your correspondence is known;* and we know by that correspondence your opinions and manner of thinking. I therefore have to announce to you the sentence of Pope Pius VII., who is acquainted with all the circumstances; and though I feel as if my right arm was being cut off, it is better that I should lose my right arm, than the whole body; so you must leave us, for if you remain longer, you will spoil all the rest (*mi guastate tutti gli altri*). You are not for the Propaganda; your views differ from our's; you must return to Vienna. Here are two letters, the one for Cardinal Lante in Bologna, who is Cardinal Legate in that town; and the other for Count Leardi, the Pope's Nuncio in Vienna; and now you must go with a gentleman who will accompany you to a house, where you must remain till you set out." In the adjoining room Wolff found the clothes for which all the measurements had been taken. He put them on; an excellent glass of wine was given to him, it was Tokay; he drank it, and was refreshed.

* Wolff had, in spite of several warnings, corresponded in a very unguarded manner, with Bunsen and other German friends; and these letters had been intercepted and read.

Then he left the house with the "gentleman" Cardinal Litta had mentioned, and who was, in fact, a member of the Holy Office, *i. e.* the Inquisition, and on the road he met with Chevalier Bunsen. He said to him, "Dr." (for he was not yet Chevalier) "Bunsen, I am taken to the Inquisition." Bunsen ran to Niebuhr, and told him of it. Wolff was brought to Signor Degeler, the lawyer of the Holy Office; in whose house he was put under arrest for fifteen hours, watched by a little dwarf, and not permitted to see his friends. He wished to walk out, but that of course was not allowed. Writing, however, was not forbidden; so he sent a letter of farewell to his friend Vogel, the painter, which was safely delivered to him. Wolff was asked questions, which he is not at liberty to disclose, as he took at the time an oath not to do so, and he never will disclose them.

But to do the Propaganda justice, we may be allowed to observe, that the statements of his sentiments were correctly reported, and that no injustice was done to him; for, with the opinions he entertained, many of which were totally in opposition to those taught at Rome, he certainly never was a Roman Catholic, in the sense which could have justified the Propaganda in sending him out as a missionary.

At three o'clock in the morning, the courier of the cabinet of the Pope (what is called here a "king's messenger") appeared with a carriage, escorted by five-and-twenty gens d'armes, and bringing the mem-

ber of the Inquisition before spoken of; and Wolff having got in, was thus rolled out of the Holy City. Wolff said, in relating this story, "My mind was overclouded with gloom." A gloom which the presence of his guard-like companion was not at all calculated to dispel: moreover, he was apprehensive of the contents of the letters that he had with him, which were sealed. At last, after pondering the matter over in his mind for some time, he said to himself, "If these letters contain an order to put me in prison, I shall try to effect my escape. Otherwise, I shall go on and tell the people candidly that I opened their letters to see what was in them about myself; and that I considered I was entitled as a prisoner to do so." Wolff accordingly opened the letters, in which, however, he found himself highly recommended.

But he was not satisfied, even then. He knew that his companion had other letters, and tortured himself by conjecturing that *they* possibly contained the true orders about him; whereas the letters put into his own hands might have been actually intended as a blind, the probability of his opening them having been anticipated! This was a terrible idea; and Wolff, on the strength of it, watched an opportunity when his friend's eyes had been closed for a short time, to attempt to abstract the letters from his pocket. But at the first touch, the man (who was disguised as a soldier) observed, quite coolly, opening his eyes and keeping Wolff off, "It is of no use. I am not asleep. *I do not intend to sleep!*"

After this, of course, Wolff had no resource but to submit to his fate, and so they proceeded to Bologna, where, on his arrival, he delivered the letter to Cardinal Lante, and said that he had opened it, because he considered that, as a prisoner, he had a right so to do; and that had it contained an order for imprisonment, he should have made his escape.

Cardinal Lante reported this to Cardinal Litta, who wrote a very affectionate letter to Wolff on the subject, only regretting that Wolff should have so little confidence in him, as to believe him capable of treachery. And he ordered the Pope's Nuncio at Vienna to show to Wolff, on his arrival there, the private letters which had been written by the Propaganda about him, by the perusal of which Wolff perceived that they had acted throughout towards him with the kindest intentions, without treachery or dissimulation. Cardinal Litta's letter (which reached Wolff at Vienna) throws such light upon his character and feelings, that a translation of it, in full, is subjoined.

"Dear Wolff,

"The letter, which you have written to me from Bologna, although it has made more poignant that sorrow which I have ever felt from the moment that I was obliged to take the resolution of sending you away from Rome, gives me, nevertheless, some ground for consolation, since you assure me that you will ever love the holy Catholic Church. I fear, on

the other hand, that in your understanding, and perhaps in your heart, you make a distinction between the Catholic Church, and its head, who is the Pope. But I flatter myself that in future your sentiments may be more sincere than they have been in times past. I myself warned you personally, and through the medium of Ostini, many times, to break off your dangerous correspondences; you did not obey me; and having had more confidence in some pretended friends, than in persons who sincerely wished and acted well towards you, you manifested, even without restraint, your opinions and intentions. From this it was seen clearly, that instead of being grateful and attached to that See of Rome which nourished you, and which is the true centre and mistress of the universal Church, you cherished, on the contrary, sentiments of aversion—nay, even of horror—for this good mother: that secretly you were beginning to be in a disposition to render of no avail the cares of the Propaganda, by proposing to yourself, if sent to the East, objects and purposes totally different from those which the Holy College has in view. With such sentiments you would have corrupted your companions, brought up in true obedience and attachment to the Holy See. In consequence of these things, which I stated before announcing to you your departure, and which you could not, nor can now deny, it became necessary to remove you from the College of Pope Urban. Nevertheless, even in this case, it was proposed to retain you some time longer at

Rome, in consideration of that countenance and support which you, conscious, perhaps, of the danger to which your practices exposed you, contrived to procure for yourself. You, who judge me capable of punishing without a just motive, and without forewarning, or listening to reason, will not believe me if I tell you that this resolution, to which I was unavoidably led, has given me the greatest pain; but God knows how much I have suffered, and how much I still suffer! I never supposed you to be a member of the Bible Society, in which there is no wonder that many good persons have unawares enrolled themselves, because the venerable name of the Holy Scriptures, which are the writing and word of God, naturally must attract minds zealous for the Divine glory, and the salvation of their neighbours. But it is precisely of the most excellent things that the greatest abuse is made. I hope, however, in the mercy of the Lord, and in his omnipotence and infinite wisdom, that He will bring good out of evil, as He has brought forth light from darkness, and the creature from nothing. But without a special aid, which we ought to hope for from God towards his Church, certain it is, that the enterprize of translating the Holy Scriptures into all languages, even the lowest and the most barbarous, and of multiplying and pouring forth copies of it, in order to give them into the hands of all persons, even the most stupid and rash, without the aid of anything to explain the obscure meanings of it, and to solve those great

difficulties which were obstacles even to the acute and sublime understandings of the Augustines and Jeromes, cannot be denied to be a most dangerous thing; as opening the way to a thousand errors, which has been shown before now in the examples of the heretics, and as is seen more clearly, in the present day, by the more monstrous absurdities of the Methodists, and the other innumerable sects, who think that they see in the word of God their own ravings. What must one say, moreover, if, in the regulations of this Society, it is laid down as a fundamental point, that the most authentic version must be the English, which has been convicted by our Irish Bishops and English Vicars, of many errors, made by the pretended Reformers? What if, even among the German versions, there are adopted faulty and corrupt ones, as that of Luther, so much the more seducing than the others, from the purity and elegance of its language? The Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church does not shut up the heavenly treasure of the Divine Scriptures, as some calumniously say it does, under the title of the Court of Rome; of which title I am not ashamed, but even boast, and ever have boasted; even amongst the disgraces of our exile, professing myself to be a member of the Court of Rome, and on that very account more united to the centre of unity, and to the sovereign See, the depository of the doctrine and power of Jesus Christ. This See of Rome, to which error cannot have access, as the experience of so many ages demonstrates, inasmuch as her faith

is made sure by the never-failing promises of Jesus Christ,—this See, which teaches to all the truth of the faith, has prescribed the rules and the cautions with which any one, who remains attached to the doctrines of the Fathers, and to the interpretation of the Church, ought to treat this precious gift of God, and not surely to profane it rashly, and to abandon it, as it were a vile and trivial thing, into the hands of idiots and impure persons. Our holy father, Pius the Seventh, himself, has, in his briefs, spoken against such an abuse. But enough of this argument. I send you a letter for Hoffbauer. Profit by this disgrace, which you owe to yourself, for not having obeyed that which I ordered you, through the medium of Ostini. I am not angry with you, although my duty has obliged me to take a resolulution which has given me great pain. I wish to help you in any other way, and you can write to me with freedom. I pray God that He will preserve you from evil companions, and perfect in you that great gift which He has bestowed upon you, in calling you to the faith.

"Your most affectionate

"Lawrence Cardinal Litta."

"P.S.—By the first opportunity, your own books and some others will be sent to you from the Propaganda."

CHAPTER V.

MONASTIC LIFE; HENRY DRUMMOND; LEWIS WAY; CAMBRIDGE; CHARLES SIMEON.

WHILST Wolff was at Bologna, he was introduced by Cardinal Lante to Mezzofanti, a gentleman acquainted with 76 languages and 112 dialects, whose reputation has since been very great. He also renewed there his acquaintance with Orioli, who received him with the greatest kindness. At length Wolff left Bologna for Vienna, Cardinal Lante having provided him with a companion, who, like the last, was a member of the "Holy Office." And thus he arrived with a company of travellers in a vettura, at Venice. One of the travellers it is worth while to describe a little. He was a painter of the Italian school, and he came up to Wolff, and said, "I see what it is disquiets your mind, I will comfort you;" adding, "Wolff, my dear friend, you cannot do better than submit yourself to the Church; reflect well upon this text, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church.' These are terrible words, full of meaning. The best thing one can do, is to submit to the Pope, who has the keys of Heaven. Since I have become an obedient child to him, I have kept from vice, and I sing the hymn to the Virgin Mary, '*Salve, gran madre e*

Vergine, abbi di noi pietà, nel celeste tramite, passa di sfera, in sfera, e la natura intiera, muta osservando stà.' "

Wolff's appointed companion on the road to Vienna was Dottore Mazio, a native and resident of Bologna, and he succeeded that other member of the Inquisition who had brought him from Rome to Bologna. Mazio was enthusiastically attached to the order of Jesuits. He always said, "I like the Jesuits, for they know human nature, and make due allowance for human frailties."

On their arrival at Venice, Wolff at once called on the Governor-General, Count de Goes, and told him that he was the prisoner of a member of the Inquisition. His Excellency bade him go quietly to Vienna, where he would be protected by the police. On reaching Leibach, Wolff called on the Benedictine Monks (for Mazio permitted him to go about alone on *parole*). These friars were acquainted with his doings at Rome, and were much interested in him, and they reported his case to their friends at Vienna.

At last Wolff arrived at Vienna, but in a most melancholy frame of mind. The recollection of having been sent away from his friends at Rome, without being able to embrace them before his departure—that he had been banished by Pius VII., whose private piety he so deeply respected, and whom he liked very much,—that he had been separated from a visible Church, and condemned by its Bishop,—the idea that he should now become an object of per-

secution,—all these things stood clearly before his mind; as well as the probability that his career was now stopped, and that he should never be able to preach the Gospel to his brethren. And, in his distress, he wrote a letter to Hoffbauer, of whose piety he always had a high opinion. But even before he received this letter, Hoffbauer, having heard of Wolff's banishment, and the reason of it, came to see him in his lodgings, and conveyed him to his own house. At first, too, he seemed inclined to take Wolff's part, and to be irritated against the Church of Rome; but in three days he changed his tone, and said, "Rome is, notwithstanding, mistress of the Catholic Church, and the Pope the true successor of St. Peter. Rome was the only Church which believed in the true divinity of Christ in the time of the Arians, and you have not done well in disclosing the shame of the Universal Mother." Nevertheless, he was received with kindness by all his old friends. Friedrich von Schlegel and his wife, Werner the poet, Madlener the mathematician, and others, all rallied round him. Hoffbauer had numbered many great men among his recent converts; among others the philosopher Günter, and the mighty genius Dr. Emmanuel Veit, besides Mendelssohn the philosopher. These all argued with Wolff, and overpowered him by the force of their reasoning. They asked him if he knew the sad condition of those German Roman Cathelics who denied the authority of the Pope; namely, that they had be-

come Socinians, or embraced an allegorical, so-called philosophical system of Christianity; which was true in many cases, there was no doubt; but still Wolff's mind was not altogether satisfied. He remained for a while with Hoffbauer, however, and resumed his usual cheerfulness, and then he determined to enter the monastery and embrace the Order of which Hoffbauer was the Vicar-General.

While in this establishment, Wolff's turn for mimicry and practical jokes was often exercised for the amusement of his fellow-students. On one occasion, when Madlener, the mathematician, who had a habit of abstractedly repeating his remarks over and over again, was in the act of delivering a lecture, and pointing out some proposition, he suddenly said, "This proposition has never been made out—this proposition has never been made out;" and was continuing to repeat these words, when Wolff broke in, "A peasant's son found it out long ago." Madlener was absorbed, and did not answer. "A peasant's son found it out," said Wolff. Madlener did not reply, and Wolff repeated his remark. At last the mathematician was roused, and said, crossly, "Why do you disturb me? *What* did he find out?" "That two and two make four," was the pert reply; which set the assembly in a roar of laughter, in which, after making a face of woeful perplexity, Madlener joined heartily himself.

Wolff observed with astonishment the immense influence which Hoffbauer (a man who seemed to have returned from the Middle Ages) had obtained

among the clergy and nobility in Vienna: for the most learned men of the University had become ultramontane, and noble ladies came and kissed his hand. At last Wolff desired him to send him to his monastery of Val-sainte; but to this Hoffbauer would not make up his mind; and indeed he began daily more and more to tyrannize over Wolff, continually reproaching him for his behaviour at Rome; which treatment, although he bore it with the greatest submission, making excuses for Hoffbauer's irritable temperament, was very distressing to him. At length he decided to leave Vienna on a certain day. So he went to the vestry of Hoffbauer's church, where he met Father Johannes Sabelli, who had just ended the celebration of the mass; and who said to Wolff, after hearing his determination, "I predict to you two things; the first thing is, that you will not leave Vienna to-day; the second thing is, you will not remain in Val-sainte. I see this, as in a vision, after having performed holy mass." So Wolff tried to leave Vienna that very day, in order to prove to Johannes Sabelli that he was a false prophet; but although he did his best to accomplish his object, he was not able to get away. Johannes Sabelli therefore had cause to crow over him. At last Wolff left Vienna, in the month of October, 1818, for Val-sainte, having obtained Hoffbauer's consent. He travelled through Austria, and was affectionately received, with great hospitality, by the Benedictine friars of Krems-Münster, who were well versed in German literature, but were

complete neological Protestants in their sentiments. And as they had in their hands the education of youth, one needed to have only a moderate talent for prophecy to foresee, that a great revolution would one day take place in Austria, which might upset the whole fabric of the great Hoffbauer.

In the Benedictine Monastery of Lambach, on the frontiers of Austria, Wolff found the monks enthusiasts for the fine arts. At Salzburg he met with the great oriental scholar Sandbichler, occupied with the study of unfulfilled prophecy, and reading the Apocalypse. He said, "Revelation is not given for the purpose of keeping us in the dark respecting future events, but to enable us to find out what God has unveiled for the edification of the Church." This divine believed in the future personal reign of Christ, the restoration of the Jews, the renovation of the earth, and the coming of Antichrist. Wolff also met with an interesting man, the poet Weissenbach, who was very witty, as the following anecdote of him will show. Weissenbach came one day to visit Friedrich Schlegel; when Schlegel, and his wife, and the rest of his company, went into an adjoining closet to confess their sins to Hoffbauer, and to receive absolution: after which they desired Weissenbach to go to Hoffbauer and confess also; whereupon he began to search the pockets of his coat, waistcoat, and trousers, and then he said, in a most serious way, "I am sorry to find that I quitted Salzburgh in such a hurry, that I left all

my sins behind me; so I have not one to confess here."

From Salzburgh, Wolff entered Bavaria, where he found the whole of the clergy in arms against the concordat, lately concluded between the Pope and the King of Bavaria. Proceeding into Switzerland, he first of all went to the canton of Schwytz, where he heard a great deal of an "estatica," a nun who was continually translated into the air, and had the five wounds of Christ in her body, and spoke like a prophetess. She had just died, but many were said to be cured by her miracles after her death. Wolff has read what she said in a trance, and all the expressions were most beautiful. From thence he went to the celebrated Monastery of Maria-Einsiedlen, to which pilgrims resorted, travelling thither for hundreds of miles. Wolff remained there certain days, and read Hebrew with several of the monks; and then he passed on to the monastery of his destination at Val-sainte.

This religious house formerly belonged to the Order of La Trappe, but now to the Redemptorists —the name of the Superior being Père Passerat—a tall, meagre-looking gentleman, who spoke very eloquently. On entering the monastery, Wolff saw these words inscribed on the gate, *Jejunabis, et plorabis, cràs enim morieris.* Wolff, like an obedient novice, knelt down before Passerat, and received his blessing, and begged his permission to read the Vulgate translation of the Scriptures in Latin. He also made himself useful by teaching German and

Latin to the pupils. Every Friday evening they assembled in a dark room, put out the candles, and then everyone flagellated himself. Wolff attempted to join in this self-discipline; but he gave himself only one stroke, and then administered all the other blows to his leather trousers, which were pushed down to his knees, and it made a loud sound. The others, observing this device, laughed very heartily; and several of them afterwards followed Wolff's example—especially one, who stood near the wall, and gave it also the benefit of the lash. His name was Joseph Srna.

It must be confessed that Hoffbauer, with all his violence, had far more judgment and good taste than Father Passerat; and Wolff has not the least doubt but that, on account of Passerat's want of judgment, many of the most distinguished members of the Order left the monastery in disgust, and became secular priests. For instance, the poet Werner, Emmanuel Veit, and others besides, would not submit to the degradation of Passerat's manners; and were driven away by them. Wolff got his share of Passerat's insolence; for when he once talked with him, in the presence of the others, and was sitting before him upon the stove, he received from him three blows upon the head, which inflicted severe pain. Passerat ordered another of the members to hold out his hand, which he struck with a whip. This, however, was not done in a fit of violence, but for the purpose of inspiring humility and meekness, which is a part of the monastic system.

For the same end he desired Wolff to kiss the feet of the monks, an order which he obeyed, but at the same time bit their toes. He would also put one student to shame before the rest, which it was evident none of them liked. Besides this, his views were most contracted; as, for example, once, when at dinner, a student said "the Church had no right to burn," and wished to discuss the subject after they had finished eating. But Passerat replied, in the coolest way, and to cut the matter short, "Why cannot the Church burn? They burn in Spain to this day." And then he repeated the grace, *Laudate Dominum in excelsis*, &c., and all discussion was at an end.

At the request of Wolff, whilst the others were dining, one of the students read aloud Count Stolberg's Ecclesiastical History; but when the reader came to the passage in which the author expresses himself against mental reservation, thus—"that if the system of mental reservation were to become the universal system of the Catholic Church, the whole Church would become a gang of rascals," the reading was forthwith stopped.

Another thing which offended Wolff was, that there was so much double dealing in the monastery. It had only been established a few years, and the Government of the Swiss Canton only permitted them to embody sixteen members in their Order; yet they knew how to manage so as to have above thirty members. Wolff, therefore, lost all respect for the whole Order: so much so

that he began to transgress every rule of it, and turn the whole into jest. Every Saturday evening, before prayer, all the members were accustomed to kneel down before the Rector, Passerat, and to accuse themselves openly, before the rest, of little faults. This did not amount to confession, but was merely an act of self-humiliation. Wolff, when the turn came to him to accuse himself before the rest, always accused somebody else. So, for instance, one day he said, "Father Berset looks like a peasant, and has a head like a stone." The pupils were so amused, that they cried, "Go on!" On which he continued, "Father Sabelli is as cunning as a fox." Again, "When Father Joseph snores, he alarms the whole monastery." Of another he said, "He looks like a freemason." However, there was one who was very angry about it, and said, "If I was the Father Rector, I would have turned that fellow out long ago!" On the Saturday following, Wolff accused this man of impertinence—and so it went on for a while.

But, at last, Wolff observed that spies were set over him, and that these spies were his own pupils. They were asked by the Rector whether he had never given any one of them letters for Protestants; and actually one of them, Hüper by name, urged him on to give him letters. Wolff knew at once for what reason he wanted them, viz., to deliver them at once over to the Superior, Père Passerat. So Wolff wrote a letter to Père Passerat, in which he said, "My dear Superior, Hüper is con-

tinually wanting me to write letters to heretics. I therefore denounce him to you as a consummate scoundrel." This letter Wolff sealed, and after writing on the envelope the address,

"To the Right Reverend
The Protestant Bishop of
Kundersplun,"

he gave it to Hüper, saying, "There! take this to the post, and don't say a word to the Rector about it." This was just what he did not do, but carried it at once to the Rector, as Wolff had expected. When they met at dinner there was a general laugh, in which the Rector and his secretary, Sabelli, heartily joined. Wolff knew the cause of it, and told the Rector that it was not right to act in this way, and set spies over him. The Rector protested that he had orders to do so, but did not tell him whence the orders came; but, no doubt, they were from Rome.

Amidst all this, Wolff saw that he got daily further from his object of becoming a missionary; and besides this, the Rector and all saw that he was totally unfit for monastic life, and decided that he was only fit for being among crowds of people. During this time of anxiety, he was dreadfully afflicted with headaches; he had, however, to ask more than twenty times for his dismissal, before it was granted.

At last they gave him a testimonial of good conduct, and allowed him to depart. He then came to an old friend at Vevay—Monsieur Gaudard by

name—a mystic, but an excellent Christian—a disciple of Jacob Böhme. Thence Wolff went to Lausanne, where a rather curious incident occurred.

He was walking in the street, when a lady, who appeared to him to be an Englishwoman, happened to be passing him. Wolff stopt her, and asked her whether she was an English lady? She said, "Yes!" Then said Wolff, "Do you know Henry Drummond?"

She replied, "Yes," and like a flash of lightning, she asked Wolff, "Are you Abbé Wolff?" Wolff said, "Yes," and she said, "Come with me then," and forthwith brought him to the house of Professor Levade. She said, "I have been looking out for you for some time. I was at Rome, and heard all that happened to you there, and here is a letter which I have for you. You must go to England; Henry Drummond is waiting for you, and we shall send you at our expense to London."

Wolff, who had intended to remain at Lausanne, giving lessons in Hebrew, Chaldean, &c., until he had collected money enough to take him to Jerusalem, found all his plans changed by this proposal. The name of that lady was Miss Greaves, whose sister is still alive at Torquay; and Wolff saw her cousin Joseph Greaves again in January, 1860, at Torquay. Miss Greaves' character must not be altogether passed over. She was a lady of the highest benevolence, and was very active in circulating the Scriptures. But, soon after Wolff left her, she was converted to Quietism by Chevalier d'Yvon;

as were also her brothers and sisters. Her brother, Alexander Greaves, was ordained in the Church of England; but he returned, and became a kind of Quaker. Her brother Joseph was a great admirer of Pestalozzi, and a disciple of Jacob Böhme; and he supported himself for some time by eating only one egg, and drinking Hunt's coffee, every day; but his constitution gave way under this regimen. Mrs. Gardiner, a sister of Miss Greaves, is still alive, and a holy woman. Another Greaves, her brother, went to Miss Fancourt, who had been bed-ridden for nine years, and was given up by all her physicians, and he said, "In the name of Jesus Christ, arise and walk!" which she did, and was perfectly cured; and she married, and died twenty-five years afterwards, leaving children strong in body, and tender-hearted like their mother. Dr. Wolff asserts with Maitland, the librarian to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and with Claudius of Germany, and with Jung Stilling of Germany, that the Lord glorifies Himself, even in this age, by miracles; and, therefore, that the miracle wrought by Mr. Greaves upon Miss Fancourt, is not to be derided.

Wolff thanked God in prayer for his providential meeting with that lady. There was just then at Lausanne, an English clergyman, the reader at the Whitehall Chapel, whose name was, The Rev. Thomas Jones, and who said that he should be happy to take Wolff back with him to London; an offer which was accepted. They arrived at Geneva in

the month of July, 1819; where he met with his old friends Empaytaz and Madame D'Armand, whom he had known in the year 1816, with Madame de Krudener. They all exclaimed at once, "Cher Wolff! Cher Wolff! Enfant de la Nature —Enfant de la Providence — Enfant de Jésus Christ!"

Madame D'Armand was in bed, not quite well. She made the sign of the cross, and said, "I am a follower of Madame de la Motte Guyon." Madame de la Motte Guyon was the foundress of the Quietists, who converted Fénélon, and made him write his book on Divine Love. Her autobiography was declared by her subsequent enemy Bossuet, to be the finest book he ever read, after the Bible. She was the writer of that beautiful hymn,

> "Could I be cast where thou art not,
> This were indeed a dreadful lot."

Through these friends Wolff became acquainted with Monsieur Mulliné, who introduced him to Professor Pictet, who belonged to the "Eglise Nationale," and recommended him by letters to the Huguenot clergy at Lyons, amongst whom was Monsieur Monod.

A very curious thing happened to Wolff at Lyons. He, who never was able to divest himself of a hankering after Romish priests, called on a Romish clergyman. Wolff stared this man so fully in the face, that he became frightened, and told the servant to remain in the room until that stranger had gone. Wolff said, "Well, if you are afraid of

me, I need not remain here." He said, "No, no, stay here, I will talk to you, but I do not know you." Wolff gave him some outlines of his life. The priest asked him to sit down. They conversed for a while. The priest said, "I see the end of your career—I am sorry for you. 'Vous deviendrez hérésiarque.'" This was the second prediction of the kind. The first was in the same words by Cardinal della Somaglia, the second by this priest.

Wolff then continued his journey from Lyons to Paris, in company with Mr. Jones, who entered into conversation with him about religion, and then said, "You will never be able to get on with any Missionary Society in England, for you take the authority of the Church and tradition as your guide."

Wolff arrived with him at Paris, where he met with a most interesting man, Mr. Robert Haldane, a Scotch gentleman of large fortune, who had originated a dissenting party in the Scotch Church, which went by his name, the "Haldanites." He had written a Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans; and his brother is the celebrated James Haldane, whose wife was related to Sir Walter Scott.

Robert Haldane was very much pleased with Joseph Wolff, and so was his wife, and they begged him to go with them to London, as they were great friends of Henry Drummond. Wolff therefore asked Jones if he might go with them, and as Jones had something to do in Paris, he willingly

consented to it; and Wolff confesses that he was rather glad, for he observed in Robert Haldane more spirit and talent than in Jones.

Jones could only tell him that the Church of England was better than other churches, but Robert Haldane entered with him into the depth of scripture, and laid before him most beautifully the doctrine of justification by faith. And thus they went on conversing as they travelled in Haldane's carriage, until they arrived together at Calais. Landing at Dover from Calais, Wolff believed every Englishman he saw to be a robber, so he told Haldane that he was afraid that all his countrymen were thieves.

"What!" said Haldane, "the women too?"

"Certainly," replied Wolff, "every one of them. Will you protect me?"

Haldane laughed immensely, and said, "Never mind, I am with you, I will keep them aloof."

And thus it was that Wolff came at last to London, and went to Charing Cross to Drummond's bank, where he found his friend Henry Drummond himself.

Mr. Drummond took him at first to a private boarding-house, No. 60, Paternoster Row, the house of Mrs. Stennet and her two daughters, and a week afterwards to his own residence, Norland House, Kensington Gravel Pits.

And here began to be verified the words which Count Stolberg said to Wolff when they parted: "Do not become vain, Wolff, about what I shall

tell you now, namely, that you are a young man who will become the friend of men of principle and influence wherever you go: such men will be sure to take an interest in you." Wolff has experienced the truth of this at all periods of his life. He became at this time, as a youth, the friend of Drummond, Lewis Way, and Simeon; and has now for more than fourteen years rejoiced in the friendship of a man as holy and sincere as they were—the uncompromising and highly-principled George Anthony Denison, and his most excellent wife.

Wolff learned to understand the English language very quickly, and on his first Sunday in London attended the service of the Baptists, accompanying Mr. Drummond to it. After it was over, Drummond asked him how he liked it? Wolff replied, "Not at all." There was not, he said, the slightest reverence in that service, and he therefore wished Drummond to take him to the Vicar Apostolic of the Pope, Dr. Poynter. Drummond replied, "I will take you to another place of worship." And accordingly he took Wolff to Mr. Evans, another Baptist minister, but Wolff was no better pleased.

Then he took him to a Quakers' meeting, where they sat for two hours without talking; but Wolff would have nothing to do with them. He said, "This is nothing."

Then another friend took him to a Methodist minister, the famous Richard Watson, who explained the views of their sect, which Wolff found

to resemble, in many points, the Church of Rome in its good phases. But still this did not suit Wolff. At last Drummond said, "I see what it is you want, Wolff!" and took him to the Episcopal Jewish Chapel in Palestine Place, Bethnal Green, Hackney, where the service was performed according to the rites of the Church of England, by the Rev. Charles Sleech Hawtrey. Wolff was now enchanted with the devotion and beauty of the ritual, as performed by Mr. Hawtrey, and at once expressed himself satisfied. Drummond said, "I see you will belong to the Church of England; nevertheless, you will find a great deal of pride and annoyance in that Church, as well as in the Church of Rome."

Henceforth accordingly Wolff considered himself to be a member of the Church of England, but his liberality towards other denominations was without bounds. So much so, that he took the sacrament from Dr. Steinkopf of the Lutheran Church one Sunday; and, on the next, from a Clergyman of the Church of England. His view then being (as it is to a great degree now), that members of the living Church of Christ, *i. e.* those who in the last days shall compose the Church which is to be the Bride of the Lamb, are to be found among the baptized members of all denominations: whilst on the other hand he maintains that the only divinely-constituted Church is that which has preserved the Apostolic Succession.

Drummond and Hawtrey introduced Wolff to

that holy and good man, the Rev. Lewis Way, whose history is remarkable. He was a barrister of small fortune, when one day as he was walking in a street in London, he met by chance with an old gentleman, with whom he entered into conversation, whose name also was Lewis Way, and who invited the barrister, Lewis Way, to dinner. They became friends, and soon afterwards that old man died, and left to the barrister £380,000, with the condition that he should employ it for the glory of God. Lewis Way immediately took Holy Orders in the Church of England; and his design was to devote his life to the conversion of the Jewish nation, and the promotion of their welfare, temporal and spiritual. Which desire and object he expressed in the beautiful paraphrase, made by him, of the 62nd chapter of Isaiah:—

"For Zion's sake I will not rest,
I will not hold my peace;
Until Jerusalem be blessed,
And Judah dwell at ease.

"Until her righteousness return,
As daybreak after night—
The lamp of her salvation burn
With everlasting light.

"And Gentiles shall her glory see,
And kings proclaim her fame,
Appointed unto her shall be
A new and holy name."

Lewis Way then heard that there was a Society existing, composed of churchmen and dissenters,

for the purpose of converting the Jews; and that society was very much in debt. Upon which he nobly came forward, and offered to liquidate the whole debt, which amounted to £20,000; on condition that the dissenters should retire, and leave the whole management to churchmen. They accepted his terms, and he took sixteen Jews into his house, and baptized them all; but, soon after their baptism, they stole his silver spoons, and one of them, Josephson by name, was transported to Australia, having forged Mr. Way's signature. However, nothing disturbed him in his purpose; so he went to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and interested all the Powers of Europe in favour of the Jews. Noble Lewis Way had one Jew still under his care, a young man of extraordinary talents, named Nehemiah Solomon, whose beard he had shaved off; and after he had got him instructed in Latin and Greek, he had him ordained Deacon, by Dr. Burgess, the Bishop of Saint David's. After this, Lewis Way set out on a missionary tour to Russia, and read with the Emperor Alexander the 44th chapter of Isaiah, and when he came to the passage in the 28th verse, that says of Cyrus—

"He is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure, even saying to Jerusalem, thou shalt be built, and to the Temple, thy foundation shall be laid,"

Lewis Way looked significantly at Alexander, and Alexander looked at him,—both thinking that

perhaps the Emperor might be the instrument, even as Cyrus was, for bringing back the Jews to their own land.

Lewis Way was accompanied on this expedition by Solomon, his Jew *protégé*, and by Sultan Kategerry-Krimgherry, a Tatar nobleman, who was sent by the Emperor Alexander to Edinburgh to study. Sultan Kategerry-Krimgherry, a Muhammadan by birth, was baptized in Edinburgh, and was made a member of the Kirk of Scotland; and married in Edinburgh a Miss Nielson.

On reaching the Crimea with these two converts, Lewis Way desired Solomon to preach to the Coraite Jews in the place called Jufut-Kaleh, near Bakhtshe-Seray; but whether Solomon preached, or did not preach, admits of a doubt.

It was after this expedition, and when Lewis Way had returned to England, viz. in the year 1819, that Joseph Wolff met that earnest man, still flaming with fire for the zeal of promoting the Gospel of Christ among the Jewish nation. In the year 1820, Solomon returned to his patron from the Crimea, pretending that he had a doubt about the Trinity. Lewis Way sent him to Scott, the commentator, in order that his mind might be settled upon that important point; and so it seemed to be after a stay of three months. But Wolff saw him afterwards, and said to Henry Drummond, "This man is not sincere; he will break out terribly some day."

However, Solomon was ordained a priest; and

seemed to be going on well, when, to make his story short, he suddenly ran away, after having drawn £300 from the Society; and was never heard of afterwards.

Nothing, however, disturbed Lewis Way: and soon after he went to Palestine; but there he was shamefully deceived by a Mount Lebanon Christian, and was so distressed by the circumstance that it made him burst into tears; yet he continued his operations among the Jews, with the same earnestness as ever. But neither his services nor his character were appreciated as they ought to have been, even by his own countrymen, and his fine spirit was chafed by the indifference and ingratitude of common men; and at last the dear man died at Leamington, broken-hearted.

Wolff was introduced in London to that man of God, the Rev. Charles Simeon, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, himself of Jewish extraction, who waited more than 50 years for the salvation of the Lord to the Jewish nation; and, besides him, to Dr. Marsh of Colchester, and to Hawtrey; all of whom decided that Wolff should go to Cambridge, at the expense of the Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, for they wished to train him as a missionary; and that he should study theology under Simeon's private tuition, and the oriental languages under the great Samuel Lee, who had been brought up a carpenter. This remarkable man went one day, when a youth, to the Roman Catholic Church, and heard the mass performed in

the Latin language. Displeased with himself, because he could not understand one word of it, he bought a Latin grammar, and learnt it by heart. After this, he sold the grammar, bought a second-hand Latin dictionary, and thus by degrees made himself acquainted with Latin, Hebrew, Chaldean, Syriac, Arabic, Persian, Hindoostanee, and Sanscrit; and he became the celebrated Regius Professor of Cambridge University.

Under Dr. Lee, Wolff read Arabic, Persian, Chaldean, and Syriac; and on the first day after his arrival in Cambridge, he received a visit from the great Sanscrit Professor of Germany, Dr. Bopp, who presented him with his translation of the celebrated Sanscrit Poem, "Nalus." Wolff was pleased, and wishing to have a second copy for one of his friends, and having in his pocket just then, exactly the £1, which was the price of the book, in a bank-note (such as were at that time in use), he paid it at once for the book. Bopp put, as he thought, the bank-note into his pocket, and gave Wolff another copy of his poem. Wolff, coming to his old friend Mrs. Dornford, also a great friend of Simeon's, said to her, "I have bought this book for a £1 bank-note, which was just the sum I had in my pocket." Whilst Wolff was saying this, he put his hand into his pocket and drew out the identical bank-note for £1. Mrs. Dornford stared, and he exclaimed, "This is certainly extraordinary; I had one £1 bank-note in my pocket, which I gave to Dr. Bopp, and he put it into his

pocket in my presence; and I could take my oath that I had only one £1 bank-note in my pocket; and I could also take my oath that Bopp put the very bank-note into his pocket, and did not give it back to me. Yet now I find the very same bank-note in my pocket. There is witchcraft in this, of which I have heard a great deal among the Jews."

Scarcely had Wolff finished speaking, when the servant of Dr. Bopp arrived with a letter containing the following account: "My dear Wolff, you made a mistake last night; for you gave to me, instead of the bank-note, the enclosed advertisement of a grocer's shop." So the mystery was solved.

Wolff proceeded zealously in his studies. He read fourteen hours every day. He rose at 2 o'clock in the morning, and gave himself little time for eating. He had a companion with him in his room for a while, whose name was La Roche, who excited his emulation by his diligence and zeal. La Roche was sent, by the Church Missionary Society, to Benares, six weeks after Wolff's arrival in Cambridge. He had also studied in Tübingen. He was a fine, noble soul, of great piety, and of an enlarged mind; and Wolff regretted his departure much. However, that excellent man remained not long in India. Worn out by continual labours, and from the total ignorance of the directors of the Society, how to regulate his great genius, he returned to this country, and died on board ship, just as it was entering the Thames.

Wolff went every Saturday to Simeon, and read

a theme on a theological subject. He translated Limborch's controversy with the Jew Orobio, from the Latin into English. To Limborch's book, the life of Uriel Da Costa was affixed. What an awful life, and what an awful end, was that of Da Costa! Uriel Da Costa was a descendant of those Jews in Spain, who were forced to become Roman Catholics by the Inquisitor Torquemada, and Cardinal Ximenes. But centuries passed on, and the descendants of those forced converts had become Roman Catholics by birth, parentage, and education. Such was the case with Uriel Da Costa, his mother, brother, and sister, nephew, and cousin; and, having been brought up for the Romish priesthood, he became Canon in the Cathedral of Oporto. But, in spite of centuries having elapsed since his ancestors were Jews, Da Costa never forgot the fact, and one day he said to his mother and relations, "Is it not extraordinary that our ancestors have been Jews, and that they were forced to embrace the Roman Catholic religion? Come, and let us read the Old Testament, and see what the Jews believe!" They did so, and then, with one consent, said, "Let us fly to Amsterdam, and embrace the Jewish religion —the religion of our ancestors—which is better than that of the Roman Catholics."

Amsterdam is a place to which those Christians resort who wish to embrace the Jewish religion; and it continues to be their custom to find refuge there at this day. Soon after this, Uriel Da Costa, with all his relations, went to Amsterdam, and they

were solemnly and openly received into the Jewish synagogue, about 160 years ago. But the inquiring mind of Uriel Da Costa soon observed that the Jews had corrupted many laws of Moses; and he spoke his mind freely about it, and called them the perverters of the Law of Moses. Whereupon the Jews, in order to convince him that they were right, and he wrong, inflicted on him, several times, forty stripes save one. Uriel Da Costa put an end to his existence by suicide, after he had written his own life, which ends with these words, "Reader, be not angry with me, I sought the truth, but did not find it."

In the year 1820, 150 years after the time of Uriel Da Costa, his great grand-nephew, Isaac Da Costa, who was born and educated in the Jewish religion, had become a most distinguished and celebrated lawyer of Holland, and a great poet in the Dutch language. He was also a gentleman of great wealth and learning, and lived with his mother, brother, sister, cousin, and nephew, in Amsterdam. He read the life of Uriel Da Costa, and said to his mother and family, "Is it not extraordinary that our ancestors were brought up in the Christian religion? Come, and let us examine the merits of the Christian religion;" which they did, and Isaac Da Costa went to Haarlem, to Bilderdick the poet, and read the gospel with him. He then returned, and read it with his family, and also the writings of S. Bernard and Thomas Aquinas, and also the works of the Dutch reformers; and then Isaac Da Costa, with

his whole family and relations, were baptized, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and he immediately began to preach, and, through the grace of God, became the instrument of the conversion of Dr. Kapadose, a celebrated physician in Amsterdam. Wolff heard Da Costa in after times, on his return from his journey to the East.

Wolff also heard Kapadose preach, and describes his sermons as being like a clap of thunder; and maintains that only those Jews, who are converted in such an extraordinary way, are worth anything.

Thus, for instance, Neander in Berlin; Emanuel Veit in Vienna; the two Veiths step-sons to Friedrich Schlegel; Monsieur Ratisbon of Strasbourg; all of whom are true lights in the Church of Christ. But Jews who are converted by Societies, are like Eastern fruits cultivated in green-houses in Europe, and have not the flavour of those which are naturally grown.

And there is a great deal in what the Apostle Paul says, in the first epistle of Timothy, first chapter, 16th verse. "Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to those which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting."

Paul's conversion has been a type of the way in which many Jews shall be converted after him, namely, suddenly, by miracle, by inspiration. For the grace of God comes often suddenly, as genius came upon Corregio, as a boy, so that, when in after-life he stood before the masterpieces of Raphael, he

was able proudly to exclaim, "*Anch' io sono pittore!*" (and I also am a painter!) So the landscape painter, Koch, originally a shepherd's boy, by looking at the beauties of nature in the Tyrol, whilst his goats fed around him, was inspired to paint. His master flogged him for it, and he ran away, but eventually became the most distinguished landscape artist in Rome.

Wolff remained in Cambridge for two years. He read almost all the works of Saint Augustine, and Bishop Butler; also the astronomical discourses of Chalmers, Bishop Kidder's writings, and the German divines; as well as the works of Bishops Bull and Andrews, and Robert Hall's sermons.

Everything he undertook he succeeded in learning, except one thing, which Simeon tried, but in vain, to teach him, namely, how to shave himself. Mr. Simeon actually appointed an hour (12 o'clock) to instruct him, in the first place, how to sharpen a razor; but the moment Wolff tried, although Simeon had told him to keep the blade flat, he did just the contrary, and cut the razor-strop in two. Simeon gave him a slap, laughed, and gave up the shaving lesson.

One day, Wolff came to him quite wet through from the rain, and read a dissertation, which he had written. Simeon rubbed his hands, and said, "I am rejoiced to observe that your mind is expanding, I am quite delighted with this; you have fully entered into the subject, come to me on Monday." Next Monday Wolff went, when Simeon said, "Now I want to make you glad; here is a

beautiful umbrella for you, but I know that you will lose it, so I have put my own name upon it, and then, if you do lose it, they will bring it back to me, and I will return it to you." But, most unfortunately, the umbrella was stolen, and nobody brought it back; so Wolff in despair went to Mrs. Dornford, and said, "I don't dare to go any more to Mr. Simeon, because the umbrella he gave me has been stolen." Mrs. Dornford replied, "I will now give you a piece of advice; write a very good essay, and if you see that Mr. Simeon is pleased with it, tell him your misfortune." Wolff remained up all night, and wrote an essay with all his learning in it. Simeon rubbed his hands again, and said, "I am rejoiced; you have become quite a man in your thoughts;" and then the following dialogue took place between them.

Wolff.—"Mr. Simeon, are you really pleased?"

Simeon.—"Very much pleased indeed; quite rejoiced."

Wolff.—"Could I tell you anything I wished?"

Simeon.—"Anything, I shall never be displeased with you."

Wolff.—"Your umbrella is gone!"

Simeon.—"This is nothing more than I expected."

Wolff describes his stay at Cambridge as a happy time. He was called by the members of the University Mr. Simeon's and Professor Lee's "pet." The society of Baptist Noel, and Lucius O'Brien, and Crawford in King's College, and of Lamb and Scolefield, who was afterwards master of Bennet Col-

lege, electrified him daily more and more with ardour for proceeding as a missionary to the Jews and Muhammadans in Jerusalem, and other parts of the East.

Wolff now relates what took place one day at a public meeting of the Church Missionary Society, where Mr. Simeon, Daniel Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and Gerard Noel were speaking. Simeon said, "I have accompanied on board the ship, when they set forth as missionaries, men like Thomason, Claudius Buchanan, and Henry Martyn, and I hope to accompany many more such next May," and saying this, he jumped about like a dancing dervish. Upon which, Daniel Wilson rose on the platform, and said, "If all were to leap about with the vigour of youth, as our elderly friend Mr. Simeon has done, all prejudices would soon disappear;" and then Daniel Wilson also jumped and danced about, like his friend.

With nothing was Wolff more pleased than with the perusal of Henry Martyn's Life; and even now he frequently recites the translation by Henry Martyn of the song of a Persian muleteer, which is as follows:—

"Think not my heart can ever dwell
Contented far from thee;
How can the fresh-caught nightingale
Enjoy tranquillity?"

"Oh, then, forsake thy friend for nought
That envious tongues may say—
The heart that fixes where it ought,
No power can rend away," &c.

Wolff deeply sympathized with Henry Martyn's sufferings in Sheeraz, and the contradictions he suffered from Sabat, the pretended convert from Muhammadanism to Christianity, who afterwards died as a pirate.

After Joseph Wolff had been nearly two years at Cambridge, he received a letter from Henry Drummond to the following effect:—

"My dear Wolff,

"I am grieved to the very heart that you should allow yourself to be kept so long by the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. What can you learn from them which you do not already know? Tell them that you must go out immediately, and if they don't send you, I will send you out at once. There is as much pride in the Church of England as there is in the Church of Rome."

Wolff replied to him—

"My dear Friend,

"They want me to stay here a little longer, that I may get more knowledge of the world. The Jews' Society for Promoting Christianity has been disappointed by every Jew they took up. One became a Muhammadan, another a thief, a third a pick-pocket: and I am determined to remain here, to show there is a sincere Jew in the world. They want me to spend, also, a few months with Lewis Way, in order to get more knowledge of the world."

Drummond wrote to Wolff in answer—

"You are almost as great an ass as my friends Lewis Way and Charles Simeon are. What knowledge of the world can you learn in Stansted Park? Knowledge of the world can only be gained in the world."

Nevertheless Wolff went on a visit to Stansted Park, whence he was determined to go to Portsmouth, to preach to the Jews; therefore he wrote a note and sent it to Lewis Way's room, which note contained the following:—

"My dear Mr. Lewis Way,

"I knew that you would make a fuss, if I told you that I wanted to go and preach to the Jews in Portsmouth; I have, therefore, gone there, without your leave."

Wolff set out on foot from Stansted Park, when Mr. Alexander M'Caul—now Dr. M'Caul—came after him at full gallop, and brought him back, as he was afraid that the Jews would tear him to pieces. Simeon also came to Stansted, and said, "My dear Wolff, you ought to stay a little longer, for two reasons: first, in order to acquire more experience of the inner life of a Christian; secondly, in order to learn how to shave yourself. How can you be a missionary, without knowing how to shave yourself, or even how to make tea, for you lately put the kettle on Mrs. Dornford's table?" Wolff said to himself, "It is time to set out, for if I am to stay

until I learn how to shave myself, I shall never start at all." So he wrote to Henry Drummond, who wrote to Lewis Way, and to the Committee, in a most angry manner—

"You are, indeed, a real Jew's Society! Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth, is your rule. I will not allow you to keep Wolff any longer—I will send him out myself!"

Wolff was then called before the Committee, and asked, "Whether he looked with respect and regard on the Society?" He replied, "Not only with respect and regard, but also with gratitude for their kindness;" and added, "that he should always cherish a feeling of affection towards them all."

Sir Thomas Baring, the President of the Society, now at once gave Wolff letters to his friends at Gibraltar and Malta; but before we leave Cambridge altogether, we must survey it a little, as we have already surveyed Rome. One cannot but be struck with this fact in coming from Rome to Cambridge. Rome appears at once in all its institutions, in all its manners, as the Capital of the Papal power,—of a power which, with all its learning and all its disasters, and in spite of the mighty schism of Martin Luther, has, nevertheless, not yielded an inch to the Protestant communion. And every one entering Rome will at once say, "Here is the Pope; the infallible head of a Church which cannot change!" Cambridge, on the other

hand; is in all its institutions, in all its regulations, the representative and mistress not of an ultra-Protestant Church, but of a Church which has striven to retain all the good that is in the Church of Rome, and to remove Romish abuses from her, as well as the ultra-Calvinism of the Continental communities. And the struggle is going on. She has certainly not yet succeeded in exterminating Antinomianism from her Church; for Wolff was horrified with the spirit of some naval officers, who had entered Catharine Hall as students, when he was there, and who, scarcely knowing even the elements of Divinity, set themselves up as teachers. There was one, especially, who was always falling into a passion, and would then excuse himself by saying, "I am, after all, a child of God!" It must be admitted that this resembles strongly the argument of the Abbate Adorni. The good Charles Simeon, on the one hand, withstood the formalism of that portion of the Church, called by Conybeare the "High and Dry;" and, on the other hand, the filthy Calvinism of some of those preaching lieutenants of the Navy who have been alluded to. Simeon was not strictly a low churchman. His sermon on baptism is beautiful; and, besides this, he admitted the holiness of a man like St. Bernard. Whereas, one of those preaching lieutenants, who had never read a word of St. Bernard's writings, actually called that great and holy man a "villain" in Wolff's presence. Wolff speaks to this day, with affection, of the beautiful, eloquent,

and learned sermons of Benson, afterwards Master of the Temple; also of the learned Dr. Marsh, Bishop of Peterborough's sermons; and though he does not consider Professor Lee to have been a good preacher, yet he admired the simplicity of his character: and he learned also to love others at Cambridge, who entirely differed from his views, such as Baptist Noel, Layland Noel, Gerard Noel, and Mr. Mudge.

Wolff was once asked to which Universities he gave the preference—the German or those of Oxford and Cambridge. He replied, without the slightest hesitation, "I prefer Oxford and Cambridge to the most celebrated Universities of Germany. For, though in Germany more branches of science may be taught, yet, with regard to solidity and discipline, which alone form good, great, and religious men, Oxford and Cambridge are very far superior to any other establishments of the sort. The German professors are the slaves of the boys, their pupils; and should one of them dare to displease a student, the rest of the students would all to a man combine, and march out of the town, and could only be induced to return by the professors following them, and humbly apologizing. And this is especially the case in the Protestant Universities of Germany. I once," added Wolff, "asked Professor Lee, of Cambridge, 'What would your Cambridge professors do if the students threatened to leave the University?' He at once replied, 'We would expel every one of them!'

And so it should be. It is quite ridiculous in Germany to hear a beardless boy say, 'Da fühlt man sich' (literally, 'One feels oneself'—is conscious of the powers within one). I was struck with horror," said Wolff in conclusion, "on meeting in Mocha, in Arabia, a German youth, a student of one of their Universities, who had taken arms under the Egyptian tyrant, Ibrahim Pasha, and who boasted of being a revolutionist and an atheist. He said to me, 'It was in the University that I learnt to *feel myself*, and to disobey the professor.' I replied, using his own words, 'And now you have learnt to *feel yourself*, it has made you the slave of a Muhammadan tyrant.'"

CHAPTER VI.

GIBRALTAR; ALEXANDRIA; CAIRO; MOUNT SINAI; RETURN TO CAIRO.

Wolff embarked for Gibraltar on the 17th of April, 1821, accompanied on board by Augustus Bayford, now Dr. Bayford, then a boy about fifteen years of age; and amidst a storm, which perhaps others did not think anything of, but which frightened Wolff, who was a great coward at sea, they arrived at Gibraltar. Here he was kindly received by John Bailey, Esq., Lieutenant R.N., at whose house he soon took up his residence; also by Dr. Parker; and the Wesleyan missionaries, Rees and Croscombe. Wolff was requested to pray in the Wesleyan Chapel, which he did, but with some hesitation of speech. The whole congregation, however, groaned, as if much touched. When he had done, Rees prayed in turn, and it was a beautiful outpouring of devotion, addressed to the majesty of heaven. But the whole congregation was silent; which is, among these people, a sign of disapprobation. After Wolff left the meeting-house, Rees said to him, "Now you see a little of the spirit of my flock; I am not popular among them, and so they groaned when you prayed; and, though I certainly prayed with as much fervour as you did, they were silent." Wolff was so much disgusted

with the spitefulness of the congregation, and no less so with the remark of their minister, who should not have minded their groans, that he said to him, "You will never catch me praying in your meeting-house again." Nevertheless, he kept up his friendship with Mr. Rees, and was taken by him and Mr. Croscombe to the house of a very intelligent and respectable Jew, named Gabay, with whom he had both then and afterwards some very interesting conversations.

Rabbi Gabay was considered by the Jews themselves to be the most learned man among them, and they called him "The wise man." He had travelled in Germany, France, and England; spoke Hebrew, Italian, Spanish, and English, and had learned Arabic from a Moorish gentleman.

When Wolff first visited him, he found him, surrounded by his wife and children, interpreting a Rabbinical book to two Jews. Gabay received him with the utmost kindness, and then proceeded to try him, first in Italian, then in Arabic, then in Hebrew, to ascertain what he knew; after which, he showed him the travels of Niebuhr, translated into French, which language he understood pretty well. On Wolff's asking for an Arabic Bible, he brought him the Arabic translation of the Old Testament, published by the Bible Society; and then they read together a great part of the first chapter of Genesis.

After this was over, Wolff being anxious to hear something of the state of the Jews at Gibraltar,

asked Gabay's permission to question him on the subject; and this being granted, the following dialogue ensued:—

Wolff.—"How many Jews are there at Gibraltar?"

Gabay.—"Three or four thousand."

Wolff.—"Have they a chief Rabbi?"

Gabay.—"Yes; his name is Rabbi Joseph, from Morocco."

Wolff.—"Is he a learned man?"

Gabay.—"In the Talmud only."

Wolff.—"Are the Jews at Gibraltar all Talmudists* or Coraeem?"†

Gabay.—"There are no Coraeem: all are Talmudists; but we hear there are some Coraeem at Morocco."

Wolff then told Gabay of a conversation Lewis Way had had with the Coraeem Jews in the Crimea, and of his journey to Aix-la-Chapelle, with which account Gabay was very much pleased, and said, "*Love produces a much greater effect than anything else.*"

To this all present assented, and Wolff remarked

* The sect who hold to Rabbinical interpretations of Scripture, and tradition.

† The sect who reject tradition, and admit Scripture only as their rule. How Dr. McCaul, in his pamphlet on Marriage with a deceased Wife's Sister, could dare to assert that the *Coraeem*, or *Caraites*, only began to exist in the 12th century, is *inconceivable;* because Muhammad's mother was a Jewess of the daughters of *Koraita*, as the Coraeem are called in the Arabic language. See Masoodee.

that true Christians in every age have loved the Jews.

He then inquired further, whether the Jews at Gibraltar had a king? To which Gabay replied, "No; for the Jews are now without king, and without prophet, and without ephod."

Yet, although this was true as regards a regularly-appointed and anointed king, the Jews at Gibraltar have the custom of giving the title of "king" to one of their number. At the time of Wolff's visit, this Jewish king's name was Carthosa, a man, it was said, of liberal mind; but as he was unluckily just then on a visit to Lord Chatham in England, Wolff did not see him.

The conversation between Gabay and Wolff continued by the latter inquiring whether Gabay had heard of the new synagogue, which the Jews in Germany had established.

Gabay asked, "What are their principles?"

Wolff answered, "They are, alas! Deists, viz., neither Jews nor Christians." To which Gabay replied, "They are the beast spoken of in the Revelation of St. John!" After which he showed Wolff a Hebrew Bible, with the commentary of Jonathan (Targum Jonathan).*

Wolff looked at it, and said, "Has Targum Jonathan the same authority among the Jews here as Targum Onkelos?" †

* Targum is the name given to Chaldee Paraphrases of the Old Testament.

† See page 5.

Gabay exclaimed, "Yes! for Targum Jonathan is written by inspiration of the Holy Ghost." Wolff asked, "How may this be proved?" Gabay answered at once, "By tradition." "By what tradition?" inquired Wolff. "By that of the Rabbis," was the Jew's reply. "But," persisted Wolff, "How do you prove the truth of that tradition of the Rabbis?" This was a close question, and Gabay returned no answer, but broke off, and turned the conversation to another subject; a mode of getting out of the difficulty which he practised again when Wolff showed him the Sermon on the Mount, and asked what he thought of the doctrine. Gabay answered at first, that he considered the whole as a history; but when Wolff pressed him further by inquiring whether he approved of it, he just said, "I like fine and grand words;" and once more broke off the discourse.

Before Wolff left, however, Gabay asked him whether they should read the Bible together in Hebrew, to which he gave a ready assent, and then received from Gabay a warm invitation to take up his abode in his house. This he did not do, but called on him several times afterwards, that they might speak together about religion.

Just before parting, on the first occasion, Wolff asked concerning the Jews generally at Gibraltar, whether they were in the habit of reading the Old Testament.

But the answer to this may be easily anticipated. Gabay exclaimed, "Alas! no! for Gibraltar is too

much a town of business." Shortly after this interview, a rich Jew, named Hassan, who had become a convert (though of rather a lukewarm sort) to Protestantism, requested Wolff to call on him; and at his house Wolff met his brother, Joseph Hassan, a great Hebrew scholar, and still a strict, but reasonable Jew.

Wolff spoke to this man at once about Christianity, and gave him the fourth and fifth chapters of St. Matthew to read. He did so, and was much struck when he came to the passage, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." He read it twice over, and continued to read, till Wolff asked, "Do you approve of this doctrine?" Joseph Hassan answered, "I cannot yet give you my decided opinion, for I have never read the New Testament; I know only the Old Testament, but I will tell you my view about the Messiah, and about Jesus. The design of the Messiah was, according to the prophets, to restore Israel into their own land, and to make them kings and priests; to redeem them from captivity, and to make them a righteous people. And He, the Messiah, must be their king, and mighty to save. But Jesus was sacrificed, it may have been for a very good purpose, but this very circumstance shows that He was not the Messiah."

Wolff replied, earnestly, "I am entirely of the same opinion that the Messiah will come one day, and restore Israel to their own land, and every

true Christian believes it; but they must first look on Him whom they have pierced, and mourn."

But although Wolff believed this at that time in a general way, he had not yet those definite ideas of the second advent of our Lord, which afterwards enabled him to combat successfully this favourite argument of the Jews. His visit to the Hassans was followed by another to Gabay, when they discoursed for two hours upon the interpretation of different passages of Scripture referring to the Messiah, but with no particular result, although with unabated good feeling on both sides.

Another Jew, with whom Wolff became acquainted at Gibraltar, was Mr. Ben Oliel, who was said to be not only the richest Jew, but the richest man in the place. He was Consul-General of the Emperor of Morocco, and gave Wolff and his friends, Lieutenant Bailey and Dr. Parker, who accompanied him, a most cordial reception, inviting them to his country house, and offering to give all the information he could about the East. Nor did his kindness abate, or he betray any displeasure, even when Wolff told him that he was a Jew by birth, who had, through conviction, entered the Christian Church. On the contrary, he promised to give him letters for the Prior of the Spanish Convent at Jerusalem, asking for an introduction for Wolff to the Jews at Jerusalem. He was pleased to find that Wolff could talk with him in Hebrew, and also in Arabic, and was glad to hear

accounts of the Jews residing at Paris and in Germany.

By Mr. Ben Oliel, Wolff was soon after introduced to the presidents of the three chief synagogues at Gibraltar, and from them he learnt that there were not above 1600 Jews in the place; and that the Jews of Portugal were much more faithful to their religion than those of Spain. Mr. Ben Oliel accompanied Wolff and his friend, Lieutenant Bailey, to their synagogue also, but Wolff was not, of course, allowed to preach.

On a third visit to Gabay, he went, by appointment, in the forenoon, at half-past eleven, to read Spanish, and was met at the gate by Gabay's son, who, when he saw Wolff, ran in to tell his father; and on entering the room, he found there Gabay and three Jews with white beards, dressed after the Turkish manner, besides four other respectable Jews, of the Portuguese persuasion, and several Jewish ladies. They all arose as Wolff came in, and Gabay shook hands with him, and he made his bow to the others, who responded kindly, showing by their countenances a mixture of respect for him with confidence in themselves. Wolff began by desiring Gabay to read the Bible with him in the Spanish tongue; on which Gabay inquired what chapter he would like to read?

Wolff declined choosing, for although he longed to name a chapter in which the Messiah is spoken of, he did not know whether Gabay would like to

argue with him in the presence of other Jews. He therefore told Gabay, as his master, to choose the chapter. Gabay did so, and took Isaiah xi.—"And there shall come forth a stem of Jesse," &c.; and when Wolff, continuing to read, came to verse 6,—"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid," Gabay interrupted him, and asked, "What is the sense of this verse?"

Wolff answered, "That there shall be universal peace." After the chapter was concluded, a silence of several minutes followed; the Turkish Jews sitting, in these moments of meditation, as is their custom, with their hands on their beards. At last a young Jew, whose countenance expressed solidity and seriousness, opened the Hebrew Bible, and all the others followed his example, and the young Jew asked: "Mr. Wolff, do you understand the contents of this chapter?"

Wolff answered, "The prophet speaks here of the Messiah." On which the young Jew asked again, "Does the wolf dwell with the lamb, and does the leopard lie down with the kid?"

Wolff's reply to this was a warm assertion of his faith in the crucified Saviour as the true Messiah; and he spoke it with a force and an agitation that must have fully persuaded his hearers that he believed what he professed to believe. And "no anger, no gnashing of teeth, no laughter, no blasphemy followed" (as Wolff himself recorded at the time in his journal), adding, "God be praised for it!"

Nevertheless, the young Jew, whose countenance and eyes, whilst looking at the aged ones who were searching the Scriptures, expressed his desire to cut Wolff in pieces; not with violence, but with the force of his arguments, and with the sword of the Scripture, pressed him again by saying, "You have poured out your feelings, but I desire arguments." To which all the Jews responded together, "Arguments! Arguments!" And then once more Wolff asserted, "The Messiah is come." And once more the young Jew reiterated, "But the lamb does not dwell with the wolf; there is not yet that universal peace."

Wolff answered, "That will take place at his second coming." To which the young Jew objected. "How do you prove two comings of the Messiah?"

Wolff said, "When we find the greatest part of the prophecy respecting the Messiah fulfilled, in one who declared himself to be that Messiah, then we must believe that he was the Messiah, and are bound to believe what he revealeth unto us. Messiah has come, and he tells us he shall come again. Many of the prophecies are not yet fulfilled, and he must come a second time to fulfil them." Which argument was right as far as it went, but Wolff had not yet learnt to combat the stronghold of the Jews from the words of the Messiah himself—"O fools, and slow of heart, to believe ALL that the prophets have spoken," &c., as will be more fully shown hereafter.

Wolff was detained longer at Gibraltar than he originally purposed, and so had other interviews with his friend Rabbi Gabay, and made further acquaintances. Among them, that of Mr. Ben Aruz, respected by all the officers of the garrison as an honest man and a gentleman. He was also a man of property, and it is to be remarked that Wolff found the richer and more-educated Jews much more willing to listen to his arguments, and think well of his efforts, than the poorer orders.

One conversation with Mr. Ben Aruz was interesting enough to be worth citation. Mr. Cohen, another Jew, in whom Wolff had taken great interest, but who subsequently turned out very unsatisfactory, took him to the house of Ben Aruz, and the dialogue between them was as follows :—

Ben Aruz.—"I am very much obliged for the New Testament; I say always to my friend Cohen that Mr. Wolff is a very sensible man, of great talent, who gains much money, and eats well, and drinks well, and believes in his heart what he likes; all the Jews in Gibraltar are a parcel of fools, who argue with you about the prophets and the law. I was in the world, and know the world very well; I have done myself, just what you Mr. Wolff are doing—I went about with bishops arm in arm; I lived many times in convents, and was the *galant homme* of all the ladies, but in the midst of all these things, in my heart I was a Jew—and so you are, Mr. Wolff,—and you are right!"

Wolff.—"It is sad indeed that you know so little

of the spirit of the law of Moses and the Prophets as to think that a man may be a *hypocrite*, and nevertheless be a good Jew. If you, Mr. Ben Aruz, have acted thus in your youth, for a little meat and drink, you have acted wrong, and I tell you that you have not been happy that whole time. And do you think that I should be such a fool as to deny my God, my Saviour, for money, for meat and drink? There will be a day of resurrection, a day of universal judgment, and if I should then be in such a state as you suppose, my wretched soul would be in an awful condition. But no, no; I believe with all my heart, all my soul, in Jesus Christ, my Saviour, my Redeemer!"

Mr. Cohen here got up and went away, and Wolff was left a little while alone with Ben Aruz.

Ben Aruz.—"Mr. Wolff, I am a man of honour, a man of secresy, and I assure you with an oath, that I will not betray you,—but tell me sincerely, do you believe in Jesus Christ?"

Wolff.—"In Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God—in Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God—in Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God—the heaven above is my witness, and the earth beneath."

Ben Aruz.—"Of what use is *the Son?* we have the Father, and in Him we believe!"

Wolff.—"Do you believe in the Father?"

Ben Aruz.—"I believe."

Wolff.—"And all that He commands?"

Ben Aruz.—"And all that He commands I am obliged to fulfil."

Wolff.—"The Father commands, '*Kiss the Son!*'"

Ben Aruz.—"I tell you Mr. Wolff, you will cry out at your death, 'I have sinned, I have committed iniquity, I have done wickedly.'"

Wolff.—"Yes, you are right, I shall cry out indeed, 'I have sinned, I have committed iniquity, I have done wickedly,' but at the same time I hope to add, 'I trust in thee, Jesus, my Lord, and my Redeemer, and my God!'"

On a subsequent occasion, Rabbi Gabay attacked Wolff again with the word עלמה (Isa. vii.) and said, "It is true that עלם signifies to *hide*, but I will show you that עלמה may signify something else; but first of all show me your proofs that עלמה signifies Virgin."

Wolff.—"I will give you three:—1. From the origin of the word itself. 2. From the oldest translations. 3. By citations from the New Testament. 1. Origin עלם *hide*, עלמה, a woman hidden, after the manner and custom of the East, until she is ripe for marriage. 2. The Greek Translators one hundred and eighty years before Christ, translated it Virgin. 3. The Evangelist Matthew would have not been so bold as to translate it Virgin, if the Jews had not generally understood *Virgin* under עלמה. And there are other passages to the same effect."

Gabay.—"I will prove to you by Kimchi's Dictionary, that עלם must have another original signification beside *hide*."

Here he opened Kimchi and showed Wolff נעלמים,

which Kimchi translated חוטא *sinner*, but Gabay did not read all through Kimchi's interpretation; but suddenly stopt short, whereupon Wolff exclaimed with great vehemence, "Mr. Gabay, go on! go on! go on!"

And accordingly Gabay was obliged to continue, and then it appeared that Kimchi mentioned the reason why נעלמים has the signification of *sinner*, viz.:—because he *acts in secret places*. The above-mentioned Ben Aruz, who was a friend of M. Gabay, entered the room here, and beginning to talk, used the same arguments that he had done the day before, but Wolff maintained his ground.

Ben Aruz.—"You are obliged to confess the name of Christ!"

Wolff.—"Yes, you are right, I am obliged to confess the name of Christ, constrained by the grace of the Lord!"

Ben Aruz.—"Because all your present welfare depends upon this profession, you mean."

Wolff.—"All my *present* and *future* happiness and welfare depend upon it!"

Ben Aruz.—"Courage, Mr. Wolff!"

Wolff.—"Which Jesus Christ my Lord will give me!"

Ben Aruz.—"Hold Him fast."

Wolff.—"*I will by his grace hold Him fast.*"

Ben Aruz.—"Or you lose yourself?"

Wolff.—"*Or lose myself for ever.*"

Ben Aruz.—"You have a great talent."

Wolff.—"I am a poor weak creature, a sinner

who hopes to be saved by Christ Jesus, by his blood!"

Gabay.—"He neither slumbers nor sleeps, the Watchman in Israel!" (*He said this in Hebrew.*)

Wolff.—"He neither slumbers, nor sleeps, the Watchman in Israel!" (*Wolff, in Hebrew.*)

Gabay.—"Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord!" (*in Hebrew again.*)

Wolff.—"Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord—and Jesus is the Messiah!" (*Wolff, in Hebrew.*)

Tears stood in the eyes of Gabay, at Wolff's earnestness, and Ben Aruz himself became more serious. And Wolff had at any rate the comfort of feeling, that no one present could suspect him of a trifling spirit.

Another day, five or six Catholic priests asked Wolff to go with them to their house; where they brought him to a dark room—where nobody looked him in the face—and there they began to talk about the Pope. They used the Latin tongue. Wolff told them he loved Pius the Seventh very much on account of his liberality. One of the priests told him, unasked, that he was at Rome in 1817 (just when Wolff was in the Propaganda), and knew well Cardinal Litta. Wolff said to him, "I received, after my departure from Rome, a very *affectionate* and *interesting* letter from that very Cardinal Litta." Then they began to argue about the Pope's Infallibility.

Wolff.—"*Ecclesia Gallicana non credit Papam esse infallibilem.*"

Capucin.—"*Ecclesia Gallicana credit minus quam debet.*"

Wolff.—"*Quomodo probas?*"

Capucin.—"*Papa est caput ecclesiæ, ergo infallibilis esse debet.*"

Wolff.—"*Verbum, digito Domini scriptum, non dicit hoc.*"

Capucin.—"*Nec tibi, nec mihi, sacra scriptura data fuit, sed ecclesiæ.*"

Though there was a good deal of sound reasoning in that Friar's remarks, yet they were spoken in such an unamiable and hostile manner, that Wolff was not at all easy in the company of these priests, and was glad to come out from them. He suspected by their countenances that they hated him, and would have consigned him to the Inquisition if it had been in their power. On the other hand, some of the Protestant Christians at Gibraltar feared that Wolff's life was not safe among the Jews; but this was quite an unreasonable apprehension, as little circumstances constantly proved. For instance, one day he strolled out of the town alone; and in returning to Lieutenant Bailey's mistook the road and came into a solitary place; where he met several Jews, who smiled, and brought him in the right way. He went alone too into their houses, and to their synagogues, and they shook hands with him on those occasions quite kindly. He always showed himself very serious to them, in order to keep up that respect which he felt to be necessary among them.

Of the many Jews with whom Wolff associated at Gibraltar, there was only one, Jonas by name, who treated Wolff with real enmity, and he was very violent, even trying to raise a mob against him; in which attempt, however, he did not succeed. But Wolff was much grieved by some of the English Christians, who were high Calvinists; especially by a long-face-pulling lady with a whining voice, a daughter of that holy man, S—— of P—— Q——, in whom indwelling holiness had triumphed over his Calvinistic views, as true Christianity of the heart will always counteract the practical tendency of every false system. But his daughter did not inherit this largeness of mind. She was continually bothering Wolff not to argue with the Jews about the truths of the Gospel, but only to preach to them the sovereignty of grace, and the doctrines of election and reprobation.

On the 16th June, 1821, after having remained two months at Gibraltar, Wolff embarked on board the Shamrock, a merchant vessel, commanded by Captain Senner, of Liverpool, bound for Malta. Among the passengers there was one very interesting one, Lieutenant Toole by name, a young gentleman of the highest talent and acquirements.

Wolff gave him the "Researches of Claudius Buchanan" to read, in which Toole took the greatest interest, especially where that excellent writer points out those passages of Scripture, relating to the dispersion of the Jews, on which he observes, "The

Hindoo persecutes the Jew without knowing the reason of his doing so."

Toole kept continually saying, as he read, "An extraordinary fact, an extraordinary fact!" and from that time he became more serious, and read his Bible every day during the passage to Malta.

That excellent young man afterwards died in Africa, where he went with Clapperton to Bornou.

On his arrival in Malta, Wolff was obliged to perform quarantine, as there had been fever at Gibraltar. And here the Maltese doctor, Cleardo Naudi, agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society, and for the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, who also translated the New Testament and various tracts into Maltese for the Church Missionary Society, called on Joseph Wolff, and invited him, when released from quarantine, to take up his abode at his house. A short sketch of the life of this remarkable man will interest the reader.

He began his career in 1816, when he attracted the notice of Henry Drummond, then at Malta. He had, at that time, written a tract in Italian, entitled "The Fear of Man." Drummond asked him to lend him this tract, and, soon after, Naudi saw his own tract printed at his friend's expense, with the name of Cleardo Naudi affixed to it. This brought him into notice in England, and the Bible and Missionary Societies gladly employed him as their agent at Malta; after which, he also became member of the committees of all the societies then

existing in Malta, as auxiliaries to those in London. At last, through the acuteness of the Rev. William Jowett, missionary from the Church Missionary Society, (or, as he was ridiculously called, the "literary representative of the Church Missionary Society;" a title he wisely gave up afterwards, moved thereto by the sarcastic but just remarks of the late Henry Drummond,) suspicions began to be entertained with regard to Naudi, which led to the Church Missionary and Bible Societies dismissing him from their service. Yet, for some years, he was still employed by the London Missionary Society, but, after a while, he lost that post also. He then persuaded Keeling, the Wesleyan missionary, that he had converted a number of Maltese to the tenets of the Wesleyan connection; but that, as yet, they were unwilling to give their names; and having on the death of his first wife, who was a Maltese, married an Englishwoman, he introduced her to the Wesleyan missionaries as a Roman Catholic lady from England, who was desirous of embracing the Protestant faith; and to the Roman Catholics as a Wesleyan, anxious to return to the bosom of the true Church. So, at certain hours of the day, she received instruction in the Protestant religion from the Wesleyan missionary, Keeling; and, at other times, she was catechised by a Roman Catholic priest in the tenets of the Church of Rome. And one Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, she accompanied her husband to the Wesleyan chapel, and abjured the errors of Popery; and

three hours after, at twelve o'clock, she went to the private chapel of the Roman Catholic bishop, and solemnly renounced the damnable heresies of the Methodist persuasion!

Nor did this end the deception. On the contrary, she received the holy communion every week in the Roman Catholic chapel in the morning; and in the evening related her "experiences," in company with Naudi, in the class-meeting of Mr. Keeling, describing her conversion, and how there "fell from her eyes, as it had been scales;" and that since then, as she worded it, she had not *sinned*, but *backslidden!*

At last, in 1834, Naudi was completely unmasked, and dismissed by the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. His career, however, was not yet ended. In 1835, he set out for England; and when Wolff heard that, he said to his darling wife, and to other friends in Malta, "Now, mark my words, this fellow will go to the Irvingite chapel, and break forth in an unknown tongue, and he will return to us an Evangelist of the sect." In 1843, Wolff and his wife, Lady Georgiana, paid a long visit to Henry Drummond, and then heard that Naudi had come to England in the year 1835; had really gone to the Irvingite chapel, and heard the unknown tongues; and then, suddenly inspired, broke forth himself. And in the list of the officers of the Irvingite religion, which Wolff saw that year, the name of Cleardo Naudi appeared, as Evangelist for the Island of Malta. This extraordinary man returned to Malta during

the time of the cholera, where he really distinguished himself by his attendance on the sick and dying, from morning to night, with a zeal which gained him the respect of all the inhabitants of the place, and of the British Government there. And, finally, poor Cleardo Naudi died the victim of those righteous labours, having caught the disease himself; in consequence of which a pension was granted to his widow: and thus, odd to say, the name of this curious man is now remembered with gratitude and respect. And Wolff thinks that the pompous coldness with which he was treated at the outset, by some of the missionaries, may have contributed to make him what he was, though exactly what *that* was, it is difficult to judge. Schiller is right in saying, "That we are still in need of a Linnæus, to classify the motives of the human heart."

But to return to Wolff's visit to Malta in 1821. He took up at that time his abode with Naudi, who gave him every assistance in his power, in his missionary pursuits. Mr. Joseph Greaves introduced him to a rich Jew, Ben Simra by name, who was just then in his warehouse, in the midst of many Jews and English Christians.

Mr. Greaves said—"Mr. Ben Simra, I introduce to you Mr. Wolff, who has been strongly recommended to me from England." Mr. Ben Simra stood, with his hands behind him, looking at Wolff in a contemptuous manner; and, turning away from him, said to Joseph Greaves, "This man

must not come into my house. He ought to follow a better trade." They bowed and left him. It was a bad beginning. However, that same day Wolff had the visits of two Jews, the one, Luzena by name, a Jew from Ragusa, whose whole object was to find out whether Wolff could introduce him to rich merchants. Roguery was in his eyes. The other Jew, Cohen by name, was a fool, and made a fool of Wolff. He complained that the Jews persecuted him, and pressed him to pay his debts, because he wanted to become a Christian. Wolff at last found out that this man was not sincere, for the observation frequently made by Hoffbauer was verified in that fellow—"Most fools are knaves." He one day came to Wolff, and told him that he had had a dream that he should find a treasure in a certain place, and he actually made a fool of a Maltese who came to assist him in digging after that treasure, but they found nothing.

Wolff attempted to preach in the synagogue, and entered it with several English officers and civilians for that purpose. The officers and civilians were asked politely to sit down, but Gomez, the churchwarden, the chief of the Jews, came up to Wolff, and said, "Thy memory and thy name be blotted out from the book of life! Instantly you leave!"

Wolff said, "You have no right to turn me out from a place of public worship."

Gomez said, "This is a private place of worship,

and, if you ever dare to come in again, you will be insulted."

Wolff left with his friends, and returned to Naudi, where he had an encounter with a Maltese Catholic, an architect, who was a complete atheist, and whose name was Gronniet. Wolff lost too much time in conversing with that profane infidel and revolutionist; but his English Christian friends, together with Naudi, always took his part on such occasions. To show the weak and ignorant way in which such people argue, part of a dialogue between Wolff and Gronniet is subjoined:—

Signor Gronniet.—"The whole of Christianity is an imposture of the priests."

Wolff.—"You were born a Roman Catholic, and, having seen the superstition of your Church, you think that the true system of Christianity consists in that."

Gronniet.—"I do not believe in any divine revelation."

Wolff.—"What reasons have you for not doing so?"

Gronniet.—"If God had desired that man should act and think after his pleasure, He could have done it, and all men would be constrained to think as He likes."

Wolff.—"How should you, a worm, dare to prescribe a rule for God, how He should act? Read the Bible, and I hope you will have other views."

Gronniet.—"Every nation pretends to have a revelation from God. What nation, now, is in the right way?"

Wolff.—"The very circumstance you mention, that every nation pretends to have had a revelation from God, should satisfy you that there must be some truth in it. Examine, therefore, the documents of the several nations, and read—I tell you again—the Bible."

Gronniet.—"The Bible is an imposture."

Wolff.—"You have not read the Bible, and cannot prove it."

Gronniet.—"Volney proves it."

Wolff.—"I do not argue with Volney; I argue with you."

Gronniet.—"The world was from eternity."

Wolff.—"Prove it."

Gronniet.—"What would God have done before He created the world?"

Wolff.—"Will you prove a thing by your ignorance?"

Gronniet.—"You admit that God is the *soul* of all things?"

Wolff.—"I do not understand this *spinozistical* nonsense, that God is the *soul* of all things; He is the *Creator* of all things."

Gronniet.—"The word *Barach* in Hebrew does not signify *create*, but *make*."

Wolff.—"*Barach* signifies nothing, for there is not such a word to be found in Hebrew. You have heard something, but not well. It is *Barah*, and signifies *create;* but, if I should admit that it signifies *make*, you told me just now that the whole Bible is an *imposture*, and you nevertheless would prove your infidelity by the authority of the Bible. I must,

therefore, draw this conclusion, that you are an impostor; but I tell you again that ברא signifies *create.* Here is the dictionary."

Gronniet.—"I do not understand Hebrew."

Wolff.—"Then you must not assert a thing which you do not understand."

Gronniet.—"Volney proves it."

Wolff.—"Volney is a liar! Prove the contrary, if you are able."

Gronniet.—"The Koran is better than the Bible."

Wolff.—"You have never read the Koran; I know it. You have never looked into the Koran."

Gronniet.—"In the Bible is one contradiction after another."

Wolff.—"Here"—(he produced a Bible)—"show me one, if you are able. I challenge you to show me one."

Gronniet.—"I will bring you a book which will prove to you that there are contradictions in it, for I myself have too much to do."

Wolff.—"But you must confess that you have proved nothing, and that you will never be able to defend your absurdities by one reasonable proof. My dear friend, you are in an awful state. Read the Bible, where you will find the way of salvation, Jesus Christ; without Him you will undoubtedly perish."

Gronniet.—"Why does He not punish me, if there is a God, at this moment? I speak against Him."

Wolff.—"You are punished at this moment, for

your conscience—(I know it)—reproves you, while you are blaspheming the Lord."

Gronniet.—"There is no such thing as blasphemy."

Wolff.—"You are a blasphemer."

Gronniet.—"There are many great men who did not believe."

Wolff.—"Yes; all those who wish to continue an immoral life. But truly great men, such as Sir Isaac Newton, Hugo Grotius, and Leibnitz, have been believers."

Gronniet.—"I will come again, and bring the books of Volney and Voltaire with me."

Wolff.—"I shall be very glad."

Mr. Sheridan Wilson, Minister of the Independent denomination, and missionary of the London Missionary Society, invited Wolff to preach openly in his chapel, which offer Wolff accepted.

It was his first attempt at public preaching; and not only he himself, but all his friends, felt great anxiety; one especially, who was a gentleman in every respect, by education, learning, and conduct—the medical officer of the English regiment then there—Dr. Gaisford by name.

It will be as well to describe his appearance. He was always dressed in regimentals, as all in the military service are. He was exceedingly good-natured, six feet high, and immensely fat.

He said, "Mr. Joseph Wolff, I never felt so attached to a missionary in my life, as I do to you. I very ardently desire that you should

acquit yourself, in your first attempt at public preaching, with *éclat*. You must, therefore, write your sermon to-day" (this was on a Monday), "and I shall come twice every day to hear you recite it."

All the other friends of Wolff were extremely amused with the interest Dr. Gaisford took in the young missionary, whom he declared to be amiable in the extreme; and they said they also must be present to see how old Gaisford drilled Joseph Wolff.

They all accordingly came, ladies as well as gentlemen, and were seated in Dr. Naudi's large room; when at last, old, tall, fat Dr. Gaisford entered, and said to Wolff, "Now, first of all, imagine here is the pulpit: you must mount it in a grave way, put the handkerchief on the pulpit cushion, and, when you find yourself a little exhausted, you can take it up and wipe your forehead with it. Every word must be pronounced distinctly; and with emphasis, where emphasis is required; clearly and slowly. Now begin—let us hear!"

So saying, he seated himself at a little distance, and bent his head in an attitude of close attention: and when he thought that Wolff had failed in giving proper emphasis, he got up and corrected him, walking towards him in a military manner.

However, on the Thursday he said, "I see I shall be able safely to advise all my friends to come to your preaching, also the Roman Catholics who understand English. But on Saturday I shall inspect you again." Which he accordingly

did, and then said, "Now I am satisfied. I see that we may all attend."

On the Sunday following Wolff had an immense congregation, and acquitted himself *à merveille*, as Gaisford himself expressed it to all the people as they came out. "However," said he, "it is no wonder! I have taken considerable trouble with him, and he will turn out a good missionary." Then turning to Wolff, he remarked, "Now I shall have something to say to the Jews for having treated you so rudely." So he went to the synagogue, and called them a set of ragamuffins, not fit to breathe the air, for having treated so ill an amiable and talented man, who they ought to have known was his friend!

The poor Jews were frightened to death, and were apprehensive that great tribulation would fall upon the holy congregation of Israel for their misbehaviour. But Wolff conversed with a few of them, and they were a little conciliated. That excellent man, Gaisford, died in 1823, of dropsy.

Wolff remained for some time longer in Malta, and made many acquaintances in the house of Charles Henry Smith, Superintendent of the Dockyard. He was introduced also to several interesting characters, two of whom are well worthy of being noticed. The one was Professor Rossetti, who wrote the remarkable commentary upon Dante Alighieri, in which he tries to prove that Dante was a Carbonari. His commentary is fanciful, but Wolff was charmed with Rossetti himself; nor can

he ever forget his terrible recitation of the death of Ugolino and his children in the Tower, and how he gnawed at the head of his enemy in hell. Rossetti extemporized a most wonderful poem, describing the cruelty of Archbishop Ruggieri. He was evidently acquainted with all the scholastic writers of his church.

By the side of this scholar used often to sit a hero, General Carascosa, who had fled from Naples; and both these men took the deepest interest in Wolff, and said, "Wolff, your amiable conduct will carry you through the world."

Nevertheless, Rossetti advised him not to go to Alexandria as he had purposed, because the war with the Greeks had just broken out. But he went notwithstanding, proceeding in a Maltese ship; and, on his arrival, found the town exactly as it is described by Volney. The change from European life was complete: everything was now Eastern. A Janissary came on board the ship, asking for letters. He was the Janissary of the English Consul, Mr. Lee. And there was there also the British Consul-General of Egypt, who commonly resided at Cairo—Henry Salt, Esq., the fellow-traveller of Lord Valentia, in Abyssinia; a man of deep learning, very skilful in reading inscriptions, and most eminent in drawing—cold in manner, but kind in heart. Mr. Salt complained that the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews had just sent a most unfit missionary to Jerusalem, Melchior

Tschudy by name, with his little wife: a man who was evidently a mere speculator. He had already offered the Pasha to drill the Arabs in military tactics in the Desert, provided he was made Governor of Arabia, and Commander-in-Chief of the troops! He played the quack also, and sold medicine to the ladies, in order that they might be blessed with children; moreover, he pretended to know witchcraft. Wolff wrote all this home, and got the fellow dismissed.

At Alexandria Wolff met with more success among the Jews than in Malta. He was first introduced to Dr. Marpurgo, the Jewish physician of the Pasha, who had desired his acquaintance. Marpurgo had been for many years in Egypt, and spoke Arabic, Turkish, French, Italian, English, and German, with the greatest facility. He was, however, one of those Jews who believe nothing. He had married a Jewess of Egypt, who certainly was not the lady for him, as none of the Eastern ladies can be, for a well-educated European. All their talk is about dress, and their gait is that of an elephant; and Marpurgo's own view about them was, that they were all daughters of the devil. Nevertheless, his father-in-law was a worthy old Egyptian Jew, with a fine venerable beard; and Marpurgo used to say to Wolff, "How I should laugh if you were to succeed in baptizing my father-in-law!" Wolff visited him first one evening, when he had with him a traveller from Prussia, Dr. Hemprich, a naturalist, who was

investigating subjects of natural history, between Egypt and Abyssinia: and the two came down upon Wolff, and argued for three hours on religion. Hemprich said at last, he could not conceive that anybody would go to the East, and expose himself to such an unhealthy climate, and to so many dangers, for the missionary cause, unless he were a fanatic: but to this Wolff replied that Hemprich himself had been sent out by his Government to acquire more knowledge in natural history, and found the motive sufficient. Was it incredible that some should take pity on the degraded state of Jews and Muhammadans, and desire to give them the knowledge of better things? Marpurgo then remarked, that, if Wolff would but consider the conduct of the several denominations of Christians in the East, who were ready to murder each other before the altar, whilst Jews and Muhammadans lived together in perfect peace, he would no longer wish to join the Jews to such communions. To which Wolff protested that his object was to make them acquainted with the word of God, and with their Saviour; and then they might become a light to enlighten those Gentiles, who called themselves Christians, but were so unworthy of the sacred name. The conversation was in German, and was conducted in the most friendly manner; the disputants sitting together on a sofa to talk. In conclusion, they evidently left the victory to the missionary, whom they afterwards introduced to the rest of the Jews. Among others

to a rich one, Sananas by name, who had two wives, for polygamy is allowed to, and practised by, the Jews in the East. He had a young wife, and an old one; and at this Jew's house Wolff was surrounded by the greater part of the Jewish community, to whom he preached the Gospel in the Hebrew tongue. He was also invited to dinner by Sananas, and conversed with many of the guests upon the subject of Jesus being the Messiah. Meantime, his acquaintance with Drs. Marpurgo and Hemprich was continued from the first. They called on him together at the British Consulate, and Dr. Marpurgo gave him an account of a manuscript of the Pentateuch, preserved in one of the synagogues at Cairo, which was supposed to have been written by Ezra, and which was considered so sacred, that an anathema was pronounced by the Rabbis at Cairo, against every one who should open the door of the chest wherein it was preserved. Marpurgo added that he had intended to take it out, but sickness had prevented him. He also told Wolff of another manuscript of the law of Moses (ספר תורה) *Sepher Torah*, preserved by twelve Jewish families, at a place called Malta (not the island), near Cairo, which was supposed to have been written a thousand years before, and which was said to have performed many miracles. Many Jews from Cairo, and other places, performed pilgrimages to that Sepher Torah; and one day, afterwards, Wolff asked permission to see it, and was allowed by the Jews to do so, when the worship in

the synagogue was over, and most of the congregation had dispersed. The sanctuary was then opened, and the Torah taken out, and Wolff read in it; after which, he said, "This Word ought to be read day and night, for it is the Word of God, which He gave by Moses upon the Mount Sinai, amidst thunders and lightnings; and we ought to be thankful to the Jews that they have preserved this law, and even counted the letters, in order that we may be sure it is the same Word which was given to Moses upon the holy Mount." He spoke this—half in Italian, half in Hebrew, and sometimes in Arabic,—and all the Jews present applauded his sentiments.

But to return to Marpurgo's visit with Dr. Hemprich. After speaking of these manuscripts, it was clear they wished to talk more; and a question or two from Wolff soon brought on another discussion. He addressed himself to Dr. Hemprich, and asked,—

"What is the chief object of your travelling? With what branch of knowledge do you intend to enrich our native country, our dear Germany?"

Hemprich.—"The chief object of my research is natural history."

Wolff.—"A very important research. It is worth while to undertake labours and hardships in every research which tends to promote the truth."

Hemprich.—"Quite true, especially as one of our German philosophers says, 'Those sciences will always pay for their labour which are below and

nigh unto us, the *physical* sciences; but the inquiry into metaphysics always loses itself in the clouds, and we know as little as before.'"

Wolff quite understood what Dr. Hemprich meant, and was now very anxious to continue the discourse, that he might, by God's blessing, show these men that belief in Holy Revelation was not an inquiry in the clouds. He had not now to do with ignorant pretenders, but with men who had studied, and were skilful in argument. So he addressed Dr. Hemprich again as follows:—

Wolff.—"Where did you study philosophy?"

Hemprich.—"At Breslau."

Wolff.—"What is the name of the Professor at Breslau, who gives public lectures in philosophy?"

Hemprich.—"Dr. Stephens."

Wolff.—"Does not Dr. Stephens follow the system of Schelling?"

Hemprich.—"Yes; but I went to hear him only for amusement. It is true he is a man of great talent, but his lectures often consist of nothing but mere bombastical expressions."

Wolff.—"This is, alas! too often the case with teachers of philosophy in Germany; but I should, notwithstanding all this, never wish to hear a lecture upon philosophy, or a lecture about truth, with the mere view of amusing myself; for if we go for our mere amusement only, we must be already prejudiced and conceited; and thus we are in great danger of remaining in darkness, while believing ourselves to be wise."

Hemprich.—"I do not say that, at the first, I went with the intention of amusing myself, but I did so afterwards, when I heard his pompous expressions."

Wolff.—"I know very little of the philosophy of Schelling, but I have read a dissertation of his some years ago, entitled, 'The Deity of Samothrace,' in which there is much truth, although some parts are very obscure. Count Stolberg himself, who did not like the system of Schelling, acknowledges the excellency of that treatise."

Hemprich.—"Count Stolberg was fond of mysticism."

Wolff.—"I myself reject mysticism, in a certain sense; but that term being often used in different senses, I should be glad if you would be so kind as to tell me what you understand by mysticism."

Hemprich.—"I am ready to lay before you the profession of my faith, that you may understand what I mean by the word mysticism. I believe in the existence of a God who has created the whole of Nature, and has given a certain law by which this universe must be governed; but He does not depart from that law which He has laid down, and I do not, therefore, believe in the miracles related in the Bible."

Wolff.—"That the Lord governs the world by a certain law which He has laid down, *concedo majorem;* that He does not depart from that law without a great design or purpose, *concedo minorem;* but that He does not depart from that certain law, even for

the execution of a great design, *nego minorem; ergo, conclusio tua est absurda.*"

Hemprich.—"If He should be obliged to alter that law, He would not be *omniscient.* Why did He not create all things in such a manner that He never should have need to suspend the law of Nature?"

Wolff.—"You yourself must be first *omniscient*, to be able to decide what the Omniscient ought to do. Now it is in his law to alter the usual way of Nature, for the execution of great purposes; but it is very presumptuous for a creature who knows so little of the usual course of Nature (for you would not make so many great voyages if you already knew all the laws of Nature)—it is very presumptuous for such a creature to ask, Why did the Creator act *thus*, and not thus?"

Hemprich.—"The existence of the supreme Being—of the Creator—is proved by the order which we observe in this universe. If such an extraordinary event as a miracle should take place, the order of Nature would be destroyed; but God cannot be the author of *disorder!*"

Wolff.—"We cannot call it disorder, if the Maker of the world gives an extraordinary turn to Nature which is beyond what we can conceive; we have seen many phenomena in Nature which we have not yet been able to explain, and certainly nobody will say, on that account, that such phenomena are *disorder.*"*

* Monsieur Ratisbonne, the famous converted Jew, who wrote

Here Marpurgo turned the conversation in another direction, by asking, Why, if God is omniscient, He created men, of whom He knew that He must root them out again by means of a deluge?

Wolff.—"He is *omniscient;* He knows, therefore, why He did create them. I myself, who am not *omniscient*, do not pretend to know the reason."

Hemprich.—"According to your system, we are obliged to believe all the miracles which the Hindoos and Pagans relate."

Wolff.—"No; we must take into consideration the tendency of these miracles. The tendency of

the Life of St. Bernard, gives the most sublime view of miracles, the most exalted idea of the condition of man before the Fall, and the most glorious glimpse of what he shall be hereafter, in the following passage:—"Miracles are the most striking proofs of the restoration of man to his primitive rights; they recall the power which, in the beginning, he received to rule over nature, and to command it, in the name of its Creator. That power, that high prerogative, may be regained by every man; for all, in virtue of the Creative Word, bear within themselves the force which subdues the elements, rules over creatures, and commands the earth. But this force is latent, degenerate, in chains; and the noble chief of creation, the uncrowned king of this world, has, by the original catastrophe, fallen to the level of the creatures whom he was called to govern; and even to depending on those whom it was his mission to free. Hence, as says St. Paul, the groanings of all terrestrial things, who sigh after their deliverance, and wait for the manifestation of the children of God: hence, the laborious work of liberation and of purification which man has to accomplish on this earth; and in proportion as he raises himself, and is restored to harmony with his eternal principle, in the same proportion he recovers, with the gifts of God, his glorious prerogatives; and participates once again, in the mighty power of God." (James iii. 7.)

the miracles related in the Old Testament was to show that God would redeem his people Israel out of the bondage of Egypt, and that God—Jehovah alone—must be adored. The tendency of the miracles related in the New Testament, was to persuade men that Jesus was the Saviour of the world, who should reconcile us again with our heavenly Father,—an undertaking, the truth of which, according to the promise of it, was well worthy of being proved by extraordinary circumstances, to make it manifest that He it is who takes away the sins of the world."

Hemprich.—"According to your belief, sin cannot exist, for you admit the Divine influence in everything; and God cannot be the author of sin. Who is the author of sin?"

Wolff.—"Thus you see the necessity of sacred history. All men are under the government of God. Men should, therefore, be supposed to be good; but I feel in my heart a will rebelling against the Divine will. Whence does it come, O Lord, that all my imaginations are so evil every day, that I rebel against the law of God? Those who worship two principles fall into the most monstrous absurdities. Where can I find the origin of my depraved nature satisfactorily explained? I answer, I open the Book of books, and therein I meet with the following words: 'God created man in his own image; in the image of God created He him. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat,

but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.' Eve, by the serpent's device, 'took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave unto her husband, and he did eat; and then they knew that they were naked;' and hence came *sin* into the *world*, of which God is not the author, but only man's weakness. But, thanks be unto the Lord, He left us not in despair; He has promised that 'the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's heel,'—even Christ Jesus, who reconciles us again with God, through his death."

On hearing this, Marpurgo made the remarkable observation,—

"But the Hindoos have almost the same tradition."

To which Wolff replied,—

"Which proves that this important occurrence actually took place, or the tradition could not be so universal."

Marpurgo now complimented Wolff upon his knowledge of Hebrew, and Wolff expressed a wish to read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah with him, which they subsequently did; and Marpurgo showed Wolff his library, and, pointing to a copy of Seneca, observed "Seneca is my daily prayer-book." Wolff afterwards heard that Dr. Marpurgo had spoken of him with the greatest regard.

Marpurgo died in two or three years; and as his mother-in-law told Wolff, slapping her hands together at each statement, "We cried, we howled, we

wept," (*sarakhna, aayadna, bakeena,*) "as is customary among us, but when we looked for the money, there was none!"

With Mr. Salt Wolff conversed about the mighty enterprises of the Romish Propaganda in Abyssinia; and of the wisdom of Father Payse, who instructed the youth of that country; and then allowed them to argue with the old Abyssinian priests, in order to prove to them the superiority of European learning over the learning of the Abyssinians in general.*

While at Alexandria, Wolff performed Divine service, in the English language, in the British Consulate, in the presence of all the English subjects; and he visited there also the Eastern Christians, giving away Bibles to all, without money and without price. He preached, moreover, to the Italians; but when Salt rode out with him, to show him the monuments of the Jewish Cemetery, he found but little interest in them, never scarcely caring for anything, except to see men of different races and characters. Indeed he was six times in Cairo before he saw Pompey's Pillar, or took any notice of it. One day, an old Polish Jew, seventy years of age at least, of a tall stature, and with a white beard, called at the Consulate, bringing

* Archdeacon McKenzie, who is now going to Africa, ought to make search in those places, whither Father Lobo went, and where he left marks of his labours. Also, he ought to look after the Roman Catholic Christians in Ganga, and to study Ritter's Geography.

with him his Bible, and the Commentary of Rabbi Solomon Isaac; and with him Wolff was really delighted. Nor can he forget to this day the impression which this man made upon him; for he was in appearance like Abraham of old times, and had left his country in order to spend the remainder of his days in Jerusalem, and there await the arrival of the Messiah.

Wolff began by asking him to write down his name upon a piece of paper which he gave him; and the old man, after saying that he felt honoured that such a great man should show him so much attention, wrote as follows, in Jewish-German characters: "Yehiel, the son of Feibish, from the land of Russia, from the Government of Mohilev, from the city of Sklov. He resides now at Jerusalem, waiting for the coming of the Messiah."

Yehiel then told Wolff he had heard that a Jew, who had been converted, was going to Jerusalem to prove that the Messiah was come. Wolff answered, "I am going to Jerusalem!" Yehiel replied, "Sir, none will be converted; for we have been scattered now for more than 1700 years among all nations, persecuted and despised; our holy city destroyed, and the 1700 years have been passed in constant and continual endeavour by the Gentiles, to persuade us that Jesus was the Messiah; but, at the end of the 1700 years, we disbelieve it still!" He added, "Centuries and centuries have passed, since Christians have tried to convert us, by pouring out our blood, and by

persecuting us. And centuries and centuries have passed, and yet we stand a people separated from the nations, and exclaim every day, 'Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.'"

Good, mistaken, old man, upon Wolff's speaking to him of the signs and miracles of our blessed Lord, he said, "Yes, Jesus performed wonders and signs, but remember the words of Moses—the peace of God be upon him!—in Deuteronomy xiii. 1st to part of 5th verse, 'If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them; thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams: for the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God, with all your heart and with all your soul. Ye shall walk after the Lord your God, and fear him, and keep his commandments, and obey his voice, and ye shall serve him, and cleave unto him. And that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams, shall be put to death; because he hath spoken to turn you away from the Lord your God,'" &c. Here he wept awhile, but then continued, "Jesus of Nazareth came and performed wonders and signs, and said unto our ancestors, 'Let us go after three Gods whom our fathers knew not;' and therefore He was put to death by our forefathers justly, with all his wonders and signs." He said this with the greatest anima-

tion, and Wolff then, in order to prove to him that Christ never advised any such thing, as the worship of three Gods, told him that Jesus had taught his disciples to address themselves in prayer to Jehovah as "Our Father, which art in heaven; Hallowed be (not the name of other gods, but) Thy name; Thy kingdom come." And he also showed him the passage in Matthew, where it is said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." After further conversation, Yehiel left him, promising to call again.

Wolff was introduced by Salt to an American gentleman, a captain in the navy of the United States of North America, who had become Muhammadan from conviction, Mr. George Bethel English by name, but who now called himself "Muhammad Effendi;" and with him he determined to travel to Cairo. They set out in a boat accordingly, and travelled together from Alexandria to Cairo; and the first day had an argument which lasted fourteen hours uninterruptedly! Mr. English, cold in his manner, smoked negligently at the same time; but Wolff neither ate, drank, nor smoked, but was in a continual fire throughout. At the end of their conversation, English burst into tears, and said, "Wolff, you have done two things; you have totally undeceived me in one respect, for, before I saw you, I never thought that it was possible that a Jew could be such a firm believer in the divinity of Jesus Christ. Secondly,

I now see more than ever I did, that the Christian religion is a religion of the heart; and, though you have not solved all my difficulties, yet you have done one thing, you have spoken to my heart. I have ceased to be a Muhammadan, and you may tell Mr. Salt and Mr. Lee that you have spoken to my heart." An Albanian Muhammadan was also in the boat, and Wolff attempted to speak to him; but the fanatic only replied, "Allah, Illa, Allah, Oo-Muhammad Arrasool, Ollah;" "God, but God and Muhammad, the prophet of God;" and he threatened to throw his Christian interrogator into the Nile. Mr. English told Wolff that he had been made a Muhammadan by reading Eichorn's Commentaries on the Bible; Bishop Marsh's translation of Michaelis; and Warburton on the discrepancies of Scripture.

Thus Wolff arrived, peaceably and quietly, with his American companion at Cairo, or properly Caheirah-Almeser, "Egypt the Exalted;" and, by Mr. Salt's orders, his Chancellor, Santini, an Italian, assigned a room to Wolff in the British Consulate. But Santini was not a nice man; he cheated Wolff by making him believe that the best present one can give to a Bedouin chief is a small bottle of castor-oil; so Wolff bought from him some hundred bottles for £10, which made all the English people laugh from Cairo to England; and Wolff heard of it from Henry Drummond, on his arrival at home, years after; who said to him, "How could you be such an ass as to be taken in

with castor-oil? You ought to have told him that you would give him £10 if he would drink it himself."

But Wolff was fully indemnified for the trick which had been played upon him, by forming the acquaintance here of both Captain Caviglia, and with Mr., now Sir Gardiner, Wilkinson.

Caviglia was an Italian, a Genoese, captain of a merchant vessel. His ship was wrecked on one of the shores of Greece, but he was saved in a providential, almost miraculous, manner. Then he said to himself, "Now I will devote my life to the investigation of nature, the works of God, and to the study of antiquity." Whereupon, he went to Egypt, and spent the greater part of his days in the Pyramids; and found most mighty monuments of ancient time, which he sent, under the protection of Mr. Salt, to the British Museum. His great study, however, was the Bible, especially the Old Testament. He compared the contents of it with the existing monuments in the Pyramids of Egypt, and with the ancient history of that country; and came to the conclusion that the Pyramids of Egypt had not been the sepulchres of ancient kings, but colleges in which freemasonry was taught and practised; in fact, that they had been lodges for freemasons and ancient mysteries. His grand books, after the Bible, were the "Mysterium Magnum" of Jacob Böhme, and St. Martin. He believed that angels have bodies; and, with Tertullian, that the soul

is a body. He one day sat down and wrote against the Roman Catholic Church, but retracted everything that he wrote a short time after. With regard to science and theology, he said, the system of *reserve* must be used. The deacon is not allowed to speak as much on religion as the priest; and the priest not so much as the bishop; nor the bishop as much as the archbishop; and the archbishop not as much as the pope.

When Wolff asked him the reason of all this, his reply was simply (after looking first around him, as if he was watched by an unseen spirit), "In the Temple of Solyman were two pillars, the name of the one was Jachin, and Boaz was the name of the other." When Wolff asked him to explain, he merely replied, "*Più non vi posso dire*" (more I cannot tell you). Wolff at that time thought that all this was absurdity, and told Caviglia so, which made him remain a long time away, to Wolff's great regret and sorrow, that he had been so severe in his ridicule.

But now Wolff understands the whole reason for this mystical answer, and Caviglia was quite right not to tell it. And, though Wolff knows now what prevented Caviglia from speaking more plainly, he can himself only repeat to the reader the same words—*Più non vi posso dire.* Once Wolff asked his friend how old he was? Caviglia replied, "Four times fifteen." When Wolff asked why he replied in this way, he answered, "*Più non vi posso dire.*" And so Wolff must again say to the reader, although

he knows the reason for that reply—*Più non vi posso dire!* Caviglia also one day asked Wolff where he came from, and whither he was going? Wolff said he came from England, and was going to Jerusalem. Caviglia said it was not the answer he expected. Wolff asked, what answer then must he give? Caviglia replied, this he must find out; and he has since found out the expected answer, but cannot tell it to others!

As to Mr., now Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, no description of him is required. His writings on the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," and his gigantic labours in Upper Egypt, are too well known to the world. Wolff may only observe that he is in every respect a most excellent, amiable, and highly-principled gentleman.

Now for something about magic; for, although the event about to be recorded happened after Wolff's *second* journey into Egypt, he will give it in this place. Wolff was asked whether he believed in magic; to which he replied that he believed everything that is found in the Bible; and even, though all the philosophers should ridicule him, he boldly repeats that he believes everything in the Bible; and the existence of witches and wizards is to be found there, of whom, doubtless, the Devil is the originator; and Wolff believes that there are spirits in the air, for the Apostle tells us so; and Wolff believes also that the Devil has access, even now, into Heaven, to calumniate man, for so we read in the Book of Job,

and in the 12th chapter of the Apocalypse. However, with regard to witchcraft, he has seen it with his own eyes, and here he tells the story.

He was sitting one day at the table of Mr. Salt, dining with him. The guests who were invited were as follows: Bokhti, the Swedish Consul-General, a nasty atheist and infidel; Major Ross, of Rosstrevor, in Ireland, a gentleman in every respect, and highly principled; Spurrier, a nice English gentleman; Wolff himself; and Caviglia, who was the only believer in magic there. Salt began to say (his face leaning on his hand), "I wish to know who has stolen a dozen of my silver spoons, a dozen forks, and a dozen knives." Caviglia said, "If you want to know, you must send for the magician." Salt laughed, and so did they all, when Salt suddenly said, "Well, we must gratify Caviglia." He then called out for Osman, a renegade Scotchman, who was employed in the British Consulate as janissary and cicerone for travellers. Osman came into the room, and Salt ordered him to go and fetch the magician. The magician came, with fiery sparkling eyes and long hair, and Salt stated to him the case, on which he said, "I shall come again to-morrow at noon, before which time you must either have procured a woman with child, or a boy seven years of age; either of whom will tell who has been the thief." Bokhti, the scoffing infidel, whom Salt never introduced to Wolff, for fear he should make a quarrel betwixt them, said, "I am determined to unmask imposture, and, there-

fore, I shall bring to-morrow a boy who is not quite seven years of age, and who came a week ago from Leghorn. He has not stirred out of my house, nor does he know anybody, nor is he known to anybody, and he does not speak Arabic; him I will bring with me for the magician."

The boy came at the time appointed, and all the party were again present, when the magician entered with a large pan in his hand, into which he poured some black colour, and mumbled some unintelligible words; and then he said to the boy, "Stretch out your hands." He said this in Arabic, which the boy did not understand. But Wolff interpreted what the magician had said, and then the boy stretched out his hand flat, when the magician put some of the black colour upon his palm, and said to him, "Do you see something?" which was interpreted to the lad. The boy coolly, in his Italian manner, shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "*Vedo niente*" (I see nothing). Again the magician poured the coloured liquid into his hand, and mumbled some words, and asked the boy again, "Do you see something?" and the boy said the second time, "I see nothing." Then the magician poured the colour into his hand the third time, and inquired, "Do you see something?" on which the boy suddenly exclaimed, and it made every one of us turn pale and tremble in both knees, as if we were paralyzed, "*Io vedo un uomo!*" (I see a man.) The fourth time the stuff was poured into his hand, when the boy loudly screamed out, "*Io vedo un uomo con un capello.*"

(I see a man with a hat,) and, in short, after a dozen times of inquiry, he described the man so minutely, that all present exclaimed, "Santini is the thief!" And when Santini's room was searched, the silver spoons &c., were found.

Wolff must remark that *no one*, except the boy, could see anything; all the other witnesses only saw the colour which the magician poured.

However, here is another story in which imposture was practised, but not by that magician, but by Osman, Mr. Salt's janissary. Osman also pretended to know magic, and was called to a house where a theft had been committed. He suspected a certain person, who was present, of being the thief. He took a pan, and, after he had mumbled some words in the pan, he said, with a loud voice, "If the thief does not send back to a certain spot the thing which he has stolen, this night, at a certain hour, the devil will take his soul out of his body, and tear it into a thousand pieces." Whereupon the thief, who stood by, was so frightened at the prospect of such an end, that he brought back the stolen property at the hour appointed.

It would be wrong to pass over in silence another traveller, Burckhardt by name, from Switzerland, who assumed the name of Sheikh Ibrahim, and travelled as a Muhammadan, in order to be able to go to Mecca. He once called on Muhammad Ali, the Pasha of Egypt. Muhammad Ali asked him where he was going? He replied, "I am going to Mecca, to perform my devotion to the Kaaba of

the Prophet, the comfort of God, and peace upon him!" Muhammad Ali said, "I ask you one favour, and will give you every assistance in my power to reach Mecca safely. Whenever you write your book, don't say that you made me believe that you were a Muhammadan, for I know that you are not."

Wolff would here make a remark upon the point of Europeans travelling as though they were Muhammadans; and trying to make people believe that they have not been known as Europeans. They are always known, and the fact is, that there is no necessity for any one to go incognito; for, the moment one says, "God is God, and Muhammad is the prophet of God," one is a Muhammadan, *ex ipso facto*. There is no need to deny that one has been a Jew or a Christian before; and the only thing travellers do, by trying to make people believe that they were not discovered to be Europeans, is, that they lie in addition to the sin of apostacy and hypocrisy. We have now to treat of the character of Muhammad Ali, and of the Europeans in general, whom Wolff met in Egypt.

Muhammad Ali was a janissary of the English Consul, Mr. Chasseaud, at Cabala, the native place of Muhammad Ali, where he was born in 1768, the same year which gave birth to Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington. He went as a soldier of fortune to Egypt, in order that if *Kismat—i. e.* "Fate"—granted it, he might become Pasha. He soon distinguished himself as a soldier; and, with

the assistance of the Mamlooks, he became at last Pasha of Egypt.

But the Mamlooks, that dangerous body, who elected and deposed Pashas just as they pleased, were a thorn in his eye. So he invited them to dinner in the great castle in Cairo, called Yussuf-Kalah, Castle of Joseph (not from Joseph the Patriarch, but from Joseph, one of the Khalifs of Arabia), and received them at the top of the castle. But while they were seated at table, he gave a hint to the artillery, who fired upon them, and out of 700 Mamlooks, 699 were killed; and the one who escaped, mounted his horse, and leaped down from the height of the castle. The horse was killed, but the rider was saved.

Ibrahim Pasha, his tiger son, finished the work, by exterminating all the Mamlooks in the country. Muhammad Ali, soon after, subdued the Wahabites, and took Mecca from their hands. He then entirely enslaved Egypt, and became the only merchant in the country. All the commerce was in his hands; even the manure was sold by him, and he traded in everything. He was the first who introduced the flogging of women, in order to get from them all the jewels they wore around their necks. He even carried on civilization in the Turkish method; and flogged those children who would not go to school. But he sent young men to friends in England to be educated, especially from the Copts and Arabs. His prime minister was an Armenian, Yussuf Boghos

by name, *i. e.* Joseph, son of Paul; a man who spoke French, Italian, Persian, Arabic, and Turkish, with the utmost fluency. The judgment of Muhammad Ali about Wolff is published in the "Jewish Expositor." He praised his talent and enthusiasm, and encouraged his idea of establishing schools, but suggested several difficulties.

Among the young men he sent to England, Osman Nureddin Effendi was the most distinguished. He was a young Turk from Albania, who learned the European languages with great facility, and was made superintendent over the College at Boulak; and at last became Pasha under his early patron; but, to the astonishment of all, he left Muhammad Ali the moment he rebelled against the Sultan.

At last, two English travellers arrived in Cairo, Messrs. Clarke and Carne, both of them nephews of the famous Methodist, Dr. Adam Clarke: and Wolff determined to go with them to Mount Sinai and Mount Horeb. He took with him Bibles and Testaments in Arabic and Greek, and even some in Hebrew, though there were no Jews in Mount Sinai; and then he was asked, "Why do you take Hebrew Bibles and Testaments with you to a place where there are no Jews?" to which he replied, "Perhaps some day a Jew may come there, then he will find the word of God in his own language."

His friends called this wild enthusiasm; but, fifteen years after, when Wolff returned to Mount Sinai the second time, he found that a Jew from

Bulgaria had been there, and had read the Bible and Testament in the Monastery of St. Catherine, as the Monastery upon Mount Sinai is called; and had been baptized by the Superior of the Greek monks. And, to his great surprise, this man wrote a book on the second coming of Christ, which was found there, in manuscript, by Wolff, and it had been read by the monks: and, at this second visit, Wolff found that they were all believers in the personal reign of Christ; in the restoration of the Jews, and the renovation of the earth.

Previous to Wolff's setting out for Mount Sinai, in October, 1821, Rabbi Soliman, from Wilna, residing at Jerusalem, called on him, and introduced to him Rabbis Abraham and Hirsch, both from Bucharest, and now residing at Jerusalem. They asked Wolff where he was intending to go? Wolff replied, "To Mount Sinai." Rabbi Soliman, from Wilna, replied that he would prove to Joseph Wolff that this is not Mount Sinai which at present is so called.

Wolff asked for proofs. Soliman replied that he would prove it by a parable.

"There was a Queen, and that Queen was married to a King, who died. Now could you suppose that that Queen would ever marry, after the death of the King, the King's minister, or a menial servant? Certainly not. Mount Sinai is that Queen. It was married to the Holy One—blessed be his name! the Holy One did come down upon Sinai, and gave his holy law upon it. Would He,

therefore, admit or allow that a convent of monks should be built upon that mountain? No. It is, therefore, impossible that that mountain, upon which a convent stands, should be the Mount Sinai where the law was given, amidst thunders and lightnings. Mount Sinai is in England. Even Mount Tabor is in Europe. But," he continued, "you will make the objection, why is Jerusalem deserted and become a widow? I answer, this was predicted; but, with respect to Sinai, we do not meet with any prediction." Such is Jewish argument.

Wolff now hired several camels, took a German servant, Franz Six by name; and Carne and Clarke had a Sclavonian servant, Michael by name; and on the 29th October—it was a Monday—they set out for Sinai. The Germans, to whom Wolff had preached on Sunday, the 28th, came to accompany him out of the gate of the city, where Wolff mounted his camels, and then, accompanied by Carne and Clarke, set forth. On the 30th of October they arrived at Suez, where they were received hospitably by the Greek Consul, Michael Manuli, an Arab Greek Christian, to whom Wolff gave a Bible and preached; and to the rest of the Greeks there he also gave Bibles, and preached.

The son of Michael Manuli was a highly interesting young man. He was acquainted, from simply conversing with travellers, with the names of Fichte, Schelling, Kant, Bardili, Hegel, and Eschenmayer; Göthe, Schiller, Wieland, and Herder; Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron.

On the 3rd of November following, the travellers arrived at the Wells of Moses, in Arabia; among the Bedouin Arabs, where Wolff preached at once to them. On the 4th they reached the valley of Paran. "The Law came from Sinai, and the Holy One from Mount Paran:" and on the 6th they were approaching their destination. It was a clear night, the sky was ornamented with stars, and at a distance the voices of the Arabs were heard, and the fires of the Arabs around their tents were blazing through the Desert. Wolff said to Carne and Clarke, his imagination being excited in the extreme, "Now I shall meet with Moses and his host." They proceeded, and at last they saw before them the monastery of Saint Catherine, standing high on Mount Horeb, which is called by the Arabs, Jibbel-Moosa, *i. e.* Mount of Moses. As the monks never open the gates below, Wolff and his party had to be drawn up by a rope to a window; and Wolff relates that, when the Sclavonian servant, a clever man but a great rogue, was being drawn up, he and his friends threw stones at him for fun—Wolff calling out at the same time that if he fell down there would be no one to weep for him, but Michael only turned his head and looked down at them, saying, "I defy you all!"

At last they were all brought safely into the convent, though Wolff's ascent was possibly a little critical, for no basket was let down, as from the window of Rahab's house, but only a rope with a loop at the end, into which the admitted guest thrust his foot —and Wolff was always more remarkable for bodily

endurance than bodily activity—but no matter. His room was said to be on the very spot where Moses saw the bush burning, and it was not consumed. "This," said he to himself, "is the country where Moses lived 40 years with his father-in-law, Jethro, keeping his sheep. Here it was the Lord kept his own people, like the apple of his eye. Here it was that He gave the law, amid thunder and lightnings. Here it was that He carried them on eagles' wings,"—and Wolff wrote from thence to his friends, Henry Drummond and Bayford, all the ebullitions of a heart, filled with these grand remembrances; and on the next day he called the monks together, and gave them Bibles in Arabic and Greek, the Hebrew Bible also, and the New Testament in Hebrew; and he made the principal monks write to Henry Drummond and Bayford, expressing the interest they took in the distribution of the Bible in every language throughout the world. They were delighted to hear that Bishop Hilarion, a member of their monastery, was the chief translator of the Bible into modern Greek, and was employed by the British and Foreign Bible Society. At last Carne, Clarke, and Wolff determined to take a survey of Mount Sinai, and of the remarkable antiquities surrounding it. They desired to see the spot where Moses went up, while the elders tarried for him and Joshua. All the monks regretted that they did not dare to accompany them in their exploration, on account of a tribe of Arabs who were living around the Mount, and with

whom they were at enmity, because those Arabs demanded provisions of them, and they were not able to supply them. The Arabs had also complained that the monks were in possession of the original book of Moses, from which if they would but pray, rain would fall in abundance; but that the monks were lazy fellows, and would not pray as they ought! As the monks, therefore, were not able to accompany the travellers, they charged the Arabs, who were in their service, to accompany them, and lead them to the summit of Mount Sinai, and to the rock of Meribah, and to the height of St. Catherine, and to the summit of the mount where Moses was forty days and forty nights. Wolff there read, to the company in English, and to himself in Hebrew, and to the Arabs in Arabic, the xxxii. chapter of Deuteronomy, "Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth." And in the xxxiii. chapter of Deuteronomy, "The Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir unto them: he shined forth from Mount Paran." And Wolff wrote from that spot to Drummond, quoting this text; and added, in parenthesis, "Where your friend Joseph Wolff now stands."

He then read to the company, Exodus xx., containing the ten commandments, and then he read chapter xxiv., 1st verse, "And he said unto Moses, Come up unto the Lord, thou, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel; and worship ye afar off. And Moses alone shall come

near the Lord; but they shall not come nigh; neither shall the people go up with him." And he also read some parts of the Psalms and of the New Testament; and, in his enthusiasm, he wrote to Drummond and Bayford, "Tell my people, the Jews in England, that I prayed for their salvation at the very place where our ancestors were buried, six hundred thousand of them, beside women and children.* I did not address myself to Moses, for *his* intercession, for *he* died in the land of Moab, and no man knows where he is buried to this day; but I addressed myself to Him, who is not hidden, who died and rose again. I prayed to Him that his blood might come indeed upon Israel and their children, and cleanse them from their sins; that blood which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel." Wolff also prayed for the whole of England and Germany, for Malta and Gibraltar; yea, and he remembered also the family of Count Stolberg, who had been his dear and kind friends. On the 10th of November, 1821, in the morning, they went to take a view of the rock of Meribah; and, to use again the words of Wolff to his friend Drummond, "Where my people thirsted, and where they rebelled." Wolff maintains (and he is not single in the belief) that this is the real rock; for here is the mark of Moses' staff, and the twelve holes from which the water gushed out, according to the

* The children of Israel, who came out of the land of Egypt, were buried, it is said, in the territory around Mount Sinai, the whole of which goes under the name of "Mount Sinai."

twelve tribes of Israel. Pocock also, who had visited the spot, believed this.

Years after this time, Lord B——, the present Earl of ——, was on Mount Sinai; and when Wolff met him in the year 1828, on board of the Cambrian, commanded by Captain Rohan Hamilton, he asked him what had become of the Bibles which had been left there by himself and his party in 1821? to which Lord B—— replied, that the monks had destroyed them all. But Wolff felt convinced, even at the time, from his lordship's manner, that he knew nothing about it; and, on revisiting the monastery himself, fifteen years afterwards, he found the Bibles still there.

After Lord B——'s answer to his inquiry, Wolff said to Andrew Buchanan, (now British ambassador in Denmark,) "How far you can rely upon this traveller's account, you will soon find out by another question which I will ask him." He then said, "Has your lordship seen the rock of Meribah?" Lord B—— replied, "Yes, I drank water out of it." Wolff asked, "What kind of water was it?" He answered, "Very good indeed; clear as crystal." "Then," said Wolff, "your lordship must have struck the rock again, for no water flows out of it now." The captain laughed, and said, "Your lordship is not very successful this time."

Just as the party were about to leave the rock of Meribah, there came up a Bedouin Arab, who shouted to them, "You are my prisoners!" Wolff

replied, "We shall go back to the monastery." The Arab said, "There is no monastery for you; you are my prisoners!" Wolff explained the remarks of the Arab to his friends; when Clarke drew out a pistol to shoot the man, but Wolff threw the pistol away. The Arab, having observed that Clarke was going to present a pistol at him, put his fingers to his mouth, and whistled very strongly; and, in an instant, the three travellers were surrounded by a crowd of Arabs, who cursed both them and the monks. One of them wanted forthwith to shoot Clarke, but Wolff walked forward, and said, "Mind what you do; we are Englishmen!" This stopped their violence. They then consulted with each other, and said, "Now, you are come at a very happy moment, for these Greek monks are sons of the devil—sons of the wicked one, and dogs. They are in possession of the book of Moses; and whenever there is no rain, if they would begin to pray out of this book, rain would always come in abundance. But now we have had no rain for a considerable time, which is a great injury to our palm trees; and we daily come to them, and ask them to pray, but they are such scoundrels that they never want to pray. You must, therefore, mount your camels, and we will go with you to the monastery, and call up to them, and ask them whether they will pray or not? If they pray, and rain comes, then you may go in peace, and be with them again; but, if not, you must stay with us till the day of judgment."

A most amusing scene followed. When they

came near the monastery, one of their chiefs, Sheikh Hassan by name, called out, "Dogs! will you pray or not?" They called down in reply, "Children, we pray; but it is in the hands of God alone to bring rain or not."

The Arabs got into a tremendous rage at this, and repeated, "You dogs! You dogs!"

After which they made their prisoners ride their camels towards the Valley of Paran, and a beautiful valley it was. Wolff's companion, Carne, who has written his amusing "Letters from the East," was highly interested with the adventure, and said continually, "When I go home to Penzance, I shall amuse the ladies at the tea-table by relating my adventures."

Arriving in the camp of the Bedouins, they pitched a tent for their prisoners, constructed out of old black rags, and near the tents of their women. One of the women put her hand through one of the holes, and literally took a neckerchief from Wolff's throat. Wolff ran out of the tent, (as Carne says in his book,) as if from a wild beast; nevertheless, Carne was always urging Wolff to tell what the lady had said to him.

It is a remarkable fact, that when Wolff returned to Mount Sinai, fifteen years afterwards, the very children who were not born at his first visit, knew not only Joseph Wolff's name, but the names of his companions; and also that one of the ladies had taken his neckerchief. They knew too, that Wolff had a servant, whose name was Franz Six:

and that his companion, Carne, had a servant whose name was Michael; also that, whilst Wolff was always afraid that his servant was starving himself to death, the rascal in fact was drunk from morning to night.

From this we see how these sons of the desert hand down the slightest events from father to son; and Dr. Wolff therefore says, that he has more confidence in the traditions of the Arabs, than in all the criticisms of Robinson and Stanley. So, in spite of Robinson and Stanley, he believes the authenticity of those places, as the Arabs point them out; and Wolff believes the same respecting the holy places in Jerusalem,—that those, as pointed out by the Arabs, Christians, and Jews, are authentic; the tomb of our blessed Lord, pointed out as such, is the very tomb where He was laid, and the stone which is pointed out as the stone rolled away by the angel is the identical stone. What Stanley says is altogether absurd, that the apostles did not care for the places, because they were neither German Professors, nor Fellows of any College, either of Oxford or Cambridge: they felt and thought as children who love every relic of their parents, and honoured them as such. Is not this even confirmed by the Bible itself? For does not David say about Jerusalem, "Thy servants favour the dust thereof"? and did not our ancestors, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, wish to be buried where their fathers were? did not Jonah look toward the holy temple? All which facts are proofs that those

places where the demonstrations of God's kindness were visible were treasured and respected. And does not Stanley honour the place where his father is buried, with all his European philosophy? However, his book is of the highest use, and full of profound research.

Whilst the travellers were detained by the Arabs, they allowed them to send their servants to the monastery for their utensils. And, as Wolff was in desperate need of being shaved, in order not to have his beard filled with certain animals peculiar to the Arabs, he asked a Bedouin to shave him. The man took the razor, which he used for shaving the crown of his own head, and shaved Wolff without either soap or water, quite clean, and without giving him the slightest pain. Wolff remembered this barber's name well—it was Juma. He was always a smiling good-natured fellow, and, fifteen years after, he reminded Wolff that he had shaved him on that occasion, and that he received nothing but a piece of bread and cheese for the job—no present in money. So Wolff then gave him one dollar, for old acquaintance' sake.

However, to be short; the chiefs of the Arabs assembled near Wolff's tent, and asked him to write a letter to the Pasha of Egypt, telling him of the dreadful wickedness of the Greeks; how they had refused to pray for rain from day to day, in spite of all that could be said to them; and asking him to send them an order that they should pray.

Wolff replied that he had no power to write to the Pasha, but that he would write to the Consul. So, as he wrote in English, he sent an account of the whole affair to Mr. Salt, and an express messenger was despatched with the letter a six days' journey through the desert. But, previous to his return, the neighbouring Sheiks and the rest assembled again; and Wolff in the midst addressed them in Arabic, and told them the contents of the letter he had sent, and that they would be in danger of having their tents taken away, their camels, flocks, and wives also, by the Turks, if they did not release them. The Arab Sheiks were thus persuaded, and began immediately to be in a great hurry to let them go; and they, moreover, begged them to write to the Pasha, and tell him that they had flogged those Arabs who had taken them prisoners. The travellers replied that they could not tell a lie, but that they would intercede for them, and nothing should be done to them.

They then brought Wolff and his friends in haste to Cairo, where Wolff arrived dressed half like an Arab, half like an European; and thus, he rode upon a camel through the vast town of Cairo, affording amusement to both Europeans and Arabs.

When they asked the Arabs what they had to pay them for this work, the fellows wanted pay not only for the journey direct to Cairo, but also for having made them prisoners, and for taking them to the valley of Paran; all which was of course

refused. Wolff having thus returned to Cairo, was received again most kindly by Mr. Salt, the Consul-General, and by his beautiful wife, an Italian from Leghorn.

At table, during supper that night, Wolff was so full of his journey through the Desert, and his imprisonment, and his stay in Mount Sinai, and his distribution of Bibles, that, when the dish with plum-pudding was handed round, he took the whole of it on his plate. Mr. Salt, and all the party, were bursting with laughter; but Wolff did not observe it. At last, after he had eaten up the greater part, he said calmly, that Mr. Salt had given him rather too much. Salt, pretending he wanted some, said, "Where is the pudding, Wolff?"

So, the next evening, when they sat down to dinner, Salt began again to interest Wolff with the journey to Mount Sinai, and then handed to him a dish upon which was a whole goose roasted. But Wolff observed the trick this time, and said he had not yet digested his plum-pudding!

The last discussion that took place between Wolff and Mr. Salt is too interesting to be omitted. They were talking at night about Cicero, and Mr. Salt remarked that all the ancient philosophers were in doubt or darkness about the resurrection of the dead. Wolff was delighted with the observation, and they agreed that the doctrine was at that very time clearly revealed by God to the Jews, through the mouths of the prophets. Thus, the Lord alluded to it by Moses (Deut. xxii.), "I kill, and make alive." And

Hannah rejoiced in the Lord, and said, "He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up" (1 Sam. ii. 6). And again (Hosea vi. 2), "After two days will he revive us: in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight." And hear what Job saith, "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me" (Job xix. 25). Hear, too, what Ezekiel saith (xxxvii. 5), "Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones; Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live. And I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord." And also Daniel (xii. 2), "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." And thus, likewise, the Psalmist, "Oh thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come." And so, again, the Prophet Isaiah (xxvi. 19), "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

There are people who try to undervalue Revelation, by saying, that the Jews were indebted to the Chaldæans for their belief in the resurrection of the dead, and that Daniel received this knowledge in Chaldæa. Now Wolff asks whether God, in his wisdom, cannot impart a revelation to a chosen servant, in the mountains of Chaldæa as well as upon Mount Sinai and Zion? and he insists that men have to adore the wisdom as well as goodness of God in the distribution of his will. Wolff himself is perfectly convinced that, among all the inspired writers of the Old Testament, Daniel the prophet has set forth the doctrine of the Resurrection with the greatest clearness, Moses even not excepted. And, oh, what wisdom is in that very fact! for it was Daniel also who was the first, as we read (Dan. ix. 3—20), to set his face to the Lord God by prayer and supplication, that He might make known to him the final destiny of Jerusalem; and that very angel, Gabriel by name, who announced, in the fulness of time, to the Virgin Mary the wonderful birth of her Son and her Lord, he, the same angel, made known to Daniel (Dan. ix. 26) that Messiah should be cut off, but not for Himself; and he, then (Dan. xii. 2, 3), caught by the Spirit of the Lord, predicted that that Messiah, who was to be cut off, was to bring life and immortality to light through the Gospel; so that he bursts sublimely forth in these words, "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to

shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as *the stars for ever and ever!*"

Wolff now began to think of departing through the Desert for Jerusalem; but before we see him proceeding to that Holy City, we must give some of his remarks with regard to travellers who come to Egypt.

It cannot be denied that many of them are Europeans of learning and research; antiquarians, painters, natural historians, investigators of the monuments of Thebes, Luxor, Gorno, Carnak, and the ruins of Dendyra; and travellers who go as far into the interior as the second Cataract; decipherers of the hieroglyphics in the Pyramids, and diggers after the beautiful rooms which are found there, decorated with monuments of the freshest colour. But there are also others who get considerably imposed upon. As some, for instance, who have boasted of having found mummies of the most interesting nature; which, when examined, have proved to be nothing better than a lady who had recently died. Again, there was an American gentleman, whom Wolff afterwards met at Jaffa, near Jerusalem, his name was George Rapelye, and he had the most funny ideas. As for example, respecting the hieroglyphics and Pompey's pillar in Alexandria, he said, with the American snuffle, "These are nothing but figures marked upon stones, like figures upon gingerbread." He believed that

there must be a town underneath the Pyramids; and that, if they had the Pyramids in America, they would make American hotels of them!

There were also medical gentlemen, from Paris, who arrived with a prepossession that the plague was always raging thereabouts; and every sick man who died, they tried to prove had died of the plague. So that actually one of these doctors induced the sanitary board to proclaim all Egypt to be in quarantine.

But the most disreputable set of travellers are those revolutionists, who leave their native countries, Italy, France, and Germany, because they will not submit to authority at home. Some of these whom Wolff knew, entered the service of the tyrant, Muhammad Ali, where they became venal servants of that worst of tyrants, to execute all his oppressive commands.

Muhammad Ali seems to Dr. Wolff to be that "cruel lord" predicted by the prophet Isaiah (Isa. xix. 4), "And the Egyptians will I give over into the hand of a cruel lord; and a fierce king shall rule over them, saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts."

CHAPTER VII.

DESERT; GAZA; JAFFA; MOUNT CARMEL; ACRE; SIDON; MOUNT LEBANON.

Now let us leave Cairo for Jerusalem. The day before Wolff's departure, a Jew, of high talent, came to him, Cerf-Beer by name; who confessed to him that he had no peace, although he had three times professed himself a Muhammadan, in order to make his fortune; and had divorced a dozen wives, &c. Wolff preached to him the Gospel of Christ, and admonished him to repentance.

At last Wolff set out, with twenty camels loaded with Bibles, and accompanied by his drunken German servant, Franz Six, for that Jerusalem, whither the tribes went up, even the tribes of the Lord: where David's lyre had told the triumphs of our King, and wafted glory to our God, and made the gladdened valleys ring—where the cedars bow—the mountains nod: to that Jerusalem, which is joined and compacted together with the Jerusalem above. Alas! Jerusalem the city is now solitary, and a widow; but she shall be comforted, when the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together!

He travelled with his camels through the Desert;

and, as he proceeded, he read those portions of Genesis, which contain the journeyings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Sometimes the Arab Sheiks came around him, and wished to know the names of the grand vizier of England; of the head of the British army; of the grand mufftee of England, and of the king and his wives.* Wolff named Lord Liverpool as the grand vizier; the Duke of Wellington as the seraskir, which means "head of the soldiers;" and Sutton, archbishop of Canterbury, as grand mufftee. They wrote down these names in Arabic characters, which sounded most funny to their ears. Wolff pitched his tents in the little Desert, opposite the fortresses, if they may be called so, in the camps of Khankah and Balbees. Afterwards, in the year 1828, when on his third journey through the Desert of Egypt, with his dear wife, Wolff heard at this spot the unexpected sounds of musical bands, belonging to Egyptian troops, who were playing, as skilfully as Europeans, the melodies of Europe.

A Jew was in the caravan, and when Friday evening approached, (the commencement of his Sabbath,) the whole caravan, composed chiefly of Muhammadans and Eastern Christians, remained in the Desert, in order that the Jew might be able to celebrate his sabbath, according to his law. Wolff purposely asked the Arabs, why they showed so much respect to that Jew, since the Jews are universally despised, and even tortured? They replied, "This is ancient custom; for Abraham—the peace of God upon him!—observed the Jewish sabbath;

and nobody ventures to disturb the Jew in the observance of the sabbath; and the Jew himself would be killed if he did not observe it." Ancient custom seems to be observed and respected by all nations; but how especially remarkable is its power among these ruder people! Wolff remarked the same on his arrival at Jerusalem, when he saw the Jew allowed to go where the ancient temple formerly stood; whilst the Christian was not permitted to come near the spot; and this was in conformity with ancient custom; or, as the Arab expresses it, *Aada men Kadeem*, which means, "Custom from ancient times." And every missionary ought to respect the customs of ancient times, whenever he goes to any of those countries.

Wolff had also in the Desert the society of an Armenian gentleman, of high respectability, Makarditsh by name, a most amiable man. He was travelling to Jerusalem, with two female relatives, to perform his devotion. He came every evening to Wolff's tent, and related stories to him of the children of Hayk—namely, the Armenian nation; and of the holiness of Melchizedek, who blessed Abraham. He talked too of Abgar,* one of the ancient kings of Edessa, who lived in the time of our Lord Jesus Christ, and was said to have been cured by our Lord himself; after which Abgar became a faithful believer, and invited our Lord to become his guest in the city of Edessa, where he

* Sometimes, but not correctly, written *Agbar*.

offered to give Him every protection against the persecution of the Jews. But our blessed Lord declined the invitation, because He was now to proclaim good tidings among the lost sheep of the house of Israel. The correspondence between Christ and Abgar is to be found in Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History.*

* The correspondence is as follows, as related by Eusebius :—

Copy of the Letter written by King Abgarus to Jesus, and sent to Him at Jerusalem, by Ananias the courier.

"Abgarus, prince of Edessa, sends greeting to Jesus the excellent Saviour, who has appeared in the borders of Jerusalem. I have heard the reports respecting thee and thy cures, as performed by thee without medicines, and without the use of herbs. For as it is said, thou causest the blind to see again, the lame to walk, and thou cleansest the lepers, and thou castest out impure spirits and demons, and thou healest those that are tormented by long disease, and thou raisest the dead. And hearing all these things of thee, I concluded in my mind one of two things; either that thou art GOD, and having descended from heaven, doest these things, or else doing them, thou art the son of GOD. Therefore now I have written and besought thee to visit me, and to heal the disease with which I am afflicted. I have also heard that the Jews murmur against thee, and are plotting to injure thee; I have, however, a very small but noble state, which is sufficient for us both."

The Answer of Jesus to King Abgarus, by the courier Ananias :—

"Blessed art thou, O Abgarus, who, without seeing, hast believed in me. For it is written concerning me, that they who have seen me will not believe, that they who have not seen, may believe and live. But in regard to what thou hast written, that I should come to thee, it is necessary that I should fulfil all things here, for which I have been sent. And after this fulfilment, thus to be received again by Him

Thus they arrived at Al-Arish, where Napoleon fought a battle against the renowned Mamlook chief, in which the Mamlooks were defeated. Thence they proceeded to Gaza, where Samson killed the Philistines, and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts; and went away with them, bar and all. Here Wolff observed that this custom is preserved all over the East, that whenever a conqueror takes a town, he carries away the gates of it. Thus Lord Ellenborough carried away the gate of Sumnauth from the city of Ghuznee.

Wolff left Gaza on the 28th of December, 1821, and on reaching Jaffa took up his abode in the house of Antonio Damiani, whose father was consul there for 80 years; and he himself was a venerable old man, with a three-cornered hat, and a gold-lace brim upon it. He wore a large coat of taffeta, and carried a staff in his hand, with a silver button at the top of it. At Wolff's request, on his hearing that some Samaritans were there, he brought to him the most learned of them. His name was Israel; he came from Nablous, and was in correspondence with Abbé Gregoire, at Paris, bishop of Blois. Lord Guildford, who was known there as Lord North, was also one of this Samaritan's correspondents. He showed to Wolff three Samaritan manuscripts; the first was part of the books of

that sent me. And after I have been received up, I will send to thee a certain one of my disciples, that he may heal thy affliction, and give life to thee and to those who are with thee."

Moses; the second was a book called Mimra, containing old sermons of their priests; and the third contained a catechism for the Samaritan youth. All these were written in the Samaritan language. Wolff asked Israel whether he would sell them? He replied in the negative. On Wolff's asking if they had the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the Psalms of David, he replied, "We acknowledge none of them: our only prophet is Moses, and Moses told us, 'Ye shall not add to the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish ought from it, that ye may keep the commandments of the Lord your God, which I command you.'" He said that many things are contained in the book of Moses, but in a hidden manner; and that they who study them will find them out; but they must do it with fasting and prayer. Wolff asked him whether they believed in the Messiah, and he replied, "Yes, for He is prophesied of in the book of Moses. We call him Tahib, which means, 'He that is given.' He shall be of the tribe of Joseph, of whom it is written, in Genesis xlix. 22–24, 'Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall: The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him: But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob; (from thence is the shepherd, the stone of Israel.'") The Samaritan added, "But there shall be two Messiahs; the one was Joshua, the son of

Nun, the disciple of Moses; but the chief shall be of the tribe of Joseph, and He shall surely come, and his coming will be glorious! A fiery column shall descend from heaven, and we shall see signs and wonders before his coming."

Wolff then asked, "Who is meant by the Shiloh Moses mentioned in the 10th verse of the 49th chapter of Genesis, where it is said, 'The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be'?"

He replied, "This was Solomon, for he was a great drunkard."

Wolff asked him for proofs of this assertion from the books of Moses.

He said, "The proof is clear in the 11th and 12th verses of the 49th chapter of Genesis,—'Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes: His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk.'"

Wolff then asked him, "Whether the Samaritans have any communication with the Jews?"

Israel replied, "No: an enmity from the time of Joseph the son of Jacob, whose descendants we are, has existed between us;" and then he continued, "Joseph was a good child, and fair, and beautiful, and beloved of his father; but his brethren, Simeon and Levi, hated him. Cursed be they, and cursed be their descendants! When his father sent his

beloved son to Dodaim, they endeavoured to kill him; but Judah, who had great authority among them, persuaded them to sell him to a caravan of merchants who were going to Egypt, where he became the first man after Pharaoh; and there he begat Manasseh and Ephraim, and we are his descendants. Joseph, our father, forgave them; but we, his children, can never forget that Joseph, our father, was so harshly treated by them. And from that time the division between them and us has lasted till now. We worship upon Mount Gerizim, and they worship upon Mount Sion. The prophet Elijah increased the division and enmity. He was an old man, and respected not Ahab, our king, who was a young man without a beard. He continually came and said, 'In Judah is God known,' until Ahab turned him out of the country."

Wolff desired Israel to give him letters for Nablous, the ancient Samaria; and he replied, "With joy and pleasure: for we know that when nations from afar shall come to inquire into our state, the time of redemption by Tahib shall come, when our nation shall be redeemed." Wolff asked him, whether he had read the Gospel? To his utter surprise Israel knew by heart the fourth chapter of John.

After this conference many years passed by; and when the Samaritan, Jelebee by name, who was a nephew of Israel, came to England in 1857, he told Wolff that Israel had afterwards said, "Wolff I shall never forget;" and Jelebee added that Israel sat

dumb and silent in the synagogue for thirty years, except when defending Christianity; so much so, that, when Jelebee went to England, the Samaritan high-priest had said to him, "My son, our number is already too small: do not go near Wolff: remember the silent conduct of Israel, and how his last words in his dying hour were, "Wolff is right!" Dr. Wolff asked Jelebee by what had Israel asserted that he had been most struck in their discussions together? He replied, "Your observing that he ought to forgive his enemies, even as Joseph had forgiven."

But what is remarkable—very much so indeed—is, that Jelebee, on arriving in England, was most anxious to visit Dr. Wolff. And when this poor Samaritan arrived at Ile Brewers, neither Dr. Wolff nor his wife were at home; and as the servants had strict orders not to admit any strangers during their absence, the poor fellow remained in the yard waiting; as he would not depart without seeing Dr. Wolff. The servants, in their difficulty, sent for a neighbouring lady, who speaks French; but all Jebelee could say was,—"See Wolff; see Wolff in Samaria!" Most fortunately, Lady Georgiana Wolff returned home, and soon afterwards Dr. Wolff, in company with Mr. Rogers, the Consul of Caifa, near Jerusalem; and then they gave him a good reception; and Jelebee cooked a dinner at the Vicarage, in the Samaritan fashion, which was liked by all. One day, Dr. and Lady Georgiana Wolff walked out with Mr. Rogers and Jelebee, when

some pigs passed by, which are a horror in the eyes of the Samaritans; and Jelebee said in Arabic, *Allah yalan al-khan-zeer kullahoom*, which means, "God curse the pigs, every one of them." This was explained to the parishioners, and they got angry with Jelebee, because he had "overlooked" their pigs with an evil eye; and, unfortunately, next day one of these pigs was drowned: on which, all said, "If only this fellow, with his singular dress, was out of the place, we should be very glad." Wolff could scarcely get 10*s.* for him, because he had cursed the pigs; but the gentry and clergy were generous, and subscribed about £20 for the Samaritan before his departure.

Wolff was now quite near Jerusalem, Jaffa being only thirty-five miles distant from the holy city; but he did not yet like to enter, because he was not acquainted with the Syriac dialect of the Arabic language. He conversed, meanwhile, with learned Muhammadans, and gave them the Gospel. One of them, Assad Akhia, was well acquainted with the history of Sabat, the Arabian convert, who had professed Christianity at Calcutta, and been fellow-traveller of Henry Martyn, but had afterwards apostatized. Assad Akhia, to Wolff's surprise, defended the whole conduct of Sabat, for he said, "that he had only embraced Christianity in order to enter better into all the ways of the Christians," and he justified this dissimulation.

Wolff having now, for the reason just given,

decided to go northwards for a time, proceeded to Mount Carmel, where the holy challenge took place between Elijah and the priests of Baal; and there he read to the Christians the passage from the Book of Kings. At last, he arrived at St. Jean d'Acre, where he met two most interesting people at the house of Mr. Abbott, the British Consul. One was Mr. Berggren, chaplain to the Swedish Ambassador at Constantinople. He travelled as a naturalist, at the King of Sweden's expense, and was intent on discovering coal-mines and collecting MSS. He had the thorough countenance of a Swede—a fine red face—not the red of wine, but the red of a cold country. Wolff had before known him in Alexandria. He was very sententious in his conversation, and said to Joseph Wolff, that he was about to visit an island to which very few Scandinavians had ever come, except Niebuhr, the great traveller, about sixty years before; the name of that *island* was Bombay! He then gave Wolff an account of his having discovered coals in Mount Lebanon, and of his having stopped about three months in the monastery of the Italian and Spanish Friars in the holy city of Jerusalem, and he said, "In order to keep them good-natured, I managed them in the following manner:—'Reverend Fathers,' I said, 'I shall remain with you three months, making my researches in and around Jerusalem; and every evening on my return to your hospitable monastery, I shall listen with great interest to the arguments by which you prove the high importance of be-

longing to the church of Rome.' Thus I agreed with everything they said for three months; after which, on the morning of my departure, they expected me to abjure my faith, when I said unto them, 'Oh, my Reverend Fathers, it is not come to this point yet, for I am firmly attached to the faith of the Christian religion, as it was taught, and still is, in Sweden, by Gustavus Vasa.' And they became very angry, but I gave them a very handsome present for their hospitality, and reconciled the worthy Fathers. On my arrival," he continued, "in Nazareth, I went to the monastery of the Italian Friars which is there, and where Spanish Friars also are, as in the one at Jerusalem. And there a room was assigned me, but I met with rather a rough reception from one of the Spanish Friars, who came up to me, held his fist in my eyes, and said, 'You heretic, you will perish if you do not become a Roman Catholic.' I said unto him, 'If you do not know better manners, I shall write to my Ambassador in Constantinople, who will report it to my exalted King, the celebrated Bernadotte, who will write to the Pope, and you will be recalled.' While this struggle was taking place between me and the Friar, the Superior entered, and turned him out of the room. And after this I remained only a short time in the monastery; and now here I am in Acre, which is the ancient Ptolemais, and from hence I shall set out, by sea, for Constantinople."

Wolff lodged at Acre, in the house of the newly-

arrived consul, Mr. Abbot, who procured him passports, called "buyurdee," for Mount Lebanon. However, before Wolff departed from Acre, he met with another traveller, of whom a short sketch must be given. His name was Mayr, from Switzerland, and he was completely cracked. He had been converted by the preaching of Madame de Krudener, and he believed himself to be inspired of God, like the Apostles of old, and that the whole world ought to obey him. He related that the Friars of Jerusalem had ill-treated him, because he wished to see the Holy Sepulchre at an hour not convenient to them, though it was so to him, and for this reason the Friars had sent him out of Jerusalem in chains. Wolff and the Consul made him a present of some pounds, when he proceeded to Beyrout.

When Wolff was going to Beyrout, he fell in, at the moment of his leaving Acre, with two Jews, believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, who had been converted to Christianity by the preaching of that unworthy subject, Melchior Tschudy by name; or rather by his simply giving them the New Testament in Hebrew. They spoke of Christ and the Gospel, with the highest enthusiasm; but whether they have remained faithful unto the end is doubtful. Still, even the Jews themselves believed them to have been sincere; and what else but sincerity could have made them make a confession of their faith in Christ Jesus?

One other circumstance Wolff has to mention,

before he leaves Acre, from which a just estimate may be formed of the *gratitude* of Turks. There was a Jew, Haym Farkhi by name, a man of immense wealth, and who had been chief banker to Jesr Pasha, a ruler who had successfully resisted Napoleon's attack; and the name Jesr means "Butcher," for this man had cut off the noses and ears of his principal subjects; and Wolff saw many of those who had suffered this indignity, and who had replaced their lost ears and noses by *papier* ones, and were called "Jesr's children." By being the banker of this tyrant, Haym Farkhi the Jew had increased in power from day to day, until the time of Jesr's death, when there was a vacancy in the Pashaship; and through the great influence of Haym, a man named Abd-allah was proclaimed Pasha. Haym Farkhi's influence became so great that the Jews began to believe him to be the Messiah; and even the Turks stood in much awe of him; and, moreover, he had millions in his possession. But suddenly, and without provocation, Abd-allah-Pasha, Haym's client, gave orders that his head should be cut off; and then the children of Israel were in mourning, as they expressed themselves to Wolff, from Dan to Beer-sheba,—weeping and wailing, "Our father and our prince is gone, and the beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places! How is the mighty fallen! how is the mighty fallen!"

Wolff had also, one day, an argument with a Jewish Rabbi for three hours; but, although he silenced him, the man remained unshaken in his faith.

Wolff at last left Acre, and, as he was going out of the town, he met with Carne and Clarke, his fellow-travellers to Mount Sinai. They had now in their company a Levantine Christian, who was about to go to England, in order to make his fortune by selling one single grain of corn, upon which there was written the Fatha, consisting of the following words :—

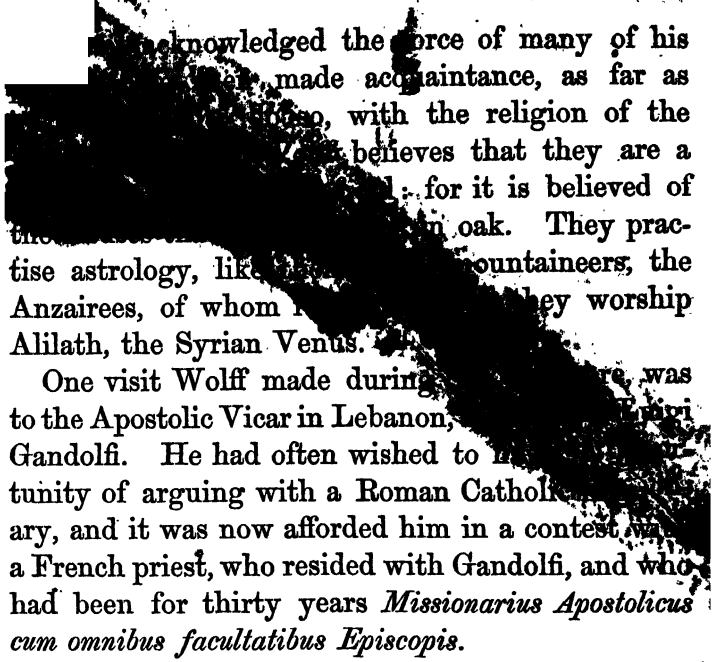
"In the name of the most merciful and compassionate God, the king on the day of judgment: we serve thee, we look up to thee; guide us the right way—the way of those to whom thou art merciful, not the way of the reprobate, nor the way of those who are in error. Amen."

All this could be distinctly read with a microscope. However, Wolff doubts whether he ever came to England, for he saw him ten years afterwards at Constantinople, and he had not yet sold his grain of corn! This Levantine tried to make Carne marry a beautiful woman of Damascus; for Carne's chief object in his journey to the East was to marry a lady as beautiful as those described in the Arabian Nights. Wolff, however, dissuaded him from doing so, by telling Carne, "You may, perhaps, easily succeed in finding a lady with amiable lips, and with her eyebrows painted with yellow colours; yet she may be stupid as a cow, and with hind quarters like an elephant, and so she will come home to you!" Thus Wolff succeeded in disgusting Carne to such a degree with the Eastern ladies, that he abandoned the idea of marrying any of

them; and he said, "Now I shall go home, and as I have not succeeded in marrying an Eastern lady for beauty's sake, I shall marry an English one for the sake of her money."

We must at once finish Carne's history. He returned to Penzance in Cornwall, found a lady in a stage coach, who was rather beautiful in appearance, and he married her. Yet, with all his eccentricities, he was a good-hearted gentleman, of a romantic turn of mind. He got himself ordained a clergyman of the Church of England by Bishop Luscombe, the late chaplain of the British Embassy in Paris; but he subsequently re-took the title of John Carne, Esq.

Wolff came to Sidon, by way of Tyre, where he assembled a good many Jews, to whom he proclaimed the Lord Jesus Christ. He went also to Mount Lebanon, and obtained permission from the Prince of the Mountain, who has the title of Sheikh Busheer, to remain in the monastery of Ayin Warka, inhabited by monks of the Maronite nation, who acknowledge the authority of Rome, but have their own patriarchs. These reside at a place called Canoobeen, and are usually men of great vigour and power. The monastery of Ayin Warka received Wolff with open arms. He made it his home for three months, employing his time in reading, writing, and speaking Arabic with the monks from morning to night. They tried to convert Wolff to the Church of Rome, but he answered all their objections and arguments,



knowledged the force of many of his made acquaintance, as far as o, with the religion of the believes that they are a : for it is believed of oak. They practise astrology, like ountaineers, the Anzairees, of whom ey worship Alilath, the Syrian Venus.

One visit Wolff made during was to the Apostolic Vicar in Lebanon, Gandolfi. He had often wished to tunity of arguing with a Roman Catholi ary, and it was now afforded him in a contest a French priest, who resided with Gandolfi, and who had been for thirty years *Missionarius Apostolicus cum omnibus facultatibus Episcopis.*

This Frenchman, Père Renard, opened the discourse as follows:—

Père Renard.—"The endeavour to convert the Jews is a vain thing."

Wolff.—"All the prophets and St. Paul contradict your assertion."

Père Renard.—"They shall be converted to the Catholic Church, but not to the Protestant."

Wolff.—"Neither to the *Catholic*, nor to the *Protestant* Church, but to Christ; to Him they shall look and mourn."

Père Renard—(in a very rough manner). "We must have Peter and his successors for the judge of our faith, if we believe in Christ."

Wolff.—"The Scripture knows nothing of [illegible]

Père Renard.—"*Tu es Petrus, [illegible] ædificabo ecclesiam meam.*" (M[illegible]

Wolff.—"And this he did [illegible] his discourse, and three thousand [illegible] received the word of God gladly [illegible] baptized."

Père Renard.—"M[illegible] should be ashamed to come forward [illegible] *spiritu privato* of the Protestants; we must [illegible] *spiritum communem;* we must [illegible] to be wiser than so many councils and so many Padres. Do you know that St. Augustine has said '*Evangelio non crederem, si ecclesia non jubeat*' [illegible] *Christi non dixerit*'?"

Wolff.—"I come not forward with my *spiritu privato;* I tell you only what the Scripture says. The Scripture never tells us that we must have councils and Padres for our guides; but says, first, 'Search the Scriptures' (John v. 39). And that the Scripture is sufficient for our salvation, becomes clear by the words of St. Paul (2 Tim. iii. 15, 16), 'The Holy Scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith, which is in Christ Jesus.' 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.' This appears, again, by St. Paul (Rom. xv. 4), and by Psalms cxix. 105, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.'"

P. Renard.—"There are many dubious points in Scripture. What can you do when you meet with a passage you cannot understand?"

[redacted] to God for his Holy Spirit; and [redacted] do so, for He saith (Luke xi. 13, [redacted] shall your heavenly Father give th[redacted]m that ask Him!' And Scripture [redacted]derstood; the Holy Spirit itself t[redacted]rd is very nigh unto thee,' and [redacted] unto us'" (Deut. xxx. 14; xxx[redacted]

P. Renard.—"Look[redacted]able."

Wolff looked steadfastly [redacted]

P. Renard.—"Then you th[redacted] *fuit impudicus*, who married a nun, a[redacted] Eighth, and you, Mr. Wolff, are alone able Scripture, and that so many Padres and *Pon[redacted] maticæ Summorum Pontificum* have erred?"

Wolff.—"Neither Luther, who was a holy man (for marriage is no sin), nor Henry the Eighth, nor the *bullæ dogmaticæ Summorum Pontificum* are guides of my faith. The Scripture alone is my guide."

P. Renard.—"Is it not an intolerable pride, to think that God will give you alone the Holy Spirit on account of your fervent prayer?"

Wolff.—"Not on account of the fervency of my prayer, but for the sake of the name, and the blood of Christ; nor unto me alone, but also [redacted] many others, and all who ask it."

P. Renard.—"That cursed *spiritus privatus!*"

Wolff.—"I have not told you my private opinion, but what the Scripture tells us; and you are an unbeliever if you do not receive it."

P. Renard.—"I shall now tell you something

which you will not be able to answer, for your argument will be invincible, and [illegible] Protestants say that we [illegible]ed; should you, therefore, not [illegible]self into the arms of a Church [illegible]self confess that you may [illegible] in a Church where the [illegible]ubious?"

Wolff.—"[illegible]gument, for it is of the time of Henry [illegible]th, King of France; but I confess [illegible] never able to satisfy myself of [illegible]; for, first, the Protestants say, a [illegible] may be saved, *distinguo;* a Catholic is saved [illegible] believes in Jesus Christ, *concedo;* but that the Protestants should say that a Catholic is saved without faith in Christ Jesus, *nego.* Secondly, the assertion of the Catholic, that a Protestant is condemned if he remain a Protestant, *distinguo;* without faith in Christ he is condemned, *concedo;* with faith in Christ he is condemned, *nego;* and on this account I cannot perceive in the least the force of the argument. But I will ask you a question: When two persons do not agree upon a subject, and wish to discuss it, what is to be done?"

P. Renard.—"They must take that point for a basis upon which both agree."

Wolff.—"You believe in Scripture, and I believe in Scripture; let us place the Scriptures before us, and decide the question."

P. Renard.—"But there is one judge between us, which is the Church. Tell me why will you not become a Roman Catholic?"

[redacted] cannot believe in the infallibility of [redacted]

[redacted] Wolff).—"This is not a *dogma* [redacted] self do not believe it."

Wolff.— [redacted] will be there considered as *temer* [redacted] the divines at Rome say thus, '*I* [redacted] *editur infallibilitas Papæ in cathed* [redacted] his; not the Pope."

P. Renard.—"The Prop [redacted]

Wolff.—"With the approbation [redacted] the Pope."

P. Renard.—"[redacted] other doctrine indu [redacted] not to believe in the Roman Catholic Church?"

Wolff.—"The doctrine of the worship of the Virgin Mary, of saints, and images."

* According to scholastic distinctions, a doctrine may be either *a fide* or *proximum ad fidem*. *A fide* is every doctrine, the disbelief of which would make a man a heretic, and which is already distinctly so decided upon by popes and councils; and *proximum ad fidem* is every doctrine not yet distinctly decided on by popes and councils, but remaining as the opinion of the theologians, and the disbelief of which would make a man a *temerarius*, though not a heretic. Among the first is the Infallibility of the General Councils, and Transubstantiation; among the second, the Infallibility of the Pope, and, a few years ago, the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin (since ruled as a dogma); and whether Christ died for all. Doctrines *a fide* are *dogmas*. Doctrines *proximum ad fidem* are *piæ opiniones*. This was before alluded to in speaking of Count Stolberg, who adhered to the dogma only, and did not hold himself bound by the *piæ opiniones*. Nevertheless, this liberty was not allowed at Rome, as Wolff had experienced.

P. Renard.—"We do not *worship* [illegible] Mary; but for more convenience we [illegible] mother, as the English nation [illegible] to their king, but to his [illegible]."

Wolff.—"I must [illegible] comparison between an earthly [illegible] king of kings, is most abominable [illegible]."

P. Renard.—"*Comparatio claudicat;* but prove [illegible] the Virgin."

Wolff.—"Regina, mater misericordiæ, *vita, dulcedo* et [illegible] nostra, salve; ad te clamamus exules filii [illegible] ad te suspiramus, gementes, flentes in hac [illegible] marum valle: Eja ergo, *advocata nostra,* MEDIATRIX *nostra,* illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte, et Jesum benedictum, fructum ventris tui, nobis post hoc exilium ostende: O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria, tuo filio nos reconcilia, tuo filio nos commenda, tuo filio nos representa.' This prayer is to be found in your *officio diurno,* which you are obliged to pray every day, and to omit which is considered as *peccatum mortale;* and the title *mediatrix* is in open contradiction with Scripture, which says, 'But one Mediator between God and man.'"

There were present at this discussion, Bishop Giovanni Marone, Vicar-General to the Patriarch; the Apostolic Vicar, Gandolfi; Giovanni Stambuli, Wolff's Arabic master, and others; and Bishop Marone said openly, that Rome commanded too many things to be believed; and Stambuli (also

Wolff that truth was on his side; and that Père Renard never an- from Scripture.

In on with Père Renard, Wolff wi ugh he subscribes still to the g en brought for- ward, he admits n the occa- sion in a quite cha wed too little to the authority o

Another place Wolff visi bourhood, was the Armenian Co he found the Grand Prior, Wartan disposed towards him, and manifest desire to have Armenian colleges establi England and India, after the manner of tha Venice. Wolff encouraged their feelings on thi subject, but availed himself of the opportunity to implore them to be reconciled in Christian love towards certain of their brethren in Italy, with whom he had heard they had quarrelled, on account of some slight differences of opinion. He spoke as follows:—

"My Brethren,—I know that there are divisions among the Armenians, not only between those converted to the Church of Rome, and those of the old orthodox Armenian faith, but likewise between different portions of those converted to the Church of Rome as you are. The Armenian members of the Propaganda at Rome persecute the zealous, pious, learned, and gentleman-like Armenians, called

Mehitarists, at Venice; and this on account of their word:—they persecute those as heretics, as enemies of Christ, who promote the [illegible] of Christ, the word of Christ, with such a holy zeal. The Mehitarists have established a printing-press at Venice, and have already printed not only many thousand books of several kinds [illegible] spiritual concerns, but likewise [illegible] itself. Oh, my dear brethren, [illegible] when I perceive such things among Christians! My dear brethren, let Christians not become a reproach to the Mussulmans, Jews, and heathen. I know that you are members of the Romish Propaganda; I beg you, therefore, to reconcile yourselves with the Mehitarists of S. Lazarus at Venice."

Another Priest, "Daniele," who was present, answered at once, "By God's grace, we shall be reconciled with them, and we will go hand in hand to promote the light of Christianity throughout the world."

Wartanes added, "I have a great desire to awaken my nation: I hope you will help us." Wolff then promised to write letters for them to England, and after more conversation took his departure. But he visited them again, and gave them the promised letters, to Henry Drummond, Mr. Bayford, and Mr. Ward. And then they gave him to read the prayer of S. Nierses Ghelajensis, patriarch of the Armenians in the second century, a specimen of devotion well worthy record. It is as follows:—

"In faith, I confess and adore Thee, O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit! Creator of angels and of men, have mercy on thy creatures.

"In faith, I confess and adore Thee, O indivisible Light, most holy Trinity, and one God! Creator of light, and Destroyer of darkness, expel from my soul the darkness of sin and ignorance, and enlighten my soul at this moment, that I may be able to pray unto Thee after thy good pleasure, and obtain from Thee my requests. Have mercy upon a great sinner like me.

"Heavenly Father, true God, Thou who hast sent thy beloved Son to seek the lost sheep, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee—accept me as Thou didst accept the prodigal son, and clothe me in the primitive dress of which I have been deprived, and have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me, a miserable sinner.

"Son of God, true God, who didst descend from the bosom of the Father, and tookest a body upon Thyself in the holy Virgin for our salvation, who hast been crucified, and buried, and raised up from the dead, and hast ascended up into heaven, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee—remember me as Thou didst the thief on the cross, when Thou shalt come into thy kingdom. Have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me, a great sinner.

"Spirit of God, who didst descend in the river Jordan, and hast enlightened me with the baptism of thy holy fountain, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee; purify me again with thy fire

divine, as Thou didst purify the Apostles with the tongues of fire. And have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me, a miserable sinner.

"Christ, Thou living fire, kindle in my heart the fire of thy love, which Thou hast scattered upon earth, that it may consume the uncleanness of my heart, and purify my conscience; and kindle in my intellect the light of thy knowledge. And have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me, a miserable sinner."

Wolff also met in Mount Lebanon two Italian adventurers, who had left their country on account of their political opinions. It was rather amusing to hear them laugh at their own follies, and those of their compatriots, in leaving their native land for the sake of liberty, only to find a scanty and needy livelihood by becoming the slaves of Muhammadan tyrants. However, it was refreshing to be on Mount Lebanon, and to hear, all over the mountain, the sound of the bell, and the *Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison,* resounding from all the Christian churches. Years afterwards, Wolff, to his great astonishment, discovered that his residence in Mount Lebanon had created a great excitement in all that neighbourhood.

He now returned to Acre, and preached again to crowds of Jews; and, when he was again not far from Jaffa (the ancient Joppa), he was robbed by the Bedouins, and stripped of his clothes, after which they let him go. Arriving in Jaffa, he met with Major Mackworth, in the house of Damiani, the

Consul; and he furnished him with clothes. The next day he started on a mule for Ramlah (the ancient Arimathea), and slept in the Armenian monastery; and thence proceeded forwards through the camp of Aboo-goosh, who, with his band of robbers, stopped him for a short time; but, after a present of a small sum of money, allowed him to go on. Aboo-goosh possessed and showed him the portrait of Sir Sydney Smith.

After this, Wolff had to travel over vast heaps of stones, which were strewed along the highways to Jerusalem. So that, when the Pasha of Damascus, who at that time ruled over Jerusalem, came that way, the Arabs, in order to honour him, exclaimed, "Make straight the highway!" This reminds one of the passage in Isaiah, where that prophet, proclaiming the future glories of Jerusalem, says, "Cast up, cast up the highway, gather out the stones, lift up a standard for the people." Arriving near Jerusalem one hears a cry proclaimed from the walls, "God is God! and Muhammad is the prophet of God." Which reminds one of the words, in Isaiah lxii.: "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence." At last, at five o'clock in the evening of March 8, 1822, Wolff came up to the gates of Jerusalem. The gates were shut from fear of Aboo-goosh the robber, who frequently entered the town to plunder it. They were, therefore, obliged to send to the governor

for the keys, before Wolff could be admitted. The keys were brought, and the gates were loosed, for the keys in use are pieces of wood, which do not *lock*, but in a manner *tie* the gates together. This explains that passage, Matthew xvi. 18, 19, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." The expressions *bind* and *loose* here used are explained by the nature of the keys above mentioned.

While the messenger went for the keys, Wolff was singing the beautiful paraphrase of the noble-minded Lewis Way:—

"For Zion's sake I will not rest,
I will not hold my peace;
Until Jerusalem be blest,
And Judah dwell at ease.

"Until her righteousness return,
As daybreak after night,
The lamp of her salvation burn
With everlasting light.

"And Gentiles shall her glory see,
And kings proclaim her fame:
Appointed unto her shall be
A new and holy name."

Wolff also chaunted, to a melody composed by himself,

"Far from Zion, far from home,
Earth beholds the captive band,
Wretched strangers here we roam
Thinking of our native land."

At last he slipped into Jerusalem.

CHAPTER VIII.

JERUSALEM, ITS INHABITANTS AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

"O Jerusalem! my lady so fair and so beautiful,
How many years have I not seen thee.
Sorrow, grief, and the waywardness of thy children
Are the cause that thy beauty has withered away.
And there are wrinkles in thy face,
But there are traces of former beauty.
Yet thy elders sit no longer in the gates,
Thy young men cease from their music."

No sooner had Wolff entered the city gate than both John Carne, and Mr. Gethin, a gentleman from Longford, in Ireland, met him, and embraced him, and brought him to their room in the monastery called Terra Santa, belonging to the Italian Friars of the Franciscan Order, who are there with their Superior, who is called Riverendissimo, and who received him with the greatest kindness. Wolff ever regrets having left that monastery the next day, and exchanged it for the Armenian. For, though the Armenians received Dr. Wolff with the *greatest* kindness, and gave him a beautiful room in the monastery, yet he insulted and hurt the feelings of the good Italian Friars by leaving them. But he must confess that one consideration

induced him to do so, and this was, that he was apprehensive that he might be expelled at last, when they should observe his missionary operations among the Jews. And certainly such would have been the case; for the same thing happened to an extraordinary young man, who was sent to Palestine and Aleppo (in which latter place that holy man died), by Wolff's gallant, bold, and firm friend, Henry Drummond. The name of that young man was Burckhardt, he was cousin to the great traveller, but of an entirely different character. He was a man of prayer, in the strictest sense of the word, fearless of consequences, and he circulated the word of God in the streets of Jerusalem; but he was at last turned out by the Friars of Terra Santa; and from Jerusalem to Aleppo he circulated the word of God in every quarter; and at Aleppo he died, it is suspected by poison.

However, to come back to Jerusalem; Wolff was thus comfortably placed in the Armenian monastery, where the Patriarch Gabriel received him with the greatest delight, and sent a live sheep to his room, as a mark of respect, and good Jerusalem wine, made by the Armenians. Gethin and Carne came to him, and partook of his dinner, and two of the Friars joined the party, and a German, Leutzen by name. And very soon Wolff's room was crowded by Jews, Armenians, Roman Catholics, and Turks, to whom he proclaimed the Gospel of Christ in Italian, Hebrew, Arabic, German, and English. He went with

Gethin and Carne to the Greek monastery to pay a visit to the Bishop Daniel Nazareth, Vicar-General to the Patriarch, because the Patriarch himself resided in Constantinople, on account of the persecution which the Greeks had to suffer from the Turks. And surprised, indeed, was Dr. Wolff to find in this Greek monastery, that Procopius, one of the monks, was furnished with Arabic, Greek, and Hebrew Bibles and Testaments, which had been left to him by a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, Connor by name, and by Levi Parsons, the American missionary. Procopius circulated these among the inhabitants of Jerusalem. There also came to Joseph Wolff, at the Armenian monastery, Papas Isa Petrus, a man of great talents, who spoke Arabic, Greek, Persian, Turkish, Italian, and French with the greatest facility. Gethin observed that such an interesting sight had never been seen at Jerusalem before, and the Armenians themselves said the same thing, for there had never been so many persons of different nations assembled in their monastery since the monastery of Mar-Yakoob (which means "the Holy James;" namely, the Apostle, who was the first Bishop of Jerusalem) existed, as Joseph Wolff had now brought together there.* It must be observed that the body of Mar-

* Carne wrote of Wolff to his brother at this time:—"His manners are agreeable, but, like all others engaged in this cause, perhaps, rather enthusiastic. He is, I believe, from all that can be judged on so short an acquaintance, a sincerely pious man. Considering the delicate ground he here treads upon, he has certainly met with more success than could have

Yakoob is buried in the monastery, but his head is buried in Compostella; and it is said that many miracles are performed both by the body buried in Jerusalem, and by the head in Spain.

Makarditsh, Wolff's fellow-traveller through the Desert from Cairo to Gaza, lived also in the monastery, and paid a visit to Joseph Wolff; and also Stephen, an Armenian, who resided in Bagdad, but had come to Jerusalem for the Eastern Feast. Stephen was a mighty man, and a great traveller. He had with him a beautiful narghili (water-pipe), which he frequently offered to Wolff to smoke, and this was the first pipe which Wolff ever smoked in his life. Stephen had been in Calcutta, and was well acquainted with the English customs and manners there, as also with the operations of the missionaries in India. When Wolff waited on the Patriarch Gabriel, he urged him to write to the Archbishop of Canterbury and to Henry Drummond, a letter, expressing his desire of having friendly intercourse with the Church of England; and the Patriarch had promised to do so, when Stephen interposed, to Wolff's great astonishment, and said to the Patriarch, "My lord Patriarch, be on your guard: the missionaries are only a small body of believers, but the English in general are

been anticipated. A number of the Jews, among whom are a few of the chief, have accepted Testaments of him, and there is a general impulse excited among them. He once had fifty at a time in his chamber. The Rabbi, rather alarmed at this, has interfered a little, and is to have a dispute with Mr. Wolff."

atheists, followers of Voltaire, and of a man still worse than Voltaire, Martinus Lutherus, who worshipped a cock." Another Armenian interposed and said, "It was not a cock but a swan; and, before Luther's time, there was a man bad as himself, who worshipped a goose."

This description of Martin Luther, and the worshipper of the goose, is most extraordinary, because it rests upon a traditional source, which is this: One hundred years before Luther, John Huss, of Prague, arose as a Reformer, and the name of "Huss" means, in the Bohemian language, *Goose;* and the name of "Luther," which is also a Bohemian word, means *Swan;* and at the time when he was about to be burnt, he said to the people who witnessed his execution, "One hundred years after me a swan shall appear, whom they shall neither roast nor boil!" This belief, therefore, of Luther worshipping a swan, and of the man before him worshipping a goose, had its origin in that traditional story. Wolff, however, succeeded, in a quiet way, in convincing Stephen that there were a great many good Christians in England; and that the English abhor Voltaire, and do not take Luther as their guide; and, moreover, that Luther was not *quite* so bad as he believed.

Wolff struck up a great friendship with two of the monks, Boghos Tiutiungi, which means "Paul the pipe-maker," and Boghos Episcopus, or "Paul the bishop." Boghos Tiutiungi had studied in Rome, and spoke Italian very fluently. Wolff,

in company with these two monks, visited the Mount of Olives, and read with them in the Bible; and with his friends Gethin and Carne, and with the Jews he read the words of David; and, ascending the Mount of Olives, "he wept as he went up;" and also he read the words of Zechariah, 14th chapter, 3rd and 4th verses, "Then shall the Lord go forth, and fight against those nations, as when he fought in the day of battle. And his feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east." And then he went with them to Bethlehem, to the shepherds' field, and to the manger, where our blessed Lord was laid, wrapped up in swaddling clothes; and there he saw the field of the shepherds, and there he read the words of St. Luke, which contain the song of the glorified angels in heaven, who sang, "Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth, and good-will towards men." There he also saw the little room, where St. Jerome translated the Holy Bible from Hebrew into Latin; and from thence Wolff went to the river Jordan, and to the place where Sodom and Gomorrah stood, and to the monastery of Mar-Saba. Then he returned to Jerusalem, and went, accompanied by his friends, to the tomb where our blessed Lord was buried, and where Mary Magdalene first took Him for the gardener,—and the mistake was not great, for our blessed Lord was a gardener, because He planted the garden of God, the Church, where the fruits ripen, and are made fit for the kingdom of heaven. And on Mary Mag-

dalene's recognizing the Lord, she said, "Rabboni, my Master and my Lord;" and He said, "Mary;" and this expressed how the union was established between Christ and the believer.

But now it is time to describe his visit to the Jews. There are four parties of Jews in Jerusalem; the one party, who are the most powerful and richest, are the Sephardim; these Jews are descended from the Spanish Jews, who were expelled from Spain by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. They are the richest, but they are not the most learned. Another party are the Ashkenazim, who are chiefly descendants of the German and Polish Jews; the word Ashkenazim means people of the land of Germany; for Germany is called by the Jews Ashkenaz, from a man called Ashkenaz, who was a descendant of Togarmah, who again was a descendant of Japhet. (Genesis x. 3.) The Ashkenazim are again divided into two parties—the Pharisees, *i. e.* the strict literal observers of the law, and the traditions of the Elders; and the Hasidim, who also observe the law and the traditions of the Elders, but still they say this is not the chief thing: the chief thing of all, being the intention of the heart. These are the Puritans of the Jewish synagogue. Besides these two divisions of the Ashkenazim, there is another, viz., that of the Coraeem, or B'nee Mikra, *i.e.* those who only believe in those things which they can actually read in Moses and the Prophets. The name Coraeem means *reading*, and B'nee Mikra means *the children of the book*. The latter are not na-

tives of Jerusalem, but come from the place called Hit, near Bagdad, a beautiful oasis in the Desert. They also come from the Crimea, especially from the place called Jufut-Kalah (Jew-Castle), situated upon a high mountain, near the Tatar town, called Bakht-ji-Seray, which means *the Gardener of the Palace*. Dr. McCaul says, in his pamphlet upon Marriage with a deceased Wife's Sister, that the Coraeem had their origin in the twelfth century after Christ, in which statement Wolff considers him to be entirely wrong; for, by their own account, they had their origin in the Babylonish captivity; but separated themselves from the Jews, when that people mixed up Chaldean notions with the law of Moses, and under their Rabbi Annan, formed a separate community. Wolff went with the Sephardim and Ashkenazim Jews to the wall of the west side of the temple, and sang with them the following hymn:—

"The mighty shall build the City of Zion,
And give her to Thee.
Then shall He raise from the dust the needy,
And from the dunghill the poor.
The Blessed One shall build the City of Zion,
And give her to Thee," &c., &c.

They also sang the following hymn:—

"Thou art mighty to build thy temple speedily,
Lord, build, build thy temple speedily—
In haste, in haste, in haste, in haste,
Even in our days—
Build thy temple speedily."

On his return home, he called on Saadiah and Solomon, two Jews of the Coraeem nation. Their wives were very beautiful, and cleanliness reigns in their houses, which is not, as a rule, the case among other Jews. He copied from their liturgy a hymn, of which he has given a translation in his former journals, in the years 1821-22; and which translation has been adopted by Baron von Haxthausen in his "Travels in the Crimea," without any acknowledgment that it is Wolff's, though he has given the extracts in the very same order as Wolff did.

Here Wolff again recites the hymn.

Rabbi. On account of the palace which is laid waste,
People. We sit lonely and weep.
Rabbi. On account of the temple which is destroyed,
People. We sit lonely and weep.
Rabbi. On account of the walls which are pulled down,
People. We sit lonely and weep.
Rabbi. On account of our majesty which is gone,
People. We sit lonely and weep.
Rabbi. On account of our great men who have been cast down,
People. We sit lonely and weep.
Rabbi. On account of the precious stones which are burned,
People. We sit lonely and weep.
Rabbi. On account of the priests who have stumbled,
People. We sit lonely and weep.
Rabbi. On account of our Kings who have despised Him,
People. We sit lonely and weep."

Another hymn may also be given.

Rabbi. We beseech Thee, have mercy upon Zion,
People. And gather the children of Jerusalem.

Rabbi. Make haste, O Redeemer of Zion!
People. Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.
Rabbi. May beauty and majesty surround Zion.
People. Turn with thy mercy to Jerusalem.
Rabbi. Remember the shame of Zion.
People. Make new again the ruins of Jerusalem.
Rabbi. May the royal government shine again over Zion.
People. Comfort those who mourn at Jerusalem.
Rabbi. May joy and gladness be found upon Zion.
People. A branch shall spring forth at Jerusalem."

Wolff asked Saadiah whether the Coraeem in the Crimea offered up sacrifices. Saadiah took hold of Wolff's arm, and went with him to the window, opposite Omar's Mosque, and then said, "Do you see that Mosque of the Mussulmans? There our temple stood, on that very spot. It is destroyed, alas! alas! alas! and ever since has Israel been many days without sacrifice, without ephod, and without Teraphim." Wolff afterwards preached before Saadiah and others, on Isaiah liii., and from other portions of Scripture.

Wolff was presently sent for by "the Light of Israel," respected and revered by Sephardim, and Ashkenazim, by Pharisees and Hasidim, and by Coraeem Jews, the children of the Bible. His name was Rabbi Mendel. He was a little man, of a kind countenance, but with penetrating eyes; and when Wolff came to him, the phylacteries were on his head, the Talmud was before him, the pen was in his hand. He was able to preach, as the Jews told Wolff, about every word of the Law of Moses, for longer than three hours, and could all the time

rivet the attention of his hearers. He apologized for having sent for Wolff, saying that he never went out himself, and should therefore be glad to see him every day at his house. He had been the instrument of the conversion of Polish counts and noblemen to the Jewish religion; and he evidently was bent upon converting Joseph Wolff.

When Wolff was in his childhood, his father had told him a great deal of the learning, holiness, and the miraculous powers of Rabbi Eliahu, of Wilna, in Poland, whose power of working miracles was so great, that being—when a young man of only nineteen years of age—in love with a girl who lived 800 miles distant from him, whom he wished to marry, he made her come to him in less than three minutes, and forthwith married her. Rabbi Eliahu was highly versed in the science of Cabala, and was acquainted with the whole workmanship of the chariot of God, and knew the exact hour when the angels around the throne of God perform their morning and evening prayers; and when they sing, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, all the earth is full of thy majesty."

Now Rabbi Mendel was the most distinguished disciple of that Eliahu of Wilna; and, on Wolff's coming to him, all the Jews crowded around to listen. Wolff said to him, on hearing that Jews of thirteen and fourteen years of age marry, "Why do the Jews marry so early?" Rabbi Mendel replied, "Have you not read the Psalms of David? It is said in the 127th Psalm, 'As

arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth.'" He then offered to read Hebrew with Wolff every day; and when Wolff came again to him, he gave him to understand that he wished him to be converted back to Judaism. Of course Wolff could not agree to that, and entered into conversation with him on the authenticity of the New Testament. Several arguments were used, which, as they are old and well known, it is not worth while to repeat.

But the opening of their first discourse together was curious, and may be found interesting by many people.

Wolff.—"Before I enter into conversation with you about the truth of Judaism, I must make before you the profession of my faith: I do not worship images, nor the wooden cross; but I believe, 'Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord,' and I firmly believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah, the Son of God, and that He came to suffer for our iniquities, and that He shall come again, and be the Redeemer of Israel. I beg of you, Rabbi, to tell me the meaning of Gen. iii. 15."

Rabbi Mendel.—"Let us consider, first, the spot where *men* and *beasts* were before Adam's fall; they were in the paradise of God; and it were absurd to think that an *unclean* body should be in the garden of God; and we must, therefore, conclude, that *men* and *beasts* were originally endowed with a *glorified* body. But the *serpent*, the inducer to evil, the *Satan*, the leader astray from the path of God, per-

suaded Hava (Eve) to eat of the tree of knowledge, that is, to transgress one of the seven commandments which He gave, and then the glorified body of Adam, and the animals, became sinful and miserable. But the Holy One said to *Satan*, I will put enmity between thee, Satan, and the woman, for *thou shalt* try to lead her astray from me, but she shall hate thee, 'And I will put enmity between thy seed,' the passions, or bad men, 'and her seed,' the Messiah, and the people beloved. He shall finally overcome thee, and take thy power: 'It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel,'—the heel of Messiah, the Son of Ephraim, that is, He, the Son of Ephraim, shall, by the devices of the devil, be killed; and that Messiah, the Son of Ephraim, was Jeroboam. He, in the beginning, was a pious and good man, for 'Jeroboam was a mighty man of valour;' but as soon as Satan had bruised his heel, Jeroboam made Israel sin; but the Lord has given him his kingdom; he shall, therefore, be the first Messiah who shall be put to death; and they shall look upon that Messiah whom they have pierced, and mourn; for Satan has bruised his heel, and Satan bruises likewise the heel of poor Israel, for we poor Jews are, alas! in captivity. For Satan has induced us to sin; he is the cause that we poor Jews sit alone, and nobody considers us; but redemption will soon come to poor Israel, and those children of Jacob, who said to their brother Joseph, 'Shalt thou indeed reign over us; or shalt thou indeed have dominion over

us?' (Gen. xxxvii. 8) have said to Joseph, in a prophetical tone, 'And we will also be my Lord's servants; Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.' For Messiah Ben Ephraim, and Messiah Ben David, shall live together in peace, and then the mystery of the three initial characters of the three words, thousand, two hundred, and ninety (Dan. xii. 11), אלף מאתים ותשעים shall be fulfilled; for the initial letter of אמת is א, of מאתים is מ, of תשעים is ת. Those three characters joined together form the word אמת, "truth;" for the whole world will be converted to the truth, אמת!"

Rabbi Mendel was at this time occupied in compiling several books; one on the beauty of creation—the sun, the moon, and the stars; for he said, "We have to consider the heavens, the moon, and the stars, in order to see the beauty of God. It is true that many philosophers have written upon this subject, but they have only mentioned the stars and the sun. They have forgotten the Creator of all those things; and it has been verified in them what the Prophet says:—'Also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.'"

It was very grievous to see how this great man distorted the clearest passages in order to find out reasons for observing the laws of the Talmud. He translated the plain words in Leviticus xviii. 30, "Ye shall keep my ordinance," by "Ye shall make an ordinance to my ordinance;" for, he said, "As

poor Israel was to wander into captivity, it was possible that doubts would arise as to the meaning of the laws of Moses, which would make it impossible for them to be kept, and therefore the Rabbis have made, in addition, 317 other laws, in order to explain the first, and to teach by what method they could be most easily kept; as also to furnish rules whereby they could be prevented from transgressing them."

Wolff, then, in order to get out Mendel's whole opinion, so as better to show to him the truth of Christianity, allowed him to speak entirely alone. For Wolff observed that he frequently agreed with the Gospel in what he said; therefore he had not to combat him, but merely point out in what respects the agreement existed.

Thus, for instance, Mendel spoke about spirits moving in the air; on which Wolff immediately referred him to the words of Paul, "the Prince of the power of the air."

He talked also about the two Jerusalems—Jerusalem beneath and Jerusalem above. Then Wolff referred him to Revelation xxi., where it is spoken about Jerusalem coming down from Heaven, &c.

But the acuteness of the man was surprising, for he immediately found out why Wolff allowed him to go on, and said, "I am afraid to speak, and tell you my views, for you at once apply it all to your own purpose!"

Here a Jew came into the room, and said, "Why

do you talk with Joseph Wolff? He only became a Christian in order to become rich."

Rabbi Mendel, with great emphasis, answered, "No, I will not allow that, nor admit it. There is undoubtedly great wisdom in Christianity. There is a spirit of inquiry among Jews, and among the nations at large in our present time; and although the Jews have kept themselves for nearly 2000 years aloof from idolatry, that spirit (idolatry) is reviving again in some."

So, after all, Mendel could not abstain from conversing with Wolff; and, one day, Wolff recited the Lord's Prayer to him; when, for every sentence, Mendel recited a verse exactly in harmony with it, out of the Old Testament. Wolff then said, "I thank you, Rabbi, that you have given me so many texts by which I may prove to the Jews that Christ came not to abolish the law, but to fulfil it!"

But there was another Rabbi, not so honest as Rabbi Mendel, but almost as learned as he, whose name was Rabbi Joseph Markowiz. Wolff took him as instructor to read the Talmud with; for which assistance he paid him. Markowiz said to Wolff, "I will show you some passages in the Talmud, by which you may confute and astonish Rabbi Mendel. To-morrow go and show him the following passage. In Midrash Yalkut it is said, 'When the Messiah shall come, the ceremonial law shall be abolished.' Then argue with him, and say, 'You complain that Jesus abolished the cere-

monial law, whilst it was his duty to do this, if He was the true Messiah.'" So, next day, Wolff went to Rabbi Mendel, and produced that argument; whereupon Rabbi Mendel at once said, "This you have not got from yourself, but from that hypocrite Rabbi Joseph Markowiz. He shall not be sent forth as apostle for collecting money for the congregation of Jerusalem."

Just then, Rabbi Joseph Markowiz, who lived close by, slipped into the room, and Rabbi Mendel remonstrated with him for what he had done, and told him, "You shall not be sent forth as apostle." But Markowiz denied the whole. Wolff, however, was obliged to admit the fact, but the impudence of the fellow was astonishing; for, although he had denied his own interference so positively, yet, the very next time that Wolff came to him for his lesson, he showed to him a passage still more forcible in the very same book of Midrash Yalkut. The word Khazir, which means *pig* or *pork*, is analyzed, and it is said that the first meaning is *overturned;* thereupon, the question is asked, "Why has it that meaning?" and the answer given is this, "That the moment the Messiah shall arrive, the law, with regard to eating pork, shall be overturned or upset."

Once more Wolff went to Rabbi Mendel, but when he showed him that passage, Rabbi Mendel said again, "This is not from your own learning: this is again Rabbi Joseph Markowiz!"

Young Rabbi Isaac, son of Solomon, the engraver,

who was about fifteen years old, of a most beautiful countenance, and already married, was so angry with Rabbi Joseph Markowiz, that he said, "I shall go and tear out the beard of that old hypocrite; but, first of all, I will go to Joseph Wolff, and will show to him the beauty of the Talmud, and how much he will be a loser, when the Messiah shall come, by having embraced the Christian religion." So this youth came to Joseph Wolff, and showed to him in the Talmud, the following passage:—

"Rabbi Ellazar was wandering in the desert, when he saw two geese who were so fat, that their grease dropped from them, and ran through the desert, and formed a river. Now, Ellazar knew that these geese were to be kept for the feast, which the Messiah will give to the Jews when he comes, so said he to one of them, 'Oh, thou goose! what part shall I eat of thee?'—and the goose showed him one leg: then he asked the same question of the other goose, and the other goose showed him one wing. Ellazar then began to sigh, and exclaimed, 'Oh, that Israel may soon cease from sinning, in order that I may enjoy the wing from the one goose and the leg from the other!'"

Wolff, who never laughed at anything which was told him seriously, maintained a perfectly grave face, and said, "I thank you very much, Rabbi, for this passage—a most interesting passage it is!"

Rabbi Isaac, son of Solomon, was delighted at

this; and, running at once to Rabbi Joseph Markowiz, said to him, "Now, I have shown to Rabbi Wolff a passage as an antidote to those you have pointed out to him:" and he told him the passage, whereupon, the old fellow burst into a fit of laughter, and said, "Oh, that thou may'st have a black year!* Wolff will now laugh the whole day, when he is by himself."* To which Rabbi Isaac replied, "Thou old epicurean!† Wolff had at least the decency not to laugh in my presence, but thou laughest already in my very face."

Another time, Rabbi Joseph Markowiz read with Wolff the cabalistic exposition of Genesis xlix. 10, in the remarkable book called Zohar, composed by Rabbi Simon Ben Yohay, where, in the explanation of the word "Shiloh," it says, "This is Messiah, and it is spelt, not like Shiloh the city, with the letters Jod and Vau, but with the letters Jod and He, which compose the name of God; and this is so, because the fulness of the Godhead is bodily in the Messiah." On perusing this with Rabbi Joseph Markowiz, the old fox remarked, "This will make Rabbi Mendel dance!"

Next day, Wolff came to Rabbi Mendel, and read the passage to him, together with those words of St. Paul, "The fulness of the Godhead dwelt in him bodily." Rabbi Mendel said at once, "Here, again, I smell Rabbi Joseph Markowiz!" And, in the midst of the anger which he and the others

* A Jewish curse.

† So they commonly called the apostate Jews.

felt, in came Rabbi Joseph Markowiz himself again; and the whole party of Jews fell upon him, and called him "An old rascal." Markowiz, as was his custom, sat all the while in a chair, leaning on his stick, and swinging to and fro, and he said, "Why am I a rascal? Ought we not to prepare Wolff for defending himself? Will it make us Christians if we do so? The passage has stood for ages in our books, and yet we are still Jews."

They shouted out, "You shall be excommunicated." "What use will this be to you?" cried he. "Your name and remembrance shall be blotted out from the book of life!" they rejoined; whereupon Rabbi Joseph Markowiz walked off, his shoulders shaking with laughter; and, said he to Wolff, "See how I support you!"

It should be remarked that this conduct of Rabbi Joseph Markowiz taught Wolff a very valuable lesson, for it caused him to study the Rabbinical writings with all possible earnestness and attention.

This Rabbi Joseph Markowiz was a most extraordinary fellow. Once he travelled to Sidon, and found a blind Jew there. This blind Jew asked him to give him a charm, in order that he might receive his sight; for which he paid him in advance, several dollars. After Markowiz had got the dollars, he walked off, saying to Rabbi Abraham, who accompanied him, "There is one thing quite certain,—the man will never see those dollars again!"

One story more of an absurd method resorted to for converting Joseph Wolff, and then shall follow some affecting histories of these Jews at Jerusalem. Rabbi Mendel said one day to his disciples, "I shall make a last attempt at converting Joseph Wolff, which I hope will succeed. I shall invite him to dine with me some day, on a Saturday, when I will give him a good deal of *kugel* to eat, over which I shall ask the blessing; and I hope that the saying will be verified in him, 'he that eateth much *kugel* on the sabbath will become a good Jew.'" *Kugel* is a sort of dumpling. Wolff was invited, and Rabbi Mendel very much enjoyed seeing his appetite, and after he had eaten a great deal of *kugel*, Rabbi Mendel asked him, "What do you think *now* of the Talmud?" Wolff replied, "The Talmud is a lie from the beginning to the end." Poor Rabbi Mendel! Soon after Wolff's departure from Jerusalem, the Turkish Governor sent for that worthy man, and got him bastinadoed on the soles of his feet, in order to extort money from him. Most fortunately, however, the Spanish Consul, and Mr. Lewis, a missionary, were there, and claimed him; and so he was released from the Governor's house. Now for some affecting stories after these ridiculous ones.

Rabbi Isaac Ben Solomon, the interesting young Jew already described, had a sister who was married to another Jew, Zacharias, the son of Jeremiah, by name, who was also a most interesting young man, with a beautiful countenance and bushy

locks. Zacharias' wife died, namely, the sister of Isaac Ben Solomon, and six weeks afterwards he married again. Isaac Ben Solomon henceforth became a deadly enemy of Zacharias, because he could so soon forget his sister. Wolff exhorted him to forget and forgive, but in vain. But Zacharias, the son of Jeremiah, began to be very ill, and his beauty began to wither away. One day he entered the synagogue, when Solomon was also there; and Zacharias, son of Jeremiah, exclaimed, with his eyes lifted up to heaven, and with a broken voice and pale countenance, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacle, O Israel!" Rabbi Isaac burst into tears on seeing the broken countenance of his former brother-in-law, and he said to him, "Zacharias, O my brother! Zacharias, O my brother! pardon me!" And Zacharias said unto Isaac, "Isaac, pardon me; for both of us are sons of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Pardon me, pardon me!" And they fell around each other's necks.

Rabbi Mendel read one day to Joseph Wolff the most affecting story of an incident said to have happened soon after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. Two heathen merchants met together in an inn in the Desert. "I have a male slave," said one to the other, "the like to whose beauty is not to be seen in the whole world." And the other said, "I have a female slave, the like of whose beauty is not to be seen in the whole world." Then they agreed to marry these two together, and

to divide the children between them; and in the evening both the slaves were brought into a room. One stood in one corner, and the other in the other corner, and the male slave said, "I, a priest, and the son of a high-priest, should I marry a slave?" and the female said in the other corner of the room, "I, a priestess, the daughter of a high-priest, should I marry a slave?" and when the morning approached, they discovered that they were brother and sister. They fell upon each other's necks, and wept, and wept, and wept, until the souls of both departed. And it is on account of this that Jeremiah said, "Over these I weep, I weep; mine eye, mine eye, runs down with water."

Another story of the same sort. A boy, seven years of age, soon after the destruction of Jerusalem, was put into prison on account of the debts which had been incurred by his father. Rabbi Hannan, a rich, learned Jew, and one who was a light in Israel, heard that there was a young boy in the prison, of beautiful countenance and high intellect. Rabbi Hannan, therefore, called through the gate of the prison, "What is it that gave Jacob to the spoil, and Israel to the robbers?" and the boy from the prison replied, in a melodious voice, "Is it not because we would not walk in his ways, nor obey his commandment?" Rabbi Hannan said, "I shall not stir from this place, until I have ransomed this boy." And what became of that boy in after-times? He was none else but Ishmael, the high-priest, the son of Elijah, the high-priest.

After all this, Wolff paid a visit to Bethlehem, and on the road he delayed at the tomb of Rachel, the mother who refused to be consoled over her sons, because they were not. In Bethlehem he read in the very field of the shepherds that song of the glorified spirits, which sounded down upon earth from their native sky, "Glory to God in the highest;" and, in anticipation of that universal peace which shall be established at the second coming of the Holy Child Jesus, the spirits added, "Peace on earth, good-will towards men." He also visited the monastery of Mar-Saba, on his road to the river Jordan, and Sodom and Gomorrah; and he cannot help thinking that it was somewhere around Saba that the ancient Zoar ("Is it not a little one?") stood; and that there Lot's wife looked back, as we frequently look back to the scenery of our frail life. When he reached Sodom and Gomorrah, the place seemed awful; the water of the Dead Sea was like alum; and who can deny, when looking at that spot, that some dire disaster must have happened there?

Wolff afterwards returned to Bethlehem, where St. Jerome translated the Bible; accompanying his labours with deep meditation and prayer. How often are his words before Dr. Wolff's mind, as he spoke them in his humility, "Tamar has been more righteous than I!" (Genesis xxxviii. 26.) Dr. Wolff, like Niebuhr, is a great admirer of St. Jerome's translation, commonly called the Vulgate. He even prefers reading it to the original Hebrew;

and modern German Protestants, with all their vast learning, have never published a translation of the Bible which he thinks equal either to the Vulgate in Latin, or to the authorized English version, or to the translation of the great Martin Luther into German or the French translation by De Sacy.

CHAPTER IX.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE; EARTHQUAKE AT ALEPPO; MEDITERRANEAN; HOLY LAND.

Wolff went from Bethlehem back to Jerusalem, and set out on his journey by Jaffa and Samaria to Mount Lebanon, circulating everywhere the word of God. He then came to Trablous, the ancient Tripolis. Wolff relates that he saw there the Dowager Mrs. Katziflis, and her twin sons, and her three daughters, of whom he asserts that they were undoubtedly the most beautiful people throughout the East; and, if the zeal in the object of his mission had not preponderated, he should have been tempted to pay his court to Mrs. Katziflis. She combined with her beauty such real lady-like behaviour as he never before or afterwards saw among the ladies of the East. Her twin sons were the *beau idéal* of well-educated, well-informed Eastern gentlemen,—one of them being the English Consul, and the other the Austrian Consul. Wolff proceeded to Latakia, and lived in the house of Moses Elias, a most respectable native, who acted as English Consul. He circulated the word of God among the Mussulmans, but this aroused their fanaticism in a most alarming manner, so that they exclaimed, "The time seems approaching when

Christians shall again take the country!" However, the ferment passed over without serious consequences.

Wolff witnessed, at Latakia, the result of an engagement between the widow lady, Madame Lanusse, and a French attaché. Although the lady was of French extraction, she had received an Eastern education, and her mode of thinking was entirely Eastern. She said to her lover, who had proposed to marry her, "I will wait for you twelve months, and if you do not come then and marry me, I shall marry Monsieur Vidal." Her lover did not come after one year, neither did Vidal; so she was disappointed in both suitors; and Wolff heard that she coolly said, "Now, I must try a third, and, if this does not succeed, a fourth."

Wolff went with Monsieur Vidal to the French Consul of Bagdad, and then they proceeded to Antioch together. On their way, Dr. Wolff, in all earnestness, committed the egregious folly of asking, in the midst of the Desert, that a Bedouin would make him a good cup of chocolate. This caused Vidal to burst with laughter; and with this very pleasant companion, Wolff at last arrived in Antioch, and was received in the most cordial manner by John Barker, Esq., Her Majesty's British Consul-General for Aleppo. This gentleman was married to a Miss Abbot, whose mother, Mrs. Abbot, was still living at Aleppo, a lady of extraordinary character, and whom we must at once describe. Mrs. Abbot's parents were both Greek, and her husband

was also born of a Greek mother, and a Levantine Englishman. This good lady was most fanatically attached to her Church; so much so, that one day, when the Greek bishop left Aleppo, he felt safe in leaving all the secular affairs of the Church under her care. When a Roman Catholic missionary once called upon her, with the intention of converting her, she combated with him from the Fathers and the Bible; and, when he still continued to urge upon her the necessity of submitting to the Pope, she said, "Fiddle-de-dee the Pope." She then put aside the water-pipe which she was smoking, and, sitting near the fire-place, she exclaimed, taking hold of the poker, "If you don't walk out, I will give you such an argument with this poker as you will find a little hard, and you will find it an impressive one, I warn you!" She was a fat, active, determined, well-read lady, and the Roman Catholic ran away as fast as he could, wishing to spare himself martyrdom for some better occasion.

But to return to the reception Dr. Wolff met with from Mr. Barker, the British Consul-General. This gentleman was living a little way out of Antioch at that time, where he cultivated the ground of his garden, at his country house in a little village called Suedia.

Wolff talked over with him many high characters of England, and at last the conversation fell upon Lady Hester Stanhope, who was settled at Mar-Elias, in Mount Lebanon. She had then living

with her as guest, and protégé, Monsieur Lustaneau, whom she called *par excellence*, and ordered all her servants to call *par excellence*, "Le Prophète."

This Monsieur Lustaneau, a Frenchman of high birth, had served for many years among the Mahrattas in India, as General to Tippoo Saib, against the English. He had received from that prince, on account of his bravery and skill, the title of "Lion in war, and Tiger in battle," a fact which he himself told Dr. Wolff, in the year 1823, and which was confirmed to him in India by Colonel J. Skinner, of the Light Horse, in 1832. General Lustaneau had lost an arm in battle, and was once possessor of the largest diamond in the world; but he was cheated out of it, but in what manner was unknown to Dr. Wolff. Tired of an active life, he formed the resolution of becoming a hermit upon Mount Carmel, in 1812; and in the year 1815, when Lady Hester Stanhope met him upon Mount Carmel, he said to her, "*Madame, le moment que je parle avec vous, l'Empereur Napoléon a échappé de l'Ile d'Elbe!*" Lady Hester took down the date of this conversation; and, several months afterwards, she received a letter from England, giving her the tidings of the escape of Napoleon, and at that very day and hour when it was predicted to her by Monsieur Lustaneau. Her ladyship received him into her house, which she called Mar-Elias, near Saida; and she ordered her household strictly to address him as "*the* Prophet." On his afterwards

attempting to convert her ladyship to Christianity, for she had become a Druse, she turned him out of the house; and then he took shelter in the house of Monsieur Reignauld, the French Consul of Saida, where he carried on with Lady Hester a violent correspondence. She wrote to him one day, as he himself told Wolff, "I have never been a Christian, nor shall I ever be one." He wrote to her, in answer, "If you become a Christian, God will not gain anything by it,—if you don't become a Christian, He will not lose anything by it." Whether, however, this man really predicted the escape of Napoleon, Dr. Wolff cannot vouch for, but the following fact he is sure of, and could affirm with an oath.

Wolff arrived in the hospitable dwelling of John Barker, Esq., British Consul-General of Aleppo and Antioch, in the year 1822, and the conversation turning upon Lady Hester Stanhope, Barker said to Wolff, "She is undoubtedly crazy, and as a proof of it, I will show you this letter." Her letter was written in April, 1821. Wolff was in Antioch with Mr. Barker in May, 1822; the letter was as follows:—"My dear Mr. Barker, I beseech you not to go to Aleppo or Antioch, for both cities will be utterly destroyed in about a year. I tell you this in the name of the Prophet Lustaneau." Barker and Wolff both smiled, and soon afterwards Wolff proceeded to Aleppo, remaining there as the guest of Monsieur Masseyk, the Dutch Consul-General. Aleppo was a beautiful town; the climate

most delicious; the houses were like palaces; the people lived together in harmony, and visited one another—Europeans, Arabs, Christians, and Turks. In the evening, if one walked about upon the terraces of the town, ladies and gentlemen would be seen smoking narghili, studded with diamonds and pearls; and a dervish, from Bagdad, would be singing—

> "If this beautiful lady of Sheeraz
> Would give me her heart,
> I would give for one mole of her cheek
> All the treasures of Samarcand and Bokhara."

Another would sing—

> "To attempt to possess God and the world
> Is altogether vain imagination and folly."

Wolff circulated the word of God amongst all the inhabitants of Aleppo in Hebrew, and Arabic, and Persian.

One day, during his residence here, Jews came to him, of high respectability, and asked of him the grand question, "Who Jesus was?" Wolff replied, "the Son of God! God above all, blessed for ever." He felt great joy in making this confession; but the Jews rose in indignation, and exclaimed, "We have neither heard nor seen it," and walked off. Spirits of those deceased Rabbis, you have both heard and seen it now! One remarkable fact occurred. One of the Jews thus argued with publicly proclaimed, "Wolff is right:" and on the next day he was found dead in his bed.

At the beginning of the month of August, 1822, Wolff was invited to dine with Monsieur Lesseps, the French Consul-General of Aleppo, a gentleman of the highest consequence, a personal friend of Napoleon le Grand; Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, and who had been ambassador to Morocco. He was father to the present Monsieur Lesseps, who is now in Egypt. Whilst Wolff was sitting at dinner, Monsieur Derché, interpreter to the French Consul, a gentleman of great accomplishments, with much French action, and who had just arrived from Lady Hester Stanhope, was asked by Monsieur Lesseps, "What does Lady Hester say?" Derché replied, "She warned me, with great earnestness, not to go to Aleppo; for, she said, in less than a fortnight, in the name of the Prophète Lustaneau, Aleppo and Antioch will be destroyed." Monsieur Lesseps asked, "in what way?" When Derché, waving both his hands, answered, "*par une tremblement de terre*" (by an earthquake).

A few days after this occurrence, Wolff, accompanied by his servant, left Aleppo with a small caravan of not more than six people. They quitted Aleppo in the afternoon, and went as far as Juseea (on their way to Latakia), about ten miles from Aleppo, and they spread out their carpets, in the midst of the Desert, and encamped for the night, at about a hundred yards from the village itself. Juseea was inhabited by the ancient Anzairees, worshippers of the Syrian Alilath, and they came out

and asked Wolff why he would not come to their houses in the village and sleep?—begging him to do so. But he declined, saying he preferred to sleep in the open air; for, truly, those Eastern villages are often much infested by vermin.

The Anzairees, therefore, remained for a while with Wolff, and they all smoked together; there being also, at about twenty yards from them, a party of Bedouin Arabs, who had their tents pitched there at the time, and were sitting round their fires. Wolff presently took out his Bible, and began to read from it to the Anzairees, when suddenly he felt something move under him, as if a pocket handkerchief had been drawn from below him. Immediately after, all at once, the very earth moved in a horizontal direction, accompanied by a howling and thundering like that of cannon. At the moment, Wolff believed the howling to be that of the tormented spirits in hell itself. All the party at once rose, and, springing up, tried to hold themselves fast, as it were by the air. And now, before their very eyes, the houses of their village Juseea fell down, and one universal cry arose. The Anzairees exclaimed, "Ya Lateef! Ya Lateef! Ya Lateef!" Beneficent God! Beneficent God! The Arabs shouted, "Allah Ak-bar!" God is the greatest! Then the Anzairees hastened to the spot where their houses had stood but a few seconds before, and came back crying, "Merciful God! our houses are gone, our wives, our children, our cattle, are all gone!" The first grand shock lasted two minutes.

After this, shocks occurred about every half-hour, sometimes ten, twenty, thirty, or even eighty shocks at a time.

Oh, what a change had come over the Desert! A few moments before, it was silent as night; and now it was covered with the wild Arabs and Bedouins, who were flying over the plain on their horses in their barnooses, with the hoods drawn over their heads, like eagles cleaving the air. One after another, as they passed Wolff, they cried out to him, "This is of the Lord, this is of the Lord!" This is beautiful in the East, that the people always come to the prime cause in everything—to God Himself. They do not, as Europeans do, invariably dwell upon second causes; but they refer every event at once to the Overruler of the world. And Wolff thinks that, as light came in former times from the East, so it will shine from the East again; and he thinks that our Lord meant the same by his words, "As the lightning cometh from the east, and shineth to the west, so shall be the coming of the Son of Man." He thinks, too, that this future light is not to come only from the Jews, but also from the Greek, Armenian, and Jacobite Christians.

Wolff immediately sent an express messenger, through the Desert, to Mr. Barker, who, he had heard, had escaped, in a miraculous manner, by creeping forth from the ruins of his house, untouched, with their child of six years old! The whole of Aleppo, Antioch, Latakia, Hums, and

Hama, had been destroyed, and all the villages within twenty miles round; and 60,000 people had been thus plunged into an awful eternity. He proceeded to Latakia, where he found the inhabitants outside the town, with pale faces; and dead bodies were lying in the streets. Wolff said to these people, and to the Greek and Italian Christians, "Come, and let us kneel down and pray:" and he offered up an Italian prayer. But, in the midst of his prayer, like the wreck of a ship, came another shock, and they all rose, exclaiming, "Merciful God, the day of judgment has come!" To increase the confusion, a magician arrived at the spot, and said, "This evening a deluge will come, and the whole world will be destroyed. All mankind shall be again destroyed!" Wolff exclaimed, "Thou art a liar, for thou hast contradicted the Scriptures, which say that the earth shall never again be destroyed by water." A cavalcade now arrived from Aleppo, composed of Jews, Arabs, Turks, soldiers, women, and children; and amongst them was a dervish, whose voice was heard from a distance, singing—

> "And thus, thus, O Aleppo, and thus, thus, Aleppo,
> All thy beauty is gone!"

The Turks looked pitifully at Wolff, and said, "How do you do?" He replied, "Well." They answered, "God be praised;" and, beating their breasts, they exclaimed, one—"My father is dead;" another—"My brother is dead;" a third—"My wife

is dead." And, two years afterwards, when Wolff returned to Aleppo, the survivors had not yet rebuilt their houses, and were still exclaiming, "Oh, God! oh, God! Thou hast broken our bones, and joy and gladness have gone away." Thus was the passage in the Psalms, li., 8th verse, explained, "Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice."

One or two very curious incidents must not be forgotten. The house where Mrs. Abbot lived, the lady already alluded to, was entirely destroyed, except her own room and the kitchen. When all the inhabitants of the town ran out, and built themselves little huts or tents, she remained quiet and unmoved, and said, "Why should I be such a fool as to trouble myself to move? I am comfortable here, and smoke quietly my galyoon. I am not such a fool as to expose my life to the falling houses; and I shall drink my coffee as usual, and my servants will remain with me." And, one month after the event had occurred, this very Mrs. Abbot waddled out of the town to see how her relations were going on, and found them in Ketab, the little village of huts which had just been built. Several were dead; but those she found she lectured upon their folly; and, after a few hours' stay, returned to her house in Aleppo.

Another still more remarkable circumstance was this. A great tyrant lived at Aleppo, feared equally by Jews, Europeans, and Muhammadans. He had been raised by the Emperor of Austria to the rank

of Nobleman, and Consul-General of the whole of Syria. He was of an illustrious family of the Spanish Jews, whose descendants had been compelled to embrace the Christian religion under Ferdinand and Isabella. His name was Ezra de Picciotto. He had, one hundred days before the earthquake, sent an Austrian subject out of the town in irons. One of the Turks who heard of this, said, quite coolly, and without moving his muscles, the beads being in his hands, "Count to-day one, to-morrow two, till you have counted one hundred days. After one hundred days, Ezra de Picciotto will die." Masseyk, the Dutch Consul-General, a man who never lied, told Wolff that he had counted ninety-nine beads, as the Turk had said, and when he was about to count the one-hundredth the earthquake happened, and Ezra was killed by the first shock.

Wolff went from Latakia to the island of Cyprus, and landed in Larnaca, which is one of the chief towns. There, on the sea coast, he heard from the British Consul, Vondiziano, that the Greek Christians in Nicosia were in the highest danger, for a massacre of them was being perpetrated by the Turks, who falsely accused them of joining with the rebels against the Turkish empire. Wolff therefore hastened on to Nicosia, and when he arrived there the Archbishop, Kurillos by name, and 127 Christians besides, had already been put to death. Wolff heard from the Greek and European inhabitants all the particulars of this slaughter;

and was told that the Archbishop had been offered his life on consideration that he would become a Muhammadan. But the Archbishop pointed to his white beard, and said, "I have served my Lord as Bishop of this flock for fifty years; and I can say, with Polycarpus of old, that my Lord has not only done me no harm, but has saved my soul; and should I be so ungrateful as to deny his name?" Then he made the sign of the cross, and exclaimed, "Children, I set you an example:" and, continuing to make the holy sign, he kept on saying, "Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison," until he was decapitated.

Wolff saved the lives of six of the Christians by his earnest intercession; and two of them saved their own miserable existence by becoming Muhammadans. Wolff also took under his protection many of the children of the primates who had lost their lives; and he sent some of them to England, where they remained for twenty years, under the patronage of Henry Drummond, Lady Carnegie, Bishop Terrot, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Storie, of Roseneath. Amongst those thus rescued was Demetrius Pierides, who is at present Inspector of Schools in Cyprus.

Paul Pierides, his brother, was for twenty years assistant-surgeon to the Lunatic Asylum at Perth, in Scotland, and is now a useful physician in the Isle of Cyprus; and Georgius Constantinides is an influential member of the Greek Government at Athens.

Wolff went from the Isle of Cyprus on an ex-

cursion to Damiat, where he preached to the Jews, and lodged in the house of the British vice-consul, Mr. Surur, a little, clever, consequential man; for all men of little size are consequential, and stand up for their rights in an extraordinary manner. He one day said to Wolff, "To-day you will see me in my glory, when I shall appear before the governor of Damiat, as representative of his most excellent Majesty, the King of England." He then dressed himself in a red coat, with two immensely large epaulets, such as no general of the British army ever wore. His silver buttons were gilt over; he wore a large three-cornered hat, with feathers two feet high, and boots in which three dragoons might have stood. He was scarcely able to march in this costume, and spoke so loud that one could hear him from an immense distance. When Dr. Wolff asked him why he spoke with such a loud voice? he replied, "Great men speak with a loud voice, little men with a small voice."

Wolff was introduced by Mr. Salt to his highness Muhammad Ali, with whom he conversed on the importance of education, and who said to Wolff that he was often forced to use the stick in order to make the villagers go to school. Muhammad Ali was certainly one of the greatest tyrants that ever lived. Every step he took was not for the purpose of making people happy, but for the establishment of his own power.

Wolff returned to Malta, where he remained a few weeks, and then joined two American mission-

aries, with whom he traversed Alexandria, Cairo, and Upper Egypt. They divided their labours among themselves. Pliny Fisk and Jonas King were their names. Fisk preached in the Greek language, and King in French, and Dr. Wolff in Arabic, Hebrew, Italian, Persian, and German. He made on that occasion the acquaintance of Ishmael Gibraltar, and also of a young Turk, who was afterwards created Pasha by the Sultan; and this was the first conversation Joseph Wolff ever had with Turks of high condition. Whilst in Upper Egypt, with his friends who occupied themselves chiefly in measuring and examining the ruins of Luxor, Gorno, Carnac, and Dendyra, and in collecting antiquities and mummies, Wolff was employed in preaching the Gospel among the Coptic people in Thebes, Assuan, Akmeem, where Nestorius lived, and Kenne; and then he returned with Fisk and King towards Cairo. Wolff does not remark in any invidious spirit on the anxiety of these American missionaries to make themselves acquainted with the ruins and antiquities of Egypt, for it must have been of the highest interest to citizens of the New World, to investigate the remains of some of the most ancient cities of the world, and the cradle of civilization.

On their arrival at Cairo, they made preparations for prosecuting their journey through the Desert to Jerusalem. Wolff went on in perfect harmony with these good men, and as he had made that journey before, he will pass swiftly through it now,

for nothing happened, except an adventure with a dervish, who had sold to Wolff a drawing of the city of Mecca, to which a description of the city was appended.

On his arrival in Jerusalem, this dervish called on Joseph Wolff, in the Greek monastery, and desired him to lend him the drawing, in order that he might copy something out of it. Wolff immediately suspected that he would not bring back the drawing with the description it contained, and therefore told him that he must make his copy in the house. To this the dervish would not agree; so the next day, the dervish returned, and brought a second dervish, and he told Wolff and his companions that the second dervish would remain with them until the first dervish had brought back the picture. Wolff said, he could not keep a dervish as hostage, for being a dervish himself, he could not think of putting such an insult upon a brother. They then both departed.

On the following day a summons was sent by the Cadi of Jerusalem to Wolff and the American missionaries, ordering them to appear instantly before the tribunal of the Cadi, with the drawing of Mecca, which the dervish had *lent* to Joseph Wolff. Joseph Wolff sent word to the Cadi that it was against the capitulation with England and the Sultan, for him to appear before the Cadi; and that an Englishman could only be sent for by the Governor of the city of Jerusalem. And so all three missionaries went to the Governor, accom-

panied by the English Consul of Jerusalem, who had come with them to Jerusalem.

The Governor, a most polite and gentlemanly man, received them with the greatest respect; for those governors who came from Stamboul, as he did, and who had been educated at the sublime Porte, are perfect gentlemen—surpassing even Frenchmen in their elegant deportment. The Governor at once said that the dervish had also been to him, but he saw in his face that he was telling a lie, so he sent him away. This was Turkish justice, to judge by the outward appearance of the accuser, rather than examine into the case. But, he added, that as he had given trouble to Wolff and his friends, he would order him to be bastinadoed. Wolff begged his Excellency not to do anything so severe, but simply to send for him and reprimand him for his conduct. The Governor sent accordingly; but, instead of the dervish, the Santone came, who is the superior of all the dervishes in Jerusalem—in fact, the chief dervish—and begged his Excellency to pardon the dervish for his indiscreet conduct, inasmuch as he was a madman.

Wolff and his friends were glad to take this view, and assured the Santone that they had already begged him off; and thereupon they bowed and departed. The next morning the Santone sent Wolff the money which he had given to the dervish for the picture of Mecca, and begged him to send it back, as the dervish was so mad that he would

rather die than leave the picture in his hands. Wolff sent the money, together with the picture, to the Governor, and begged his Excellency to return both to the dervish, through the Santone. This arrangement made a most favourable impression on all the inhabitants of Jerusalem.

Wolff and his companions remained three months in that city, circulating the word of God among the inhabitants. Fisk and King then set out for Mount Lebanon, but Wolff, desirous to be longer in Jerusalem, among the Jews, remained behind.

One month after his friends had departed, Wolff was seized with Jerusalem fever; and on the very day he was taken ill, an English officer arrived in the Holy City from Cairo, accompanied by two servants. As was always the case, without one single exception, whenever Wolff was in trouble, a British officer was sent to him by God—so Wolff always considered—and many times he experienced the same aid. The name of this officer was Colonel the Hon. Hobart Cradock, now Lord Howden.

He nursed Wolff like a brother, and, after Wolff was convalescent, they travelled together to Tyre, and from thence to Sidon.

When thus arrived at Sidon, Wolff said to Colonel Cradock, "I have a letter with me for Miss Williams, who resides with Lady Hester Stanhope. This I will send to her, and write her a civil line; but I shall not mention Lady Hester Stanhope's name." So the letter was sent to Mar-Elias, Lady Hester Stanhope's residence, and an Arab servant

conveyed it. But instead of a letter from Miss Williams, one came for Wolff from Lady Hester herself, which ran as follows:—

"I am astonished that an apostate should dare to thrust himself into observation in my family. Had you been a learned Jew, you never would have abandoned a religion rich in itself, though defective; nor would you have embraced the shadow of a one—I mean the Christian religion. Light travels faster than sound, therefore the Supreme Being could not have allowed his creatures to live in darkness for nearly two thousand years, until paid speculating wanderers deem it proper to raise their venal voices to enlighten them.

"HESTER LUCY STANHOPE."

To this Dr. Wolff replied:—

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY HESTER LUCY STANHOPE.

"MADAM,

"I have just received a letter which bears your ladyship's signature, but I doubt its being genuine, as I never had the honour of writing to your ladyship, or of mentioning your name in my letter to Miss Williams. With regard to my views and pursuits, they give me perfect rest and happiness, and they must be quite immaterial to your ladyship.

"I have the honour to be

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"JOSEPH WOLFF."

Wolff sent this answer by the same servant as before. On Lady Hester receiving it, she perused it, and desired the man to wait, that she might give him a present. She then came out with a whip, kicked the poor fellow behind, and sent him away. He came back lame to Wolff, and told him that the daughter of the King of England had beaten him. Wolff, in order to satisfy him, gave him a dollar, for which he dares say the man would have gladly undergone another beating at the same price, from the daughter of the King of England.

On leaving Saida for Damascus, Wolff met in the monastery of Aintoura, the Rev. Lewis Way. He would only remark about this excellent man, that, with a noble soul, he was disappointed and cheated by impostors, and left Syria soon afterwards, without having seen Jerusalem, having been frightened out of Syria by that jealous and misanthropic woman, Lady Hester Stanhope.

Noble soul, Lewis Way! With all thy disappointments, and acts which, though perhaps over sanguine, always betrayed a noble heart, thou wilt now be among the spirits of just men made perfect! He wrote of Joseph Wolff to England in the following manner:—"Wolff is so extraordinary a creature, there is no calculating *à priori* concerning his motions. He appears to me to be a comet without any perihelion, and capable of setting a whole system on fire. When I should have addressed him in Syria, I heard of him at

Malta; and when I supposed he was gone to England, he was riding like a ruling angel in the whirlwinds of Antioch, or standing unappalled among the crumbling towers of Aleppo. A man who at Rome calls the Pope 'the dust of the earth,' and tells the Jews at Jerusalem that 'the Gemara is a lie;' who passes his days in disputation, and his nights in digging the Talmud, to whom a floor of brick is a feather-bed, and a box a bolster; who makes or finds a friend alike in the persecutor of his former or present faith; who can conciliate a Pacha, or confute a patriarch; who travels without a guide; speaks without an interpreter; can live without food, and pay without money; forgiving all the insult he meets with, and forgetting all the flattery he receives; who knows little of worldly conduct, and yet accommodates himself to all men, without giving offence to any! Such a man (and such and more is Wolff), must excite no ordinary degree of attention in a country and among a people, whose monotony of manners and habits has remained undisturbed for centuries.

"As a pioneer, I deem him matchless, '*aut inveniet viam, aut faciet*;' but, if order is to be established, or arrangements made, trouble not Wolff. He knows of no church but his own heart; no calling, but that of zeal; no dispensation, but that of preaching. He is devoid of enmity towards man, and full of the love of God. By such an instrument, whom no school hath taught—whom no college could hold, is the way of the Judean wil-

derness preparing. This is Providence, showing the nothingness of the wisdom of the wise, and bringing to nought the understanding of the prudent. Thus are his brethren provoked to emulation, and stirred up to inquiry. They all perceive, as every one must, that *whatever* he is, he is *in earnest:* they acknowledge him to be *a sincere believer in Jesus of Nazareth;* and that is a great point gained with them; for, as you know, the mass of the ignorant and unconverted deny the *possibility of real conversion from Judaism.* In this they are right, in another sense, since Abraham is *the father of us all*: and if we be Christ's, then are we Abraham's seed, and kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, and none shall pluck us out of his hand." * * * *

Wolff now proceeded to Damascus, and took with him a servant, a Jew, who pretended to be converted; but the man was found out by his master to be an impostor. On his arrival at Damascus, Wolff asked the Turk, who had acted as agent to the English Consul of Beyrout, to send a person with him to bring him to the monastery of the Capuchin Friars. That agent sent a donkey-driver with him, and the fellow coolly sat on the donkey himself, and let Wolff run after him all the way. Damascus was, at that time—namely, the year 1823—as it is now, the most fanatical town in the Turkish Empire, for it was called the "Gate of Mecca."

Wolff came to the Capuchin Monastery, com-

posed of Italians: they received him with the greatest cordiality; and when he was attacked with the Damascus fever, soon after his arrival, those Capuchin friars treated him with the utmost tenderness and kindness.

The friars of the Spanish monastery called on Joseph Wolff, and invited him to pay them a visit. An elderly, tall, stout-looking friar entered into an argument with Wolff, who thought at once to take the bull by the horns, and asked the friar, "Reverend Father, can you prove to me the propriety of an Inquisition?" He replied, "My argument is very short. You think that it is not proper to have an Inquisition?"

Wolff replied, "Certainly, I think so."

The friar answered, "Then don't go to Spain." (Dunque non andate in Spagna!)

Wolff.—"But this does not appear to me to be an argument!"

Friar.—"You don't think this to be an argument?"

Wolff.—"Certainly, no argument."

Friar.—"*Dunque non andate in Spagna.*"

Wolff.—"But I wish to be convinced!"

Friar.—"Will not this convince you?"

Wolff.—"No!"

Friar.—"*Dunque non andate in Spagna.*"

Wolff.—"Show me Scriptural proof for the propriety of the Inquisition."

Friar.—"You want Scriptural proof for the propriety of the Inquisition?"

Wolff.—"Yes, certainly!"

Friar.—"*Dunque non andate in Spagna.*"

Wolff.—"Then you leave me to die in my hatred of the Inquisition."

Friar.—"Shall I?"

Wolff.—"Yes!"

Friar.—"*Dunque non andate in Spagna.*"

The Jews at Damascus were, at that time, in great trouble respecting the greatest man among them, Raphael Farkhi. He was esteemed and respected both by Jews and Muhammadans, and was called the "Ameer Al Hadg," which means the "Prince of the Pilgrims to Mecca;" because he had to provide them with all the necessaries of life, and was their banker on their route. He was, too, the asylum of all the Jews, who came from all parts of the East; and, wherever Jews were in trouble, in all parts of Palestine, they appealed to Raphael Farkhi, and were instantly relieved and protected; for Raphael Farkhi had the power to depose governors.

This same Farkhi was, one Friday evening, in the synagogue, when some Turkish soldiers entered it, and one of them with a firman in his hand, with which he had just arrived from Stamboul. When Farkhi asked, haughtily, "What do you want in our synagogue?" he replied, "We want *you!*" At the same time he gave a signal, and the great Farkhi was dragged out of the synagogue in irons. All the Jews were terror-struck, left the synagogue, and dispersed. Wolff called on them at several

houses, and found them all in mourning. They said, "The shepherd is slain, and the sheep are scattered." Wolff spoke comfortably to them, and said, "Oh, that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion, to turn the captivity of his people, that Jacob might be glad, and Israel rejoice!" The Jews replied, "Amen." Poor Raphael Farkhi remained one year in prison, but then was restored to his high office; and the Greek agent, who, during Raphael Farkhi's disgrace, had occupied the office, (but was a renegade to Muhammadanism, and was found out to have made in secret the sign of the cross,) was decapitated.

Wolff visited the school of the Spanish friars, where, to his utter astonishment, he found that the pupils (several hundred of them) had Arabic Testaments and Arabic Psalters, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society; and a Spanish friar, who superintended the school, said to Joseph Wolff, "Thus we promote, and have ever promoted, the faith of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church."

And if Protestant missionaries would content themselves with giving the word of God, without entering into controversies with the missionaries of the Church of Rome, a beautiful union might possibly be established between the missions of both Churches, without their irritating one another. And one would not hear so much of the burning of Bibles, printed at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society. For they are the same as those translated and printed by the Roman Catho-

lics in the College of the Propaganda of Rome. The best translations of foreign Bibles issued by our Bible Society are reprints from those made by the Propaganda at Rome. For example, the Italian version is a translation by Archbishop Martini.

It is a pity that the spirit of the great secretaries of the Bible Society—the Reverend John Owen, rector of Fulham, and Brandram, and of their excellent agent, the Reverend Henry Leeves, of Athens—has not been followed up in that Society, and that the Trinitarian Bible Society has marred the operations of the great Bible Society. However, enough of this.

Strange to say, in that fanatical town of Damascus, Wolff was invited by a great Moollah of the Muhammadans, to come in the night-time to argue over the merits of Christianity. And the Friar of the Spanish monastery, and the Superior of the Spanish monastery, went with Wolff, and argued over the subject. And the next night a Maronite Christian, who had become a Muhammadan to the great sorrow of his brother, a respectable Maronite Christian of the village called Salahia, made his escape, and became a Christian again. His brother wished Wolff to remain with him all the days of his life, but Wolff hastened on a second time to Aleppo, on his way to Persia.

He arrived first at Hammah, (the Hamath of Scripture, Isaiah xi. 11,) and then at Aleppo, accompanied by Reuben Coster, a Jew converted to Christianity by Dr. Gordon, in Edinburgh. His

parents, Jews of respectability, lived in Utrecht. Reuben Coster was brought from Europe to Palestine by Lewis Way, who took him into his service, but he was not able to agree with Mr. Lewis, one of Mr. Way's companions; so Wolff took him with him to Aleppo, and he is there to this day, married to a Christian lady.

It was now the year 1824, and although two years had passed since the earthquake, the inhabitants had not yet returned to their town, but were living outside in the little huts before described. One thing struck Wolff forcibly and awfully. The Muhammadans, all of them, had allowed their beards to grow—no razor had come upon their heads—expressing thereby their continued deep sorrow and repentance for their sins, which sins they considered as the cause of the earthquake. And also the Roman Catholics and Jews of the East, by fasting and prayer, showed their grief, and tried to avert the wrath of God by continued humiliation. But Europeans—Roman Catholics, as well as Jews, from Leghorn, from Piedmont, and other parts—laughed when Wolff spoke to them about repentance; and it is for this reason that Joseph Wolff continually says, "I shall never have confidence in the reform which is brought about by miserable revolutionists of Italy and France; and I shall always declare the outcry, Liberté, Egalité, Franité, to be nothing else but Tyranny, Beggary, Butchery. And all these revolutionary movements verify the words of Ezekiel, xxi., 27, 'Perverted,

perverted, perverted,' or 'Overturn overturn, overturn, until He come whose right it is, and I will give it Him.' One revolution shall take place over another, and men shall strive to establish happiness and peace, but by their own efforts, and without the Author of happiness and peace. And they shall be disappointed until the rightful possessor of the earth shall come to his own."

There was deep meaning in the exclamation of an enthusiastic Jew at Jerusalem some years back, when a rich Jew from Europe came, and wished to build up Jerusalem. The enthusiast exclaimed, "Here all is in ruin, and pulled down; here nothing must be builded up! To the Messias, the Lord alone, is it permitted to build up, and to remove the ruins." In saying this, that Jew, perhaps unwittingly, confirmed the prophecy contained in Amos ix., 11, 12, and referred to as yet unfulfilled in the 15th chapter of the Acts, v. 16 and 17, "After this I will return, and will build again the tabernacle of David which has fallen down, and I will build again the ruins thereof, and will set it up." Only this great event and consummation will bring about a real change and reformation in the world; for the Apostle proceeds, in the 17th verse, "That the residue of men might seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles, upon whom my name is called, saith the Lord, who doeth all these things."

Wolff lived again at Aleppo with his old friend Masseyk, where he heard a great deal of Burckhart, the famous Sheik Ibrahim, who enlivened the

Europeans of Aleppo with his fun. Wolff confesses he is no great admirer of Burckhart, for he was continually preparing for his work of going to Africa, and never executed it. In Aleppo he amused himself with breaking the roasting-pan of Madame Magi, an amiable old lady. She, being angry, called him a rascal and a pimp. He then appeared the next day before her dressed in sack-cloth, and a fool's cap upon his head, written outside, "Mercy to the rascal and pimp."

Wolff heard also a great deal there of the Count Rzewusky, a celebrated Polish Count, at whose expense "The Mines of the East," les Mines d'Orient, were published by Joseph Von Hammer. He was a favourite of all the ladies, but left Aleppo in debt, which he never paid. Strange to say, on the very first evening Wolff arrived again in Aleppo, a tremendous shock of an earthquake was felt, which awoke all from their sleep, but no harm was done. Wolff prepared, after two months, to leave Aleppo a second time; having occupied that time in disputing with the Jews, and preaching to the European Christians, chiefly Roman Catholics (which sermons were also attended by the seven Jewish Consuls), in the house of Mr. Barker, the British Consul-General of Aleppo.

It is a remarkable fact, that at that time, seven Jews, all brothers, were Consuls there. They were of the family of Picciotto, descendants of those Picciottos, so many of whom had been forced to become Christians in the time of Ferdinand and

Isabella of Spain. The father of these seven consuls (all of whom Wolff knew), was Raphael Picciotto, and he had been Consul-General in Aleppo for fifty years, and afterwards retired to Tiberias in Palestine, to spend his days in the land of Israel. He was a most enquiring gentleman, very fond of conversing with Roman Catholic priests, on the merits of the Christian religion; and Dr. Wolff here observes, that he cannot help thinking that many of the descendants of those Picciottos, who had received holy baptism, have retained a predilection for Christianity, transplanted into themselves by virtue of that sacred rite, which their forefathers had received, and believes that the power of baptism is so great, that it may even produce fruits in the souls of those unbaptized persons, whose ancestors received the holy rite. Wolff has certainly known many Jews, whose ancestors were baptized, and who, centuries afterwards, were struck with conviction (though educated in Judaism), and became zealous Christians. Such was the case with Isaac da Costa and his whole family, whose ancestors centuries before were Christians in Spain; and although they were educated in Judaism in Amsterdam, they are now faithful believers in Christ, and bold ambassadors of Him in that city at this very day. Yes, baptism produces regeneration in a most wonderful manner.

But to return to the seven Jewish Consuls. One

of them, poor Hilel Picciotto, was half-witted, but a rich man, and seeing that all his brothers were Consuls, he went to Mr. Masseyk, Wolff's old friend, the Dutch Consul-General, whose advice is sought by people of the highest station in Aleppo, and Hilel said, "Mr. Masseyk, can you advise me how I can become a Consul, as all my brothers are; so that I might wear, like them, a uniform, and call other Consuls, 'my colleagues?'" Masseyk told him, "Write to the Prussian Ambassador in Constantinople, and send him a handsome present, and then he will make you Prussian Consul of Aleppo." Hilel did so, and succeeded. He immediately had a splendid uniform made for himself, and had a janissary walking before him, as all the rest had; and then he walked about in the town, and said to his friends, "I also am a Consul." And when Monsieur Lesseps, the French Consul-General arrived in Aleppo, he took hold of Lesseps' hands, and said, "Io sono vostro collega." (I am your colleague.) "Do you know the Prussian Consul in Cyprus?" Monsieur Lesseps answered, "Yes, I know him." Hilel then said, "Anch' egli è mio collega." (He also is my colleague). He then smoked a pipe with great gravity, drank sherbet, and took a doze, snoring at the same time, and then he walked off, saying, "I am going now to visit my other colleagues."

The younger Raphael Picciotto was Consul-General of the King of Naples. He was made

bankrupt, and was obliged to fly. He cheated Wolff of 150 dollars, when he met him in the Island of Cyprus.

Those seven Jewish Consuls gave the tone to all the rest of the respectable inhabitants in Aleppo. Each of them held a levée on Sunday, and whenever one of the visitors retired, the Consul to whom the visit was made, rose, and accompanied him to the door, whilst all the family remained standing till the high and mighty Consul returned to the room, and sat down, when they all followed his example.

Once a most ridiculous thing happened. A captain of the Austrian navy arrived; he was a blunt Venetian, and he became the guest of Elia Picciotto, Austrian Consul-General. The captain, either not knowing the Picciottos were Jews, or forgetting himself, said to them in the presence of all the visitors who had called upon him (as it is the custom whenever a stranger arrives in Aleppo), "Tanti ebrei sono in Aleppo, si trovano da-perdutto questi maladetti ebrei." (How many Jews there are here, one finds everywhere these d—— Jews). Wolff, who has the art of keeping his countenance, could scarcely keep from laughing on this occasion.

CHAPTER X.

MESOPOTAMIA; UR OF THE CHALDEES; HARAN; PADAN-ARAM; KURDISH ROBBERS; JACOBITE CHRISTIANS; DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS; SENNACHERIB.

At last, he set out in the company of some native Christians and Arabs—about sixty in number—and with a servant from Mesopotamia, who had originally been a Jacobite, but was now a Roman Catholic. This was a man of the worst character—a thief, a traitor, and a cheat. Wolff was also accompanied by a Frenchman (Digeon by name), born in Scio, who was the greatest scoundrel he ever encountered. He had been exiled to Bagdad, where he became second dragoman to the French Consul-General, but he soon lost the situation, and was declared *infame*, upon which he became a Muhammadan in Cairo.

Wolff crossed the Euphrates, (or *Murad*, as it is sometimes called by the natives) at Biri; and as Biri is a very rocky place, he cannot understand why some travellers say there are no rocks near the Euphrates, and therefore find a difficulty in understanding that passage in Jeremiah xiii. 4., which says, "Take the girdle that thou hast got, which is upon thy loins, and arise, go to Euphrates, and hide it there in a hole of the rock." The rocks at Biri are not high, but are full of holes or caves; in

one of which Wolff himself slept. And the natives, even to this day, sometimes hide treasures in the holes of those rocks. Wolff met at Biri some Jews, who resided at Orpha, which is two days' journey from Biri. He then went on with the small caravan, and that scoundrel Digeon to Orpha. On his arrival there, he took up his abode in one of the Khans, or as they are also called, Caravanserai.

Wolff cannot express the feelings which he had on entering the town of his Father Abraham. He must now try exactly to describe them, and says, "I felt just as if I had, after a long journey, been brought back to the house of my Father; and that I saw him deeply engaged in prayer, and thought he said to me, 'At last thou art come, where the Holy One (blessed be He) called me; and I crossed the Euphrates, just where thou didst cross thyself.' I thought I looked at him with astonishment, and wept, and said, 'Thy children in my country have not that faith which thou hadst, and which made thee leave thy own country for one which thou didst not know.'" In short, Dr. Wolff describes himself as feeling thoughts and sensations at that time which he never had before or afterwards experienced.

He then went to see the place where Abraham is said to have been born. It was a cave. The legend is, that Nimrod, the "mighty hunter," (which does not mean a hunter of wild beasts, but "a persecutor of the servants of God,") threw Abraham into a fiery furnace; when he prayed to

God, and the furnace was changed into a beautiful lake, so that he came out untouched by the fire. And Wolff saw that lake, which is inside the town of Orpha, and is called "Abraham's Lake." The fishes which live in it are so tame, that they approach the shore of it whenever a stranger comes, and throws bread in for them, and eat it with eagerness. It was at Orpha that Abraham preached against idolatry, and pointed to Jehovah as the only living God; and he went from thence to Haran, everywhere preaching the name of Jehovah; and from Haran he went to the land of Canaan, singing in melodious strains praises to the Lord as he travelled.

Abraham is considered to have been the great Apostle of Jehovah among all the people of the East; and the words in Genesis xii. 5, "And the souls that they had gotten," mean the infidels he had converted by melodious songs. Thus both Jews and Jacobite Christians in the East, understand the passage.

Let us delay a little longer at Orpha, which is now inhabited by Turks, Kurds, Jacobite Christians, Armenians, and Arabs; while around it dwell Sabeans and Shamseea—*id est*—worshippers of the sun. Orpha is called by the Jews "Urkasdim;" by the Shamseea and by the Syrian Christians, "Orpha;" "Ruha" by the Arabs; "Edessa" by the Armenians; and the Arabs also call the place by the same name as they call Hebron in Palestine, namely, "Khaleel Rahman," which

means, "The friend of the merciful God," a name which Abraham has several times in Scripture. In Orpha, Abraham is called "Orpha-ee"—*id est*, "the Orphaite;" and if you translate this into Greek, it is "Orpheos." Wolff communicated this to Hookham Frere, who said to Coleridge, "Wolff believes Abraham to be Orpheus;" and Coleridge replied, "Wolff is perfectly right." Orpha is remarkable on account of other historical events which happened there; as, for instance, it is mentioned by Tasso, in his "Jerusalem Liberata," that some of the Crusaders settled there.

A dreadful event happened at Orpha during Wolff's residence there. A Tatar arrived from Constantinople, bringing an order from the Sultan, commanding the inhabitants to pay tribute, which they had not done for five-and-twenty years. The Governor read this order in a public divan, and the whole assembly cursed the Sultan, his grandfather, grandmother, and grandchildren; and they hanged the Tatar in the market-place, with the Sultan's order in his hand.

We come now to another circumstance. Several Jews paid a visit to Joseph Wolff, who addressed him in the following manner: "Blessed art thou, O Joseph Wolff, who comest in the name of the Lord. Hearing, we have heard that thou art a wise man, and we have a proverb at Ur of the Chaldees, 'When two wise men meet together, they push with their horns like oxen;' let us therefore push." They meant to say, by this

address, that they wished him to argue with them. Wolff, accommodating himself immediately to their mode of speech, said to them, "Prepare your horns, and push." They then, for more than an hour, went on "pushing their horns" indeed! For instance, they told Wolff that Vashti refused to appear before the Court of Ahasuerus, because the moment she wanted to appear, a large tail grew out from behind her, which disfigured her. And so it was that Esther became Queen, &c. They then asked Wolff "How they had pushed?" He replied, "Exactly like an ox." They were much pleased with this compliment, and then asked him to push in reply. "I am sorry," said Wolff, "that I cannot push, for I have got no horns." But he read to them from the 1st Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, 1st chapter, from the 20th verse to the end; and he preached to them the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ.

But let us not depart from Orpha until we have also paid a visit to the spiritual and baptized children of Abraham; for, through Abraham, not only were the literal sons of Abraham to be blessed, but also all the nations of the earth. Let us, then, pay a visit to the Jacobites and their bishop. These Jacobites are the lineal descendants of the children of Israel, who were converted to the knowledge of Jesus Christ through the preaching of the Apostle James at Jerusalem. They introduced Wolff to their churches, and he found that their whole mode of worship, their mode of bowings, &c., all proved,

as well as their physiognomy, that they are literally children of Abraham.

Wolff also saw the Armenians—those descendants of Hayk, whom he has described at different times. They were very formidable in a fortified castle, near Orpha, called "Roomkalah," which was once in the possession of the Crusaders. Wolff could not help thinking, whilst travelling through Mesopotamia, that all these nations have remained unchanged for centuries and centuries, and he felt as if he must himself have lived throughout those times.

Wolff then left Ur of the Chaldees, and went to the village of Haran. There is the grave of Terah, the father of Abraham, to which the Jews perform their pilgrimage from all the neighbourhood round; for they say that he was converted to the knowledge of God by Abraham his son. Terah, was thy dwelling as simple as the houses are now? One conclusion must be come to: that the open acknowledgment by Abraham of one God, must have formed a great and important epoch in the world's history, because the whole East is full of the traditions of Abraham; from Mesopotamia to the Oxus, and from the Oxus to Lazza in Thibet. In the latter place they have a statue dedicated to him. In the temple of Mecca—a long time before Muhammad rose and declared himself a prophet—Abraham was represented there by a statue holding arrows and spears, and he was worshipped as God. And when Muhammad appeared there, he pulled down the statue in indignation,

and said, "Thus do you disfigure my Father Abraham?" Wolff could never divest himself of the conviction, that the Bramah of the Hindoos is one and the same person with Abraham.

We now continue Wolff's journey. He next visited Telfeidan, the ancient Padan-aram. There it was that thou, Jacob, didst meet with Rachel. So the Arabs say, and the Kurds too, and the Jews also; and Wolff does not wish to be disturbed in his belief of the same. He then went, with a caravan, and Digeon the scoundrel, towards Mardeen. The stormy weather and rain had effaced all traces of the road. None of the travellers could find it, and were in much perplexity, when one of the Kurds came riding towards them on horseback, with a pipe in his mouth. Wolff addressed him, saying, "Brother, show us the road." The Kurd replied, "Give me first one *real*." Wolff complied, and when the Kurd had got his *real*, he rode off at once, without taking any further trouble.

Wolff called out, "Give back my *real*!"

The sarcastic Kurd answered, for a sarcastic people they are, "If thou livest till thou see'st that *real* again, thou shalt never die!"

A Kurdish woman soon afterwards approached, on horseback, with a pipe in her mouth; and Wolff called to her also, "Mother, show us the road to Mardeen."

She replied, "Give me one *real* first." Wolff gave her one *real*, and then she also rode off.

Wolff called after her, "Give me back my *real!*" "On thy wedding day!" cried the woman, and disappeared in the distance.

At last, Wolff and his caravan walked on (the road being too bad for riding on the mules), *Ala Bab Allah*, as the Arabs say, "at the gate of God," that is, "trusting in Providence," when suddenly they were surrounded by a troop of Kurds, who took them prisoners, and brought them to a beautiful oasis where there was a village called Guzelli. When they arrived there they sat down, and Wolff conversed on religion with one of the Yezeedi, worshippers of the Devil, during which time Digeon the scoundrel whispered something in the ear of the chief of the Kurds, called Sayed Khanbek, on which that man came to Wolff in a fury, and said to him, "Do you come here to upset our religion?"

Wolff answered, "I come here to show you the way of truth."

The Kurds forthwith tied Wolff down, and gave him 200 lashes on the soles of his feet; and after robbing him of everything, and the scoundrel Digeon of everything too, they brought them both—Wolff tied by his own people on the back of his mule, as he was unable to walk—towards the neighbourhood of Mardeen. But the moment the caravan came under the protection of the cannon of Mardeen, the Kurds, afraid to go further, retired. And thus Wolff was brought to the gate of Mardeen, where he lay down exhausted, for as it

was night-time, the gate was not opened, from fear of the Kurds. But people came out armed from Mardeen, and protected Wolff from any further injury from the Kurds.

In the morning, very early, the party entered that city of Mesopotamia, of which the following history is told:—

When Tamerlane had besieged it for seven years, and was still unable to take it, and when at last famine had almost forced the inhabitants to think of surrendering, an old woman came forward and said, "Do not yet think of surrendering: I will save the town." And then she began to run about the streets, exclaiming, "Who buys milk? Who buys milk? Plenty of milk! Plenty of milk! I sell it very cheap!" Tamerlane heard that voice from outside, and said, "If the town has still so much food as to feed their cattle and cows, and to sell milk cheap, there must be provision in abundance. Let us depart!" And thus the town was saved by an old woman!

Wolff now entirely quitted the company of the scoundrel Digeon, and took up his abode with the Bishop of the Jacobite Christians, Abd Alahd by name. When he first came to him, he found this bishop surrounded by his flock, the Jacobites, all of them being seated on the ground cross-legged. They were in the midst of a discussion about the proper time for beginning the Lent fast. Wolff delivered the letter of introduction which he had from the patriarch of their nation, who resided

at Damascus, with another bishop, Mar Athanasius by name. Abd Alahd read this letter, and said, "We are in great perplexity, for there is a doubt when Lent ought to commence, and we should fast forty days." The discussion was so sharp, that one of the flock who sat on the ground, smiting his fist violently on the floor, said, "The first who dares to fast before such a time as is appointed by us here, shall be struck dead by me."

The case was now laid before Joseph Wolff, and his opinion asked of fasting. They inquired, "What he thought about it?" Wolff said, "I do not disapprove of fasting, but let me read to you a passage in Scripture, Isaiah lviii., v. 3, &c., "Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge? Behold, in the day of your fast, ye find pleasure, and exact all your labours. Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness: ye shall not fast as ye do this day." This brought the dispute to an end. They ceased to argue about it.

The Jacobites are a wild people, but good-natured, and with all their wild nature, they have produced great men—such as St. Ephraim, Jacob Nisibenus, and Jacob Almalfan, or Jacob the Doctor. They have learned men among them to this day. At the time Wolff was there, they had still alive their great patriarch, residing in the monastery Deiralsafran; but who had resigned his

office as patriarch on account of his great and unexampled age, for he was 130 years old. When Wolff was introduced to him, he found him sitting cross-legged on a carpet in a fine room. He was a small thin man, rather crumpled up in figure, with a penetrating eye, a sweet and handsome face, his beard silvery white, and hair the same, hanging down in curls. He was somewhat childish in mind, but spoke beautifully about the final redemption of his people. He convinced Wolff that they were descended from the children of Israel. He deplored, however, that on the rising of Muhammad, and after his time, some of the bishops had forsaken Christ and become Muhammadans. Wolff told him that he was travelling about for the purpose of making the Jewish nation believe that Jesus was the Messiah. He replied that he had lived to be 130 years of age, and yet had never heard of such an undertaking until that day. Wolff asked the blessing of that old man, who wept, and scarcely would allow Wolff to leave him, holding him fast by the hand.

Mar Athanasius, one of the bishops of the Jacobite nation (spoken of before), paid a visit to Dr. Wolff, sixteen years afterwards, at High Hoyland, in Yorkshire, when above 3000 persons assembled in that village to see him. He preached in Wolff's church in the Arabic language, and Wolff interpreted every word he said as he went on.

The bishops from the neighbouring mountain of Tor, came to Mardeen to pay their respects to

Joseph Wolff. They were good people, but wild, and frequently led their followers in battle against the Kurds. After Wolff's feet were somewhat healed, he visited those bishops in the mountains, and left Bibles there, and made them acquainted with the tenets and history of the Church of England, and with the history of other churches. The Jacobites pray seven times a day, because David says in Psalm cxix. 164, "Seven times a day do I praise thee."

Wolff had also a call from a Jacobite, who had become a Roman Catholic, Elias Shaadi by name. He was banker to the Government of Mardeen, but afterwards had his head taken off, by order of the Sultan, because he was rich.

He invited Wolff to dinner, with the rest of the Jacobites, and wished Wolff to lodge with him. Wolff met there two Armenian bishops, who belonged to the Roman Catholic church, and were members of the Propaganda, and who spoke Italian very fluently. The name of the one was Bishop Abraham, of the other, Tasbas.

They were well-informed, kind-hearted men, without bigotry; but Wolff got into a terrible scrape with them, owing to a fit of mental absence. In the heat of discussion and argument, he got hold, accidentally, of a small paper picture of our Lord, which, in accordance with a bad habit he had when excited, he put into his mouth, and bit at and chewed, till he had, by degrees, swallowed it altogether. Of course, he was quite unconscious

of what he was doing; but he could not persuade the bishops and company that it was an accident, and they were greatly scandalized, and expressed much indignation against him.

Subsequently, at Bagdad, the Roman Catholic bishop there expostulated with him on his conduct, but Wolff succeeded in convincing him that the offence was purely unintentional. Ten years afterwards, however, when Frank Newman and Lord Congleton were at Mardeen, they were told the story by the Catholics there, who, in speaking of Wolff, called him, Wolff, *Jakhsh;* "jakhsh" being an Arabic word, only used in Mesopotamia, signifying *jackass;* its root-meaning being, "*One who extends his ears.*"

A little sect also presented themselves to Wolff, who are named the Shamseea, which means, "The worshippers of the sun." They outwardly conform to the worship of the Jacobite Christians, but have their secret worship, in which they pray to the sun. Their history is this:—Sultan Murad Bayazeed's father, who ruled over the Turkish empire, issued an order that all those religious sects who have not a "*Book*," (by which he meant either the law of Moses, or the Gospel, or the Koran,) should either at once become Mussulmans, or lose their lives. Upon this, the Shamseea hastened to the mountain of Toor, in Mesopotamia, and submitted to baptism; and thus obtained the protection of the Jacobites, who live in a state of independence, as all mountaineers do, to this day.

But there is not the slightest enthusiasm or love for Christianity in those Shamseea. Wolff was struck by one fact, in the very first question he put to them, and that was, that when you ask any Christian sect in the East, Whether they are Christians? they immediately affirm it by making the sign of the cross. But not so the Shamseea. When Wolff asked them, "Are you Christians?" they only nodded their heads, with the greatest indifference.

"Do you believe in Christ?"—Again a nod.

"In whose name are you baptized?" "Like all the rest of the Jacobites."

"What did your fathers believe in ancient time?"

They answered this last question with all marks of enthusiasm.

"We worshipped the sun, the moon, and the stars. The sun was our Malech, our king."

Dr. Wolff here asks the query, "Are the Shamseea not the worshippers of Moloch, mentioned in Amos v. 26, and Acts vii. 43?" "And to whom Solomon built an high place?" 1 Kings xi. 7—namely, to *Moloch!*

Wolff left Mardeen in a caravan of about 5000 people, the greater part of whom were soldiers; for the Governor of the city, having been recalled to Bagdad at that particular moment, by order of Daood Pasha, took with him, as escort, a large body of soldiers, and to these, a number of Armenian and Syrian Christians, Muhammadan Moollahs and dervishes, were glad to join themselves.

The caravan made short stages. They stopped at Nisibene, where a council of the Church was held during the first centuries; and at last they arrived opposite that mountain which is called *the Terror of all the Caravans;—i. e.* the mountain of Sanjaar, the *Shinar* of Scripture, where several English officers and French travellers had been killed by the murderers who inhabited it; viz., the Yezeedi—the worshippers of the devil. Fearful, indeed, is that spot! Dark and dim lights wander about it—they are the ghosts of the slain. At certain times one hears howlings: they are the howlings of the damned,—shrieks and *grinsings* (snarlings!) of wicked spirits.

Once every year, in the night-time, they perform a dance all around the ruins of Babylon, in honour of the Sagheer, *i. e.* the little God—the devil. For they never call him devil. Layard says that they do not know the name Mani; but Wolff has heard them say, "Mani," and "Peme," and "Hora," which names are also known by the Buddhists of Thibet, and they are the names of their prophets. Wolff suspects the Yezeedi to be a remnant of the old Manichæans. A remarkable prophecy came into Wolff's mind, the very moment the fact of their dancing around the ruins of Babylon was mentioned to him,—Isaiah xiii., from verses 19 and 20,—"And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall

it be dwelt in from generation to generation: Neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there."

Now the word which is translated *Satyr*, is in Hebrew *Sagheer;* and is translated more correctly in the Arabic translation of Isaiah, made by Warka the Jew, *Shaytan; i. e.* devil. And by Luther, *Wald Teufel.* And by Jerome, *Demones.* Here we see, throughout, a literal fulfilment of prophecy.

However, we must stop a little longer near that awful mountain. Opposite to it, Wolff saw an old man, with a white beard, and riding upon a mule, who waved his hand, and said, verbatim, the following words:—"Will the Lord have ever mercy upon you again? Will He ever bring you back to his fold, O ye mountaineers of Sanjaar? O Lord, bring them back, bring them back!"

Wolff felt a great interest in the observation of this old man, and asked him, "Could you give me the history of this mountain?" He said, "The inhabitants of it, 150 years ago, were all believers in the Lord Jesus Christ;" here he crossed himself and continued: "All believed the glorious doctrine of the Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—three Persons, but one God. But alas, alas! when times of persecution came—when they were persecuted by the mountaineers of Mahallamia, who were apostates from Christianity to Muhammadanism,

and by the mountaineers of Miana, who were devil-worshippers, the mountaineers of Sanjaar assembled around their bishops, priests, and deacons, and said, 'Our fathers, we can no longer endure!' and they replied, 'Our children, we can no longer endure!' And although one aged bishop exclaimed, 'Look up, your Saviour lives! He is mighty to save, even to the uttermost,' they refused to listen, and exclaimed, 'Let us, too, become Yezeedi!' And then they pulled down their churches, and were thenceforth worshippers of the devil!"

So far the history of the old man. How important is, therefore, the lesson given by Paul to the Romans, "Behold, therefore, the severity and goodness of the Lord: severity on them which fell, and goodness towards thee, if thou continue in his goodness. If not, thou also shalt be cut off."

When the caravan left the neighbourhood of the mountain of Sanjaar, although it was 5000 strong, the party rode for fifteen hours in one day, in order to pass through the country as quickly as possible, on their mules and horses. The thirst Wolff underwent is indescribable; and the drought was so great that twenty mules died from want of water. Arriving in the oasis, called Jalakha, they encamped, and there Wolff preached in Hebrew and Arabic—having the Bible open before him—to the Jews, Arabs, and Kurds dwelling in tents. Wolff asked the Jews, "Has never any one of you turned Yezeedi, or Mussulman?" They replied, with a holy indignation, "Hear, Israel, the Lord our God

is one Lord! Blessed be his glorious name: his kingdom endureth for ever." And then they added, "Oppression cannot bow us, nor tyranny shake us!"

Whilst Wolff was thus employed, surrounded by 5000 men, a Bedouin cavalier approached. Dismounting his horse, he pressed through the crowd until he came to Wolff, when he looked in his Bible, and to Wolff's greatest surprise, he began to read Hebrew. Wolff asked him, "who he was?" He replied, "I am one of the descendants of Hobab, Moses' brother-in-law; and of that branch called the B'nee-Arhab, children of Rechab, who live in the deserts of Yemen. We drink no wine, plant no vineyards, sow no seed, and live in tents. And thus you see how the prophecy is fulfilled—'Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever.'" Saying this, he rode off, leaving him behind, the strongest evidence of the truth of sacred writ. Wolff saw the whole body of Rechabites, twelve years after, near Sanaa (see Gen. x. 27), where it is called Uzal—as it is called to this day by the Jews of Yemen.

At last they arrived at Mossul, the ancient Nineveh, where Wolff alighted, in the palace of Archbishop Elias, who is the shepherd of the Jacobite church there. Wolff presented him with a Bible, printed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which is in high esteem there; and was examined by him about his faith; and he translated, as an answer, the apostolic

creed, and the creed of the Council of Nice, and that of St. Athanasius, into the Arabic language; on which Mar Elias embraced Wolff as a brother in Christ. He said, however, "The human nature of Christ is absorbed into the Divine, as sand into glass. But about this we will not dispute. Thou art our brother in Christ, and guile is not in thee." Wolff then went to the church, and heard the Bishop preach on the sufferings of Christ—the bitter gall in his mouth, and the nail in his hand—till the assembly melted into tears.

The Jacobites abstain strictly from eating pork. Wolf objected to this, the vision of Peter. The archbishop replied, with great acuteness, "The vessel returned, and none had touched what it contained, and it was only shown to Peter by this vision, that all kinds of nations, whatever they eat, will be accepted by Christ through faith." He added, "Pork is, besides this, distinctly forbidden by the Apostle, in the Acts xv., 'That they should abstain from blood, and things strangled, and pork'"—(πορνειας). And Wolff believes they are right.*

He stopped at Mossul, and conversed with the

* Some read πορνη instead of πορνεια. The interpretation above given, is the one held by many in the Eastern churches, and therefore they abstain from pork to the present day. In the year 1838, Wolff dined at Lord Normanby's, in Phœnix Park, Dublin, when Archbishop Whateley was present, who was much struck with his view of this subject, told him it had always been his own idea, and requested Wolff to write what he thought to Bishop Coplestone, late Bishop of Llandaff, which he did.

Jews for a fortnight; and was struck with amazement to find that a Jew, who was a great Rabbi at Mossul, one hundred years ago, had translated the New Testament into Hebrew from the Arabic, by his own impulse, and for his own edification. Wolff gave the New Testament to the Jews, which offended the Christians of Mossul exceedingly; and they said to Wolff, "Why dost thou throw pearls before swine?" Wolff, thereupon, had a regular argument on that point with the Christians.

He then went to Karkush, where he was surrounded by Christians of the Jacobite nation, who wished him to give them the history of the conversion of England to Christianity. They then said, "We see thus, that you have got the apostolic succession from Peter, whilst we have got it from St. James."

Wolff observed that these Jacobites entertain a great hatred against the Roman pontiff, from an extraordinary circumstance, viz., because the Pope wears the cross upon his shoe, which, they say, originated in the following manner:—That a Jew had become Pope, and, as he was in his heart still a Jew, and therefore hated Christ, he wore the cross upon his foot, in order to stamp upon it with the other; but he said to his people that he had it upon his foot to compel every one to kneel down before it.

Wolff then asked them to give him an account of the conversion of Assyria to the Christian religion, when one of the priests began thus—a dead

silence prevailing—"The whole of Assyria was converted to Christianity through the preaching of the Apostle Thaddeus, except the King Sennacherib, his daughter Sarah, and his son Behenam. They, and his whole court and soldiers, still continued to worship false and fabled deities, when a bishop, who passed by the name of the Old Man of Marmatay, prayed to Christ, saying, 'Christ, thou living fire, kindle in the heart of Sennacherib, and of his son Behenam, and of his daughter Sarah, the fire of thy love, in order that the banner of thy cross may be planted upon the throne of Assyria!'

"Thus that old man prayed for a long time, until, at last, Behenam and Sarah were converted, and came out to converse with him, after which they were baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and, together with them, forty attendants. When Sennacherib heard of this, he gave orders that his son and daughter, and the forty attendants, should be put to death. The order was executed, and from that moment Sennacherib fell into madness and despair. He frequently left his palace dumb and silent, and walked near the river Tigris, and imagined that that river contained nothing but the blood of Behenam his son, Sarah his daughter, and the forty men whom he had slain. One day, he walked in the evening upon the mountain, and his servant stood at a respectful distance from him, when he suddenly broke forth in these words, 'What have I done? I have slain Behenam

my son, Sarah my daughter, and the forty men!' He then ran on, and came near a cottage, whence a light was glimmering, but he dared not open the cottage door,—his conscience forbade him. Then he heard a voice coming out, 'Oh, thou Behenam my son, thou Sarah my daughter, and ye forty martyrs, ye have been slain by your father and by your king!'

"Sennacherib opened the cottage door and saw, standing before him, the Old Man of Marmatay, who at once recognized the King, and addressed him thus: 'Murderer of thy son, and thy daughter, and the forty martyrs, Salvation is even for thee; forgiveness and pardon of sin is even for thee.' And he preached to him Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and Sennacherib believed, and was baptized.

"Returned to his palace, Sennacherib spent his days in carrying on his government in equity and righteousness, and his nights in singing penitential psalms, accompanying them with the sound of the lyre, like David in ancient times. Deep sorrow, and contrition for sin, and repentance, were painted on his countenance; and they heard him exclaiming frequently,—

"'Behenam my son,—

"'Sarah my daughter,—

"'And the forty martyrs!'

Little children came and asked his blessing. The good old man—blinded, at last, by tears and much weeping—blessed them, and said, 'Blessed child-

ren! When I was a child, I knew not Jesus; and now, that Lord Jesus bless you, and keep you, and let the light of his countenance shine upon you.'

"Sennacherib died, and went to Jesus, where he saw Behenam his son, Sarah his daughter, and the forty martyrs. And the ladies of Kurdistan still remember good old Sennacherib, Behenam his son, Sarah his daughter, and the forty martyrs."

Leaving Karkush, Wolff and his party arrived at a village called Kafti, near the water called Sarp. It was inhabited by Mussulmans and Yezeedi of the tribe of Mamusia, who differ in some respects from those of Sanjaar. A Syrian from Mardeen brought one of these Yezeedi to Wolff's room, that he might converse with him, and they spoke together as follows:—

Wolff.—"Who was the founder of your sect?"

Yezeedi.—"Yazid Ibn Moawea."

Wolff.—"Do you never pray?"

Yezeedi.—"Upon Sanjaar they never pray; but the Yezeedi Almamusia, of whom I am, pray one night in the year; that night is called by us Lailat Almahhya, *i. e.* night of life."

Wolff.—"How many sects are there among you?"

Yezeedi.—"Many; as Danadeea, Mamusia, Khaldea, Sanjaar."

Wolff.—"Where do you pray on the Lailat Almahhya?"

Yezeedi.—"In the open air."

Wolff.—"Is Manes known among you?" (Wolff asked this, believing them to be Manichæans.)

Yezeedi.—" No."

Wolff.—" What do you pray?"

Yezeedi.—" I cannot tell you this."

Wolff.—" What do you think of the devil?"

Yezeedi (looking fearfully about as if somebody stood behind him).—" I cannot speak of that thing."

Wolff.—" What do you think of Christ?"

Yezeedi (first looking about to see that no Turk was present).—" He was God: we call Him Jod Nurani (Jesus the enlightened); He was Kilma, *i. e.* the Word. Kyafa and Pilapus, his faithful and good disciples, drew the nails from his feet, so that He never died."

Wolff.—" Do you never fast?"

Yezeedi.—" Thrice in the year."

Wolff.—" Do you drink wine and brandy?"

Yezeedi.—" Yes, we drink both in large plates the whole day."

CHAPTER XI.

BAGDAD; BOSSORA; SABEANS; BUSHIRE; SHEERAZ; SHEAH AND SOONNEE.

FROM Kafti Wolff proceeded to Arbeel (the Arbela of old), where Alexander fought his first battle against Darius. And from Arbeel to Kushta, and Kantara (called in Turkish, Altoon Kopri); whence he intended to have gone by water to Bagdad, being extremely fatigued; but an observation made by a Syrian Turk (a soldier), induced him to change his mind. He said, "As you have gone so far with us, continue the journey with us by land; for at Karkook there is a considerable number of Jews, with whom you may make a *mejaadelah*" (*i. e.* enter into an argument). Such a suggestion from a Turk was remarkable enough, and Wolff acted upon it, tired as he was, and so went on with the caravan to Karkook, where Daniel was buried. This place is still inhabited by Christians, Jews, and most amiable Kurds, who are hospitable and kind; for the image of God is not entirely defaced in any nation. Wolff has never seen but one individual in whom it seemed to be entirely defaced, and this was Abd-ul-Samut Khan, the instigator of the murder of Stoddart and Conolly in Bokhara. At Karkook they remained four days—Wolff being

very unwell; so much so that he was quite unable to visit the Jews, or even to see any one. At the end of the four days, however, being somewhat better, the party went forward; sleeping several nights in succession in Arab tents. At last Wolff left the caravan, and, accompanied by only one Arab, proceeded on his journey, and arrived in a place where, centuries ago, there was only one garden, which is called in Persian, Bagh, and that garden belonged to a rich man whose name was Dad; and the place is therefore now called *Bagdad*. This is the capital of the Khalifs of Arabia; and even to this day the Pasha of Bagdad has the title of Khalif. Haroun Al Raschid lived there, immortalized in the "Arabian Nights."

And thus, exhausted and depressed by his many fatigues; poor, despoiled of all he had, with wounds still in his feet, did Wolff arrive in Bagdad, after his wanderings; and he was received in the splendid house of Agha Sarkees, an Armenian gentleman, who acted as British agent, with the greatest hospitality. And (as was ever the case when Wolff was in difficulty) he met with British officers to assist him. These officers, and a Scotch surgeon, had delayed their departure for some weeks, on account of having heard that Wolff was on the road to Bagdad. The names of these gentlemen were as follows:—Colonel the Hon. George Keppel, now Earl of Albemarle; Captain Hart, son of General Hart, of Ireland; Captain Hamilton; and Dr. Lamb, surgeon to the East India Company. All of them

had come from India by the way of Bushire and Bossora, and they gave Wolff every assistance in their power. They gave him clothing and linen, and took his bills on England, and had precious conversations with him on his adventures in Mesopotamia; and Lamb cured his feet, and then they departed.

There was also an interesting gentleman at Bagdad, whose name was Monsieur Raymond, who, though of French extraction, was formerly in the military service of the East India Company. He came to Bagdad with Sir Hartford Jones, British Resident at that time; and, without permission, he entered the military service of the Pasha of Bagdad. When Sir Hartford Jones went to the camp where the Pasha's soldiers were drilled, and was about to arrest him, Raymond drew a pistol, and threatened to shoot the first Englishman who came near him; and then he claimed protection under the French Consul-General of Bagdad, as a Frenchman; for the law in France is, a person, once a Frenchman, is always a Frenchman. Raymond was declared in Bombay to be a deserter, and he accepted service under the French Consulate. But his heart was with England; and he asked Wolff to speak on his behalf to Colonel Taylor, in Bossora, which he did, and with success, too, for Raymond was afterwards pardoned, and returned to Bombay, where Wolff lost sight of him.

As to Digeon, the scoundrel, he made the bishop, Monsignore Couperey, acquainted with Wolff's

having eaten the sacred picture at Mardeen, for which the bishop remonstrated with Wolff; and the bishop told him that Digeon said he had done it on purpose. Wolff replied that Digeon was a liar, and this he repeated in his presence. Digeon then began to abuse the King of England, when, with Raymond's assistance, Wolff made him so frightened, that he wrote an apology. In short, his conduct was so bad at Bagdad, that he was declared an infamous fellow by his own Government, and dismissed.

The Jews are mighty and rich in Bagdad, and many are learned among them, and their great man has still the title, "The Prince of the Captivity." Mr. Claudius Rich, the distinguished son-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh, who was the Resident for the Honourable East India Company, made the name of Englishman respected, not only at Bagdad, but throughout the country around, by his high talents, integrity, munificence, and firmness. And one day, when he thought himself insulted by the Pasha, he planted in his palace a cannon, upon the terrace in his garden, and threatened to bombard the palace of the Pasha; and the Pasha of a town of 200,000 inhabitants was forced to yield to Mr. Rich, who had with him thirty sepoys, Captain Alexander Taylor of the Indian army, Bellino, his secretary, a German; and only one cannon!

Wolff remained at Bagdad a whole month, preaching to the Jews and circulating hundreds

of Bibles; and then he embarked upon the river Tigris, called *Dajla* in Arabic, towards Bossora, on the Arabian Gulf, in company with Monsieur Vigoroux, who had vacated his situation as French Consul-General at Bagdad, in favour of Monsignore Coupery, Archbishop of Babylon. They passed the Shat Al Arab, where the Tigris and the Euphrates meet, and where the Paradise stood in former times; and there Wolff lost a coat, which an Arab, swimming from the other side, and putting his hands in the boat without being seen, contrived to steal. Wolff felt something moving under him, and calling out, "What is that?" got up; but, before he could turn round to see what was going on, the coat was gone!

And thus they came to the village of Cuthamara, whence the Cuthites, who intermixed with the children of Israel in Samaria, came. The Cuthites "feared the Lord, and served other gods." Here they remained one night, and thence came to Gorno and Sook-Alsheeokh, two places chiefly inhabited by that remarkable people, who are called by three names, Sabeans, Mandai-Haya, and Mandai-Yahya; and thus they arrived at Bossora, where Wolff was received with the greatest kindness by Colonel Robert and Mrs. Taylor, and by Captain Alexander.

Colonel Robert Taylor, who died only six years ago at Boulogne, and who was, at that time, resident in Bossora, was a most extraordinary man. He knew sixteen languages, which he spoke with great fluency; and he was a great Arabic and

Persian scholar, and could read the most difficult Arabic manuscripts with the greatest ease. He read with Wolff the historical book of Masoodi, which contains a splendid description of Muhammad, and the Temple at Mecca; and, also, of the attempt of the Jews to convert the Arabs to their own religion, before Muhammad arose, in which they so far succeeded as to convert the tribe of Tob, whose descendants are existing at this day.

Colonel Taylor also read with Wolff, "Tabestan," in Persian, which contains an account of the different religions; and it convinced Wolff more than any book he ever read, that his view of the prophets having been dervishes is correct; and that Isaiah was a dervish, and walked about naked (*vide* Isaiah xx. 2, 3); and that the prophets and the dervishes of the present day symbolize, by this nakedness, events which are to take place upon earth.

Wolff also visited, on the first days after his arrival, the Jews in Bossora; an excellent people, with whom he had whole days' conversation about Christ. Here, too, the Syrian chief priests, who belong to the Roman Catholic Church, allowed Joseph Wolff to preach to the Roman Catholic congregation, both in the Arabic and Persian languages; on which occasions, Wolff put on the mitre belonging to a Roman Catholic bishop, and wound around him the Stola and the Cingulum, and made the sign of the cross as the priests do. He was listened to with the greatest attention.

At last, Wolff was burning with anxiety to see the Mandaye Haya, also called Mandaye Yahya, also Sabeans. All three names are most important; and it is worth while that people should visit them, especially missionaries, in order to make themselves and the Church fully acquainted with that most interesting people. Dear people, yes, timbrel and dance have ceased from your eyes and your ears, as you used to say to me! You, brothers of Abraham, why do you so dislike your brother Abraham?

Colonel Taylor sent for two of this tribe; the first was Sohoron, who was a layman; the name of the second was Rabba Adam, who was the high-priest, and whose title was Ganz-Aura, which means, "One who has read through the book." He was the representative of Jesus Christ. Both the layman, as well as the high-priest, gave to Joseph Wolff a perfect description and idea of the history of their people. The first thing Wolff asked them was, to give him the real meaning of the names by which they are known.

Sabean is a nick-name, given to them by Muhammadans, and it means, "Those who have changed their religion, and turned in their prayers towards the north." But they call themselves by two names:—first, Mandaye Haya, *i. e.* "Followers of the living God;" and they worship that living God under three names:—the first, Haya Kadamaya, *i. e.* "The living in the first degree;" secondly, Haya Tinyana, *i. e.* "The living in the second degree; thirdly, Haya Tlitaya, *i. e.* "The

living in the third degree." They say that "The living in the second degree," is Jesus; but that these three are one. They are also called Mandaye Yahya, *i. e.* "Followers of John the Baptist."

There are, in the world, some miserable plagiarists. Wolff's description of the disciples of John the Baptist, has been literally copied from the "Jewish Expositor," by the traveller Bode; and the hymns of the Caraites, as translated by Wolff, have been copied by Haxthausen, in his travels: and the missionary from Basle, Mr. Hohenacker, has again literally copied Wolff's description of the Chaldean Churches, without saying where he took it from. Indeed, there are not greater plagiarists than some of the missionaries. The interesting writer of the "Court of Dahomy," Commander Forbes, justly complains of that plagiarizing system, which is practised by some missionaries.

Now a little more respecting the history of these poor Mandaye. Their language is Chaldean, with characters entirely their own. They come from Haran, where Terah, the father of Abraham, lived and died. They are the descendants of Abraham's brothers; and, when Abraham proclaimed the unity of one God, they became his followers; but, when he established the right of circumcision, they separated from, and abhorred, him. They never take a knife in their hands, so they never eat meat, because it has to be cut.

They have two books; the one is called Sedra

Rabbah, which means the "Grand Order;" the other, Sedra Nishmata, which means the "Order of the Soul." The first book contains laws, precepts, and histories; the second book is their Liturgy. They have two kinds of priests. The one is called Ganz-Aura, and means "He that is acquainted with the whole book"—he is the representative of Jesus Christ; the other is called Tarmeeda, *i. e.* "The awakened out of sleep"—he has to sleep a certain number of days, until he is declared to be the representative of John the Baptist. They baptize their followers every Sunday; and the Ganz-Aura, the representative of Jesus Christ, is himself baptized every Sunday by the Tarmeeda, the representative of John the Baptist.

In commemoration of our Lord's being baptized by John the Baptist, they baptize in the name of Haya Kadamaya, the living in the first degree; Haya Tinyana, the living in the second degree; Haya Tlitaya, the living in the third degree. The authors of the Sedra Rabbah are said to be Seth, Adam's son; Abraham, and John the Baptist.

They relate that, after they had separated from Abraham, they lived with his descendants in peace and amity, and went with the children of Israel into the captivity of Egypt, and remained with them in captivity, and shared their affliction, and went with them out of Egypt, guided by Artabanes; and were with the children of Israel upon Mount Sinai, until circumcision was again established, which rite, they say, was introduced by

Abraham, and again by his followers upon Sinai, on account of dissolute conduct. Then they settled by the river Jordan, and received from John the Baptist, when he arrived, *Baptism.*

There are two coincidences worth observing. First, they relate that they went out of Egypt with the children of Israel, which confirms the words in Exodus xii. 38, that a *mixed multitude* went up with the children of Israel. Secondly, they call themselves the disciples of John the Baptist; and it is again and again mentioned in the New Testament, that John the Baptist had disciples, separate from those of our Lord; nor did they ever unite together. The Sabeans also believe that Herod tried to kill John the Baptist, but did not succeed; and that John the Baptist came to Persia, and died at last in Shustar, the ancient Shushan of the book of Esther, where they now reside. For they always choose for a residence a place near a river, and so are therefore found residing at Sookalshiukh, Gorno, Despul, and Bossora.

Father Agadhangelus, a missionary of the Church of Rome, tried to convert these Sabeans 130 years ago, and actually baptized the whole body. But on the Sunday following, he relates, that he sent spies to that river, and all of them were being baptized again in their own way. He asked, "Why they had been baptized again." They replied, "We like water." He asked, "Are you not Roman Catholics?" They replied, "We will be, on the following conditions:—First, the Pope must write

to the Sultan for us to be relieved from tribute. Secondly, the Pope must give us a pension. Thirdly, at the hour of death, no Roman Catholic priest must come near us. Fourthly, we must be allowed to retain our own religion unmolested!"

Rabbi Adam, the Ganz-Aura priest, was an extraordinary man. He practised magic; and a Muhammadan lady, who wished to have a child, came to him; so he wrote some illegible words upon her stomach. The Muhammadan Governor heard of this, and got Rabbi Adam's tongue cut out, and his right arm cut off; but Rabbi Adam cut out the remainder of his tongue which had been left, and then he spoke again.

Although this sounds quite incredible—so much so that Colonel Taylor advised Wolff never to relate it (although he was a witness to it himself)—it is nevertheless a strict fact. And the same thing happened to a relation of the Prince Bushir, in Mount Lebanon, whose tongue was cut out; for by a further excision he recovered the power of speech. Of course these people spoke with difficulty, but they were quite articulate; and Rabbi Adam used to come to Wolff daily, and taught him the Sabean—called the Mandaye—language, though without his tongue; and he wrote all he had to write with his left arm. Wolff gave this account to several persons in Malta, who repeated it to Sir Frederick Cavendish Ponsonby, the Governor of Malta, and he said, "I will believe anything that Wolff says, for he has already told me several things which

sounded most incredible, but which turned out to be completely true."

Wolff now paid a visit to Zubeir, a large Arab village near Bossora, where the inhabitants are sons of Abraham by his wife Keturah; and to these Wolff gave the Bible, and returned to Bossora, where, with the kind assistance of Colonel Taylor, he established a school, to which all the Armenian Christians subscribed; and the most clever of all the children was the son of Rabbi Adam, the Mandaye.

After several months' residence in Bossora, Wolff proceeded to Bushire, where he was most kindly received in the house of Colonel Stannes, who died as Governor of the College of Addiscombe, Sir Ephraim Stannes. He preached in the Residency, where he made the acquaintance of Captain Jervis, the excellent Dr. Riach, who is now at Plymouth, and united to that party called the Plymouth Brethren; Lieutenant Strong, Captain Mellard, Captain Wilson of the India Navy, and others. With their assistance, and the assistance of Armenian gentlemen and ladies, he established a school at Bushire also. At the opening of the school, the Armenian ladies came out of their hareem, and took the arms of the British officers there, and went to church for the first time in their lives. Many of the young ladies said, "I am ashamed." However, they went, and Wolff made a speech in the church in Persian after the service, in which he enlarged on the importance of Christian education.

Among the ladies was also Mrs. Lazar, the wife of an Armenian merchant, who was sister to the wife of Colonel Taylor, of Bossora, and who is now Lady Congleton, and resides in London. Mrs. Colonel Taylor had given Wolff a letter to her, and told her that she should admit him to the hareem, where he saw all the Armenian beauties.

The lives of those two ladies were very extraordinary. Both of them were the daughters of an Armenian family of Sheeraz. The Prince of Sheeraz, when they were quite young, had ordered them to be brought to his hareem. But the parents put them both in a basket, and by bribing some of the Persians got them brought to Bushire, where Mr. Bruce, the British Resident there at that time, got them respectably educated; and the one became the wife of Colonel Taylor, and the other married the Armenian merchant, Lazar. Colonel Taylor had to go to Bombay, and told his wife to follow him. She took as her companion, an old Mussulman servant, and both were made slaves by the Arab pirates of the desert around Muscat, who were at that time at war with England. But Mrs. Taylor and her faithful servant, in the darkness of the night, made their escape in a boat of the Arabs, and drifted out to sea, where they were found very soon by an English ship and were taken in safety to Bombay.

Mr. and Mrs. Lazar, in the time of the plague, left Bushire, and took up their abode in Bagdad, at the time when Colonel Taylor was Resident there.

There Lazar died, and Mrs. Lazar was left a widow. At that time four missionaries arrived in Bagdad, Mr. Groves, the dentist; Dr. Groning, a homœopathic doctor; Mr. Parnell, son of Sir Henry Parnell; and Frank Newman. Mr. Parnell succeeded in converting Mrs. Lazar to the tenets of the Plymouth Brethren, and then he married her; and Colonel and Mrs. Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Parnell came to England. Colonel Taylor died at Boulogne, but Mrs. Parnell is now Lady Congleton, her husband having succeeded to the title; and both sisters are living in London—ladies who are highly revered by Dr. Wolff.

Let us depart from Bushire. Wolff, after having preached in the Armenian church, proceeded on his way to Sheeraz, the most scientific and poetic town in Persia. Dr. Riach and Lieutenant Strong accompanied him as far as Borrasgoon; the Armenian Arootyoon, who had given £200 to the school, being with them also. Lieutenant Strong told an amusing story—and it must be observed that Lieutenant Strong was one of the handsomest men Wolff ever saw. The story was this:—The Duke of York called on his brother George IV. one day, and asked his Majesty to assist him with £200, as he was in debt. The moment the Duke of York got his cheque for £200, he walked out singing, "God save Great George our King."

Having heard this story, and eaten a good dinner at Borrasgoon, which had been prepared by Arootyoon, Wolff got on his horse, and rode off with

his servant for Kasseroon. He was much struck, both at Borrasgoon and Kasseroon, with the houses of the Persian noblemen, who have the pictures of great men painted upon the walls of their rooms; which the Sheah permit, but the Soonnee consider an abomination. At Kasseroon, Wolff visited the Jews, when he was distressed to see them in the greatest misery and poverty. He made himself known to them as one of their nation, who came to preach Jesus Christ.

It is distressing to record an awful truth, that civilization, without true religion, will never make a nation or an individual more humane. For the Persians, though by far more intellectual than the Turks, are also much more cruel, greater liars, and more atrociously immoral in every respect. So that in fact, increased civilization, without religion, only developes a greater amount of wickedness, and it is generally accompanied by hypocrisy.

Wolff had taken up his abode at Kasseroon, in the upper story of a house. At night, torrents of rain fell, and he was conversing with the Persians in the house upon religion, during this storm, when suddenly an earthquake shook the house. Wolff, like a flash of lightning, though without shoes and stockings, and without a coat, leapt down the stairs, with a swiftness and quickness, which produced a burst of laughter from all present. And although the earthquake had caused no injury,—for it was only the remnant of the great earthquake of Sheeraz, which had happened five months before, and had

destroyed part of Sheeraz, and the neighbouring cities,—Wolff slept that night in the open air, with the rain pouring down upon him.

The next day, Wolff proceeded to Sheeraz, over a horrid mountainous road; and he arrived after a few days in the city, which is the most learned town in all Persia; and where the tombs of Hafiz, the Anacreon of the Persians, and of Sadi, the great poet, and author of Gulistan and Bustan, are outside the walls. They are both buried in a garden, which is kept by a dervish. Wolff first took up his abode in the house of a Persian, who acted as British agent, and who promised to invite the chiefs of the Sheah religion to argue with him, for all the inhabitants of Persia are Sheahs.

The whole Muhammadan nations are divided into two classes,—the Sheah and the Soonnee. Whenever a great religious contest takes place in the world, two classes always appear, like these two; the one party says that a written book is not enough, there is also need of tradition, which will serve to explain the written word;—the other party says, the written word is quite enough in itself.

Wolff holds with the first party, for, though tradition may be, and has been, abused and exaggerated, yet the principle is true, that the written word cannot be exactly understood without tradition. And it has been the invariable experience of Wolff, that all those who belong to the anti-traditional party have their own pet traditions. Thus it is the case with the Jews, who divide themselves

into Rabbanim, *i. e.* "Believers in the tradition of the Rabbis;" and Coraeem, "Believers in the Bible." But yet those Coraeem, who are the anti-traditional Jews, have their own traditions. Thus it is the case, also, with the Muhammadans. There are two great parties amongst them, the Soonnee, traditionalists, to which party belong the Turks, Arabs, and Turkomauns; and the Sheah, anti-traditionalists, who are the Persians—the Protestants against the Soonnee. Yet these have their traditions too, which they call "Hadees." And is it not so in the Christian church? Dr. Wolff asks. The Roman Catholic and Eastern churches take, as their guide, the ancient Fathers; and the innumerable branches of the Protestant communion have their own traditions, without number, which are often no more than the mere opinions of the leaders of each sect.

Now, however, back to Sheeraz. The Sheah of Sheeraz divide themselves into two parties, like all the other religious bodies: into Moollahs, "those who follow the opinions of the Doctors, and are for outward forms;" and the other party are called Sooffee, which means "pure," for they say the mind in itself must be pure, and outward form is good for nothing. Wolff cannot refrain from making the following etymological observation. The Greek word "Sophos" (wise) is derived from the Arabic word "Soof" (pure); and the Greek word "Philosophos" might be translated "Friend of purity."

Wolff visited the colleges of the Sooffees. Their principles are rather liberal, which principles they

have taken from a book called Masnavi, whose author's name is Moollah Roomee.

Let us give some sentences from that book :—

"Say of every one, whose morals are good, that he is good."

"If any one says that the Koran, which came from the hand of Muhammad, is not of God, he is an infidel."

This is a most ambiguous statement: for their principle is, that everything comes from God; and, therefore, nothing can be that does not come from God. And they themselves explain their statement so, from a sentence of the Koran, "From God we come, and to God we return."

That book also says, "If we attempt to enjoy together both God and the world, we are altogether devil-possessed."

Since the time of Henry Martyn they have also embodied in their faith the words of John iii. 5: "If ye are not born again of water and the Spirit, ye shall not enter again the kingdom of heaven." And they explain this almost exactly as the Evangelicals in England do, viz., by spiritualizing the water.

They sit in their college, with their heads bowed down, wrapped up in a prophet's mantle and belch, because, they say, that they are filled with the mystical wine of truth; which, Wolff observed, consisted of the wine of the grape, which is produced in Sheeraz. They also intoxicate themselves by smoking Jars, which is a kind of opiatic plant.

Wolff dares say that there are some good men among them; but, in general, he trusted them less than the orthodox Moollahs (Muhammadans).

Their spirituality consists in sensuality of the most outrageous and unmentionable kind, and they are liars and cheats. Dear Henry Martyn seems to have been imposed upon by them; yet, by his writings, he has, after all, excited the attention and drawn the minds of people, not only in Sheeraz and Persia, but in other parts of the Muhammadan empire, into inquiring after Christianity; so that, after all, he did not labour in vain.

The Sooffees are divided into different classes: some, who try to excite themselves into devotion with musical instruments and the drum,—so much so, that they fall down in ecstacies, until they fall into a trance, and are unconscious of what they say or do; and then they sometimes speak in a sublime manner.

When Wolff travelled in the Crimea, he found a clairvoyant, who, after Mr. Kylios, in whose house she lived, had laid hands upon her, began to sleep, and spoke in a most sublime manner. Wolff, at that time, had with him Mirza Ibrahim, whom he afterwards sent to England; and he asked him, "What do you think of this lady? Have you ever seen such a thing in your life before?" He replied, "Over and over again in Persia, both in Sheeraz and Ispahan, among the Sooffees."

There is also a class of Sooffees, who are called the Saaket, which means, "the silent ones," for

they never speak. Here we have the counterpart of the order of La Trappe.

Wolff also visited the colleges of the orthodox party: a proud people, full of arrogance, with whom wisdom has died out. Some young men, with whom he argued, asked him, the day following, whether he had been able to sleep, after having heard such powerful arguments as they had produced? Wolff replied, that arguments never disturbed his sleep. However, some of their arguments must be produced.

Wolff said, "Christ converted the world by persuasion; by the sublimity of his doctrine, by prophecies, and by miracles. Muhammad converted the nations by the sword." They replied, "There are two physicians: the one cures the sick by sweet medicine; he is a good physician. Other physicians give the sick bitter medicine, and they are cured. Thus, he is a good physician too. Again, there are two generals; the one takes the city by storm,—he is a good general. Another takes the city by persuasion,—he is a good general too."

Wolff said, "The sword cannot be a good medicine; for if it kills the enemy, he is prevented from being persuaded into the right faith. And if it frightens him into submitting against his belief, it makes a hypocrite of him." Then they said, as to miracles, 'The Koran itself is a miracle; for nobody was ever able to write such beautiful Arabic as the Koran is written in." Wolff said, "This cannot be proved, for it is a matter of taste."

Then they came to prophecies, and said, "The name of Muhammad is predicted in the Bible. He is called in Hebrew, Bimod Mead." Wolff could not imagine, for a long time, what on earth they meant, and only discovered it at last by their calling for a renegade Jew, who showed Wolff, in Gen. xvii. 20, "And as for Ishmael, I have heard thee: Behold, I have blessed him, and will make him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly." Now the letters which compose this word *exceedingly, i. e.* Bimod Mead, viz. Beth, Mim, Aleph, Daleth, Mim, Aleph, Daleth, when considered as letters expressing *numbers*, which is their common use also, amount to ninety-two. And so, in like manner, the four letters of the name Muhammad, viz. Mim, Kheth, Mim, Daleth, when summed together as numbers, amount also to ninety-two; and therefore, said the Muhammadans, *exceedingly* must mean *Muhammad!* an argument not very likely to have disturbed Wolff's rest. This ingenious argument, which the Muhammadans had learned from an apostate Jew, was further confirmed by the fact that Muhammad was a descendant of Ishmael, and *multiplied exceedingly*.

But there was another thing which they brought forward in the same verse: "Twelve princes shall he beget." These, said they, were the twelve Imaums,—the twelve successors of Muhammad (which only the Sheah acknowledge). Wolff said, "But the word *exceedingly* cannot beget. On the contrary, it is said that Ishmael shall beget twelve

princes, and the names of these twelve princes are mentioned afterwards in Gen. xxv. 13–15, viz. Nebajoth, Kedar, Adbeel, Mibsam, Mishma, Dumah, Massa, Hadar, Tema, Jetur, Naphish, and Kedemah." On hearing this, they said, "We must be candid; he has answered us completely."

They then asked Wolff "how he liked best to argue: whether from tradition, or from reason?" He said, "he liked to argue chiefly from tradition, and then from reason." "For," he said, "reason can only reach to a certain point, but tradition tells us things which God has revealed. But, besides tradition and reason, there is an internal evidence; the heart is also given by God, and if the heart comes into collision with reason, something must be wrong. And the heart tells us that, as faith is the gift of God, we must pray for it." They all exclaimed, "Good! very good!" They then asked Wolff "What he believed Jesus to be." He replied, "The Son of God." They said, "God has no wife." Wolff replied, "There are different kinds of fathers. One the father by marriage, another is father by being the educator, bringer up, and bestower of benefits. And God is a father by creating and by preserving, by bestowing of benefits, and by his very act of chastising his children."

Then they said, "Then we are all children of God."

Wolff replied, "Yes! all of us, in a different

sense. But Jesus was God, for in Him the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily."

They said, "Then Jesus is less than God."

To which Wolff replied, "Look at the sun. The sun gives light and heat to all the earth, yet the light and heat is one with the sun."

They again exclaimed, "Good! very good!" and then said, "What objection have you to Muhammad's doctrine?"

Wolff answered, "Muhammad did not act in conformity with God's actions, which are quite different from his."

They asked, "How do you know God's actions?"

Wolff.—"By his loving all mankind."

They.—"How do you see that?"

Wolff.—"In his creation. Look at the sun, which comes from God, which shineth upon the good and the bad, the Jew, the Christian, the Muhammadan, and the worshippers of fire—the Parsee. But Muhammad commands his followers not to love the Christian, who is yet the creature of God."

Once more they exclaimed, "Good! very good!"

To his great surprise, Wolff was soon after invited with the Muhammadans to a rich Jew, who, in order to save his riches, had become a Muhammadan himself. This man kept continually exclaiming to Wolff, in Hebrew, "The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau." Wolff understood at once the meaning of

those words: namely, that he himself was still at heart a Jew, although in outward appearance a Muhammadan. Wolff sighed, and thought it not well to press the poor man with arguments in the presence of Muhammadans; and he continued to speak to the Muhammadans on the fulfilment of many of the prophecies contained in the Old Testament respecting Jesus.

Now let us accompany Wolff to his brethren, the Jews, in a town which boasts of the highest civilization. In passing through the streets of Sheeraz, he went through the large bazaar, built by Kareem Khan, formerly ruler of Sheeraz. The upper part is entirely covered in by a vaulted ceiling, and below there are magnificent shops. As he was going through and through the rest of the town, there were shouts from all sides, "Here is Joseph Wolff, who proclaims that Jesus is the Son of God!"

One day, Shanasar and David Makardeetch David, two Armenians, who were at enmity with each other, called accidentally on Wolff, at the same time, so that they met; and they began to talk to him, and said, "We will go now with you to the Jews. Do you know what happened last night? One of the chief Moollahs of Sheeraz went to the prince, and advised him to call on you to dispute publicly on the merits of Islam; and that if you were beaten in argument, you must either embrace Islam or die! but scarcely had the Muhammadan proposed that, when he was struck with apoplexy,

and died." They added, that such excitement had never been before in Sheeraz.

But, before making them any answer, Wolff, who knew their feelings towards each other, said to them, "First of all, both of you being Christians, I command you, in the name of Jesus Christ, to make peace together, before you go with me to the Jews, to whom I go to proclaim the Gospel of peace." Whereupon Shanasar and David Makardeetch David embraced and kissed each other; and Wolff drank with them a glass of Sheeraz wine to celebrate the restoration of their friendship; and then they accompanied him to the Jews' Quarter, where they aided him greatly in interpreting and conversing in the Persian language.

Wolff had been warned what he must expect in visiting the Jews at Sheeraz, and the description of their misery had not been exaggerated. A Persian Mussulman, of whom he had inquired their condition some time before, had said, "First. Every house at Sheeraz with a low, narrow entrance, is a Jew's house. Secondly. Every man with a dirty woollen or dirty camel's-hair turban is a Jew. Thirdly. Every coat much torn and mended about the back, with worn sleeves, is a Jew's coat. Fourthly. Every one picking up old broken glass is a Jew. Fifthly. Every one searching dirty robes, and asking for old shoes and sandals, is a Jew. Sixthly. That house into which no quadruped but a goat will enter is a Jew's." All which things, of course, came into Wolff's mind, as, in company with the two Arme-

nians, he approached the street where the Jews resided.

And what a sight it presented! It was in the month of January, 1825, and, therefore, in the depth of winter—and all was cold and frozen. The street was only a few yards in width; all the houses were like pig-styes, and even these were in ruins from the effects of the recent earthquake. Men, women, and children were lying about the street—many of them ill, naked, or in rags—women with their children at the breast, exclaiming, "Only one *pool*, only one *pool!*" (*pool* being the Persian word for farthing.) "I am a poor Israeli. I am a poor Israeli." Wolff crept into some of their houses, and spoke to them about Jesus being the Messiah. They asked, "What shall we do? What shall we do?" in a sing-song tone. Wolff told them to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and be baptized in his name. They wept. But how to baptize them—but how—in a town—with all its civilization—of the most fanatical Muhammadans? "Poor Israeli of Shiraz!" exclaims Dr. Wolff, "I shall see many of you in heaven! Around the throne of Jesus! You were baptized with the baptism of misery, and suffering, and poverty! God forbid that one harsh thought should enter my mind against you! His blood has come upon you: but that blood speaks better things than the blood of Abel."

The Armenians reported the whole proceedings of Wolff to their brethren in Calcutta; telling them

how he had made peace between Shanasar and David Makardeetch David, who were at enmity with each other. And after all this was over he called on the Prince of Sheeraz at his palace.

Fire from heaven must come down upon a court like that! Let no person dare to ask Wolff to give a description of such a cursed court. Such a court never can be converted, with all their politeness and elegance! "Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him flee before Him!"

Wolff left the place the following day, and the day after preached amidst the ruins of Persepolis, called Takht-jam-sheed by the Persians, to thousands of Persians. On his returning to the caravanserai, where he had taken up his lodging, two Rah-dar came (namely, "those who repair the roads") and asked Wolff to pay money. Wolff replied that he was an Englishman, and need not pay. They threatened to put him to death. He gave them a good scolding; but had, after all, to pay six rupees (about twelve shillings). But the next day Persians came that road, who had arrived from Mecca; and they also were called upon by the Rahdars to pay money for the road. They replied, they were Hadshees, and, therefore, had not to pay. A regular battle ensued; and, after they had almost broken each other's heads, the whole company of Hadshees paid *half a pool!*

CHAPTER XII.

ISPAHAN; TEHERAN; TABREEZ; ABBAS MIRZA; TIFLIS; ERIVAN; ARMENIA; CIRCASSIA; CRIMEA; CONSTANTINOPLE; DUBLIN.

AFTER twenty days' journey forward, Wolff arrived near the great city of Ispahan, of which the saying is, Ispahan Neem-Jehaun—"Ispahan, half the world." It was built by a man, the wonder of the earth—King Solomon—who had travelled through the world in the air—carried by genii—as far as Cashmeer! As a proof of the truth of this story, there is to this day even, in Cashmeer, a mountain called Takhti-Suliman, the throne of Solomon. However, if Jewish tradition is to be credited, Solomon's history, as told by the Persians, may be liable to some objections.

The history given by the Jews of Solomon is this, and it is more to the credit of Solomon than the other.

Solomon had in his power one of the apostate angels, Ashmeday by name, whom he carried about in a chain, like a dog. One day Solomon said to him, "How entirely I have got you in my power!" Ashmeday replied to him, "Only let me loose for a little moment, and then you will see what I can do!"

Solomon granted his request, and Ashmeday

gave him such a kick, that he was flung many thousand miles from his own country, and wandered about as a beggar in all the countries of the earth. During his absence, Ashmeday reigned in Jerusalem, and sat upon Solomon's throne, in the very figure and shape of Solomon. And it was not Solomon who had one thousand wives, but Ashmeday, in the figure of Solomon. And it was not Solomon who committed idolatry, but Ashmeday, in the figure of Solomon. And it was not Solomon who oppressed the people, but Ashmeday, in the figure of Solomon.

At last, after many years, Solomon returned from his wanderings, when he found Ashmeday sitting upon his throne, in his very figure. Then he said, "I am Solomon, and thou art a deceiver!" And Ashmeday said, "I am Solomon, and thou art a deceiver!"

They appealed to the great Sanhedrim. The Sanhedrim decided that some one should examine the feet of both; and it was found out that Solomon the exile had the feet of a man, but Ashmeday the feet of a cock. So they expelled Ashmeday from the throne by the ineffable name, and he was again put in chains by the authentic Solomon.

But Wolff remarked, that one of his ancestors, Rabbi Jonathan Eubeschütz, had Ashmeday perfectly in his power. One day, Ashmeday took a little child, and carried it away in the air, amidst its own screams and those of its parents. They indeed lamented and wept, but could not get back

their child, for it very soon was invisible in the air, and more distant than the stars. Rabbi Jonathan Eubeschütz was informed of this by the parents and family of the child, who desired his help, but he said, grumbling, "Why do you disturb me?" They replied, "Our child, our child!" "Well," said he, "send for the trumpeter" (who sounds the trumpet on the new year's day of the Jews).

The trumpeter came with the trumpet. The Rabbi said, "Set on, and blow."

The trumpet gave one sound, but no symptom of the return of the child was perceived.

"Sound again, a second blast of the trumpet!" cried the Rabbi.

But still there was no symptom as yet of the child.

"Blow again!" repeated the Rabbi.

No symptom as yet of the child.

Then Rabbi Jonathan Eubeschütz ordered the trumpeter to blow the trumpet much louder than before; when, suddenly, the screaming of an infant was heard, and Ashmeday appeared with it in his arms, crying out, "Here is the child—take it, and let me alone; make not such a noise!—Anything for a quiet life!"

To return to Ispahan. On Wolff's arrival there, the Governor handed him letters from that excellent man, Sir Henry Willock, his British Majesty's Envoy at the Court of Persia, informing him that he had recommended him to the Governor-General of Ispahan; and Wolff took up his abode in New

Julfa, a town in the outskirts of Ispahan. This town is entirely in the hands of the Armenians, descendants of those, who, centuries back, were brought by the great Shah Abbas from Old Julfa, in the Turkish Empire, to Ispahan, in order to cultivate the ground, and introduce industry into his empire. Julfa contained, in former times, above 60,000 Armenians; who had built there a beautiful monastery, in which Wolff lodged, and houses like palaces. But just at this time the place was greatly deserted, on account of the tyranny of the Persian Government.

Wolff conversed with Armenians and Jews there for a whole month, and then proceeded to Teheran, the capital of Fat-Oollah Shah, who had 300 wives, (given to him, no doubt, by Ashmeday!) Several of his wives were Jewesses, and it is the custom in Persia for all the wives at court to get distinguished names; as, for instance, Esther, which is taken from the Persian word, Astara, "A star," but which was not the Jewish, but the court name of that queen—her Jewish name being Hadasah. Another court name is Lulli, which means a "Pearl," and so on.

Wolff was received at Teheran, in the house of Sir Henry Willock, where he also met with Doctor McNeil, a highly-talented gentleman, who was sent to Persia by the East India Government, as Surgeon to the Embassy; and his talents subsequently raised him to the dignity of British Envoy in Persia, and he is now the Right Honourable Sir

John McNeil, who was also sent to the Crimea, as one of the commissioners of investigation. Sir Henry Willock and Dr. McNeil introduced Wolff to all the ministers of his Majesty; highly-bred and well-informed gentlemen they were.

It is worth while to describe three of them. Daood Khan was a gentleman who was acquainted with the history of the Church of Christ, and with the authors of it, such as Eusebius, Baronius, and the French Fleuri. He knew the writings of these men, which was really astonishing, and was acquainted with the heresies which were in the Church of Christ; and he made this most surprising remark, though a Muhammadan himself, that "Muhammad seemed to have been a disciple of Cerinthus and Arius."

The second of those gentlemen was Mirza Abd-Alwehab, who took an interest in all the exertions of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and, especially, in the controversies of Henry Martyn, of whom Mirza told Wolff, that forty learned men had tried to answer his arguments, and could not. Mirza Abd-Alwehab had a most pleasant countenance, and was of a more serious turn of mind than the majority of Persians are.

The third was Khosrof Khan, and a most extraordinary man. A Georgian by birth, he was chief eunuch, and one of the king's prime ministers; and he may be called the Muhammadan Swedenborg. He maintained, like Swedenborg, that he had intercourse with the inhabitants of the

other world. He was of a highly-intellectual mind, and could converse on every subject in the most rational manner; when, suddenly, he would fall down upon his face, and then rise, saying, "I have had a most remarkable conversation with the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Samuel;" and then he would give a most interesting description of their figures and appearance.

Wolff took, as it was always his wont to do, whenever he remained in a town for a while, a teacher of languages; so he took, while there, one of the first scholars of Persia, whose name was Mirza Ibrahim. And, as Ibrahim expressed a wish to go to England, and Wolff had observed his great talents, he took him with him as far as Constantinople. Thence Wolff sent him, at his own expense, to London; where Sir Gore Ouseley recommended him to the Haileybury College, where Ibrahim became professor of Persian and Arabic; and, having learned Latin and Greek, he translated Herodotus into Persian, and he remained at Haileybury from the years 1826 to 1847, when he retired, with a pension, to Persia.

After Wolff had conversed with the Muhammadan Moollahs, and the ministers of the king, at Teheran, Sir Henry Willock asked him, after they left the room, "Do you know what they told me? They said, 'This man rivets the attention to everything he says, for he speaks with such force, as none of the most eloquent of our nation could do; and, in spite too, of his foreign pronunciation, and

his foreign manners, he rivets us, because sincerity speaks out of him!'"

From Teheran, Wolff proceeded to Caswin, the ancient residency of the kings of Persia; where he preached the Gospel of Christ to Muhammadans, Jews, and Daoodee, a people who believe in the divinity of David; and to the Ali-Oollahe, who believe in the divinity of Ali. They are known by the following question:—"Where do you drink water?" Then, if they are really Ali-Oollahe, they will answer, stretching out their tongue, and say, "From the upper lip."

And one of the Princesses of the King of Persia, who resided there, sent to Wolff for a Persian Testament, and an English penknife. Wolff was glad to be able to furnish her Highness with both.

And thence he proceeded to Tabreez, where he took up his abode with that most excellent man, Dr. Cormick, who was married, by Henry Martyn, to a Chaldean Christian lady, who introduced Wolff to his royal Highness the great Abbas Mirza, Prince Regent of Persia. The history of that man is this:—

He was the eldest son of Fat-Oollah Shah, King of Persia. When his father became old and stricken in years, and, in short, too lazy to reign any longer; and was spending his days in counting his jewels, visiting his hareem—each time amidst the beating of drums—and visiting, sometimes, places in his empire, and threatening to visit others, in order to squeeze out money from the poor subjects; he

assembled all his sons together, and commanded them to bow down before Abbas Mirza, their elder brother, and acknowledge him as the rightful successor to the throne; and obey him from that time and henceforth, as the Nayeb Sultanah, which means, "The Lieutenant of Royalty," or, what we call in this country, "Prince Regent." They all bowed before Abbas Mirza, except one of the younger brothers, Muhammad Ali Mirza, Prince-Governor of Kermanjah, who sternly said to his Majesty, "As long as you, my royal father, are alive," here bowing his head, "I shall obey; but, as soon as your eyes are closed," (here pointing to his sword,) "this sword must decide who shall be King."

Then they retired from his Majesty's countenance, and from the presence of his "exalted beard," which is one of the greatest wonders of the world, if Sir Alexander Burns may be credited; and this he assured Fat-Oollah-Shah to his very face.

Muhammad Ali Mirza withdrew to his Government, in Kermanjah, and had his soldiers drilled under Messieurs Devaux, Court, Avitabile, and Ventura. Abbas Mirza also retired to the seat of his Government, Tabreez, the capital of Aderbijan, and he had his soldiers drilled by English officers, who were sent to him by the East India Company, such as Majors Hart and Monteith, and giant-like Sir Henry Bethune.

Muhammad Ali Mirza then tried to distinguish himself, and marched against Bagdad; but he died

on that expedition, as it is believed, by poison; and thus was Abbas Mirza liberated from his greatest enemy.

Wolff conversed with Abbas Mirza on religion, and he argued from reason. After that, Abbas Mirza desired Wolff to establish a school at Tabreez, and begged him to tell the English to send out teachers.

Wolff, on returning to Dr. Cormick, was embraced by an old friend, whom he had known in the College of the Propaganda, Bishop Shawris. Bishop Shawris was a Chaldæan bishop, under the obedience of the Church of Rome. Some of the Chaldæans are under their own bishops, and have their own Patriarch and Church; and these are called Nestorians. The rest are those who were converted from the Nestorian to the Roman Catholic Church; and of these was Bishop Shawris.

Nevertheless, he had been consecrated Bishop by Nestorian bishops; but, after a time, because this gave offence to his own people, they informed against him at Rome; and he was summoned by the Propaganda to come to Rome, and justify himself for having exercised the office of a bishop, without being canonically consecrated. He arrived in Rome in the year 1802, and presented himself to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda in his episcopal robes. He was desired to take them off, until his case had been thoroughly sifted; and there he remained until the year 1817, without ever having had his case examined or attended to.

Wolff was one day laughing, and very cheerful, in the Propaganda, in his company, when he said, in the presence of others, "Now you are laughing, but, should you ever fall into the hands of these cardinals, you will weep blood."

Wolff, struck with his words, wrote what he had said to Niebuhr; but the letter was intercepted by the College of the Propaganda, and it was one of the accusations brought against Wolff, afterwards, that he had "uncovered the Mother's shame."

Nevertheless, what Wolff had done had its fruits, as he heard from Bishop Shawris seven years afterwards, at their meeting in Teheran; for, eight months after Wolff's own banishment from Rome, Shawris received permission from the Propaganda to return to his country, though without being allowed to exercise episcopal functions. And he now told Wolff, that Cardinal Consalvi had said to him, "Now, you must pass through Vienna, and show yourself to Joseph Wolff, that he may see that justice has, after all, been done to you."

At the very time that Wolff met Shawris at Tabreez, he received a letter from the Rev. Henry Leeves, who told him to try and find out Bishop Shawris, to whom Leeves had given money, in order to procure a translation of the Bible into the Kurdish language. Wolff therefore went, with Shawris, to Ooroomia, the native place of Zoroaster, where the Chaldæan Catholics chiefly reside, and where Bishop Shawris had hopes of finding some one who would undertake the translation.

On their way to Ooroomia, both the Bishop and Wolff came to Salmast, where they met with Alexander Mirza, a relation of the late King of Georgia —the Georgian kings having their genealogy from King David. Wolff preached to the Chaldæans, Muhammadans, and Jews there, as well as at Bashkala, and Hosrowa, and Ooroomia, where thousands of Muhammadans came to hear him; and, besides expounding the Gospel to them, he gave them Bibles.

The Georgian king had been expelled from his capital, at Tiflis, by the Russians, who took possession of his country; and he retired into Persia to Salmast, where he died. Alexander Mirza begged Wolff to get the interest of the King of England to place him upon the Georgian throne, but Wolff could give him no hopes.

Wolff is entirely convinced that Asael Grant, the celebrated missionary of the Americans, is correct with regard to the Chaldæan Christians being descended from the ten tribes of Israel. They call themselves the children of Israel; and what right have we to doubt the account which they give of themselves?

Shawris found a person in Ooroomia who undertook to translate the Bible into the Kurdish language; but, after all, it came to nothing. The Patriarch of the Nestorians resided, at that time, at Cochanes, in the mountain. Those patriarchs are the lineal descendants of St. Peter; and,

whenever the mother, whose son is to be the successor of the Patriarch, is with child, she eats no meat; and, if a son is born, he is to be a patriarch, and if it is a daughter, she is to become a nun.

Wolff now returned to Tabreez, and departed for Tiflis. On his way to Tiflis, he arrived in the last frontier town of Persia, called Erivan, which was then (1825) in the possession of Persia. The Persians believed that Erivan never could be taken by the Russians, because it was protected by a talisman; but the Russians convinced them that they could uncharm a talisman, for they became masters of the town in the year 1826, when it was taken by General Paskewitsch.

Wolff rode from Erivan to Etsh-Miazin, which means, "The descent of the Only-Begotten," and which is situated at the foot of Mount Ararat, near the spot where Noah alighted and sacrificed, and where there is now a city built, called Nakht-shavan, which means, "Noah's descent." Upon the height of Mount Ararat, the ark of Noah is said to be still standing; but to no human being is granted the privilege of ascending the height, and beholding it. St. Jacob Nisibenus attempted it, and arrived halfway, but fell asleep there; and an angel appeared to him, and said, "Jacob, Jacob, desist from thy purpose; but, in order that thou mayest be satisfied, and that others may see that thou art favoured, thou shalt find a good piece of the ark on thy being awake." And so it came to pass, that when Jacob

awoke, he found a piece of the ark, which he brought to Etsh-Miazin, where it is preserved to this day, as Wolff can testify, for he has seen it.

Gregory Lusaworitsh, or "Gregory the Enlightener," preached in Etsh-Miazin; and 124,000 Armenians were converted and baptized in the river Euphrates. Gregory then prayed to God, that He would show him the place where he should build Him a church, and the Only-Begotten descended from heaven and showed him the spot; and there is now a mighty monastery standing, and three churches. Gregory sent many of the Armenian youths for study to Athens. Two of them, Mesrop and Isaac, gave new characters to the Armenian languages; and Mesrop translated the Bible into the Armenian tongue. The Armenians then went about, and preached the Gospel; and thus the Armenian nation was converted.

The Patriarch Ephraim was absent when Wolff arrived in Etsh-Miazin, and he wrote to him several letters, thanking him for the high interest he took in the Armenian nation, and expressed a great desire that Wolff should exert himself in England, that they might establish colleges in England in the place where he was dwelling, which they proposed doing at their own expense.

From Etsh-Miazin Wolff proceeded to Tiflis; and, after six days' journey, he arrived at the Russian cantonment; and it is extraordinary how, the moment he arrived there, he felt that he was under European power. Russian officers immedi-

ately received him into their small houses, vacated their beds, and offered him a bed to sleep in. Then he arrived at a village where all the people spoke German—for one of the seven churches built by Würtembergians stood there; and the emigrants, who cultivated the ground, were believers in Jacob Bœhme. This Teutonian Theosophos was originally a shoemaker, and his mystical writings occupied and engaged, in former times, the minds of Leibnitz and Sir Isaac Newton, as well as those of the inhabitants of the German cottages.

From thence Wolff proceeded to Tiflis, capital of Georgia, where he was received in the kindest manner by General Yermaloff, the Governor-general, and also by General Kotzebue, son of the great writer, Kotzebue, who was killed by Sand. There Wolff delayed for several weeks, and stopped with the missionary of the Basle Missionary Society. Wolff preached in Tiflis in German and English, and in Jewish German to the Polish Jews, who, though sometimes kicked and pelted by Georgians and Russians, are, nevertheless, cheerful and happy. They were just commemorating a wedding in the open street, which they never could do in Persia. While there, he arranged a plan with Saltet, the missionary, to visit that extraordinary man, Count Zaremba, missionary of the Basle Missionary Society, at the station called Shushee, in the province of Carabagh, in Armenia Major.

On his journey thither, he made acquaintance with the German colonists of Elisabethenthal, and

Kornthal, and Helenendorf, &c. They were all believers in the personal reign of Christ, and believed themselves to be the woman who was to fly into the wilderness, until Christ should come in glory and in majesty.

Wolff preached in all these villages. He met there a German missionary, Hohnacker by name, who had come from Shushee, where he had left Zaremba. Hohnacker was betrothed to a German colonist girl, who, he thought, had been sent to him by God, when he found her labouring in the field; and, at the very first moment, asking her if she would have him as a husband, she replied, "Yes!"

Wolff next arrived at Shushee, where he came to a house, in the corner of a room of which he saw a man in deep meditation and prayer. Wolff walked up to him, and asked him, "Are you Zaremba?" He replied in the affirmative. Wolff said, "I am Wolff." Zaremba fell around Wolff's neck, and kissed him, and shouted for joy. Zaremba then gave a holiday to his school, which consisted chiefly of Armenian children, but with a few Tatars and Muhammadans mixed. Zaremba's history is interesting.

Zaremba was a Russian count, private secretary to Capo d'Istria, Chancellor of Russia, in the time of Alexander I. He was an immense reader of every book he could meet with, and spoke twelve languages with the greatest fluency. He read the wanderings of Jung Stilling, and the Bible, which made him resign every worldly prospect of promo-

tion, and give up everything to become a missionary; for which end he went to Basle, where in due time they sent him to Tartary.

Wolff remained with him for about ten days, and then returned to Tiflis, where he had left his Persian companion. Here he fell exceedingly ill, but still he left Tiflis and came to Vlaticaucass, a miserable village at the foot of Mount Caucasus. His complaint was typhus fever; and, by the time he reached Vlaticaucass, he was too ill to go on, and laid himself down in the street, expecting to die there. There, however, he fell asleep, and a British officer passing by in his carriage, saw him, took him up, assisted him into the carriage, and conveyed him to Mostock, under the post-escort with which he was travelling for security against the Circassians. The posts were always escorted by artillery, and travellers were glad to avail themselves of it. This gentleman was Colonel Russel, afterwards Sir James Russel of Ashestiel, only lately dead. Colonel Russel left Wolff in the monastery of the Jesuits at Mostock; but as Père Henri, the Jesuit, continually bothered him during his delirium, by trying to convert him, Wolff actually crept out of the house, and was again found by Colonel Russel before he had got far from the place, and was taken by him to a German physician. The German physician treated Wolff very judiciously, so that, after ten days, he was able to proceed to Karrass, a town in the midst of Circassia, but belonging to the Russians. There

he was exceedingly well received by the missionaries, but now was seized with ague.

One morning tremendous shrieks were heard. Wolff asked the reason. The Circassians had broken through the Russian line, had taken prisoners sixteen German boys, who were quietly smoking their pipes; and having placed the boys upon their dromedaries, were flying with the swiftness of eagles towards the mountain. Wolff wrote an account of this to Mr. Venning in St. Petersburg; who, after Wolff's departure, sent to the parents several thousand roubles.

Wolff next set out in a German wagon, driven by a German colonist, to Nicolaif, where he was treated in the kindest manner by Admiral Greig, a Scotch gentleman, but Lord High Admiral of the Russian Fleet, who gave him letters for Count Woronzoff, Governor-General of Odessa. He did not leave Nicolaif until he had preached to the Jews, though he was still very weak. From thence, passing Cherson, where he met Jews of the highest intellect, to whom he preached the Gospel, he at last arrived at Taganrog, where his Majesty, the Emperor, sent to him Baron Friedrich and General Diebitsch, and desired them to tell Wolff that he would receive him next week in person; but that amiable Emperor, Alexander 1st, died in the mean time.

Wolff preached at Taganrog to thousands of Germans, and thence he went on to Kirtsh and Theodosia, also called "Kaffa," in the Crimea; and

thence to Simpheropol, where he lodged in the house of a Tatar Sultan, Kategerry Krimgherry, who had been sent some years before to Scotland by Alexander, had embraced the Christian religion among the Presbyterians, and had married Miss Nielson.

Wolff from thence made an excursion to the settlement of the Coraite Jews, who had been there from time immemorial. The place is called Jufutkala, the "Castle of the Jews," upon the height of the town, called Bakhtjeseray. The Empress Catharine was about to impose a tax upon them, when they sent in a petition, proving to her satisfaction, that they were of that tribe of Jews who had had no hand in the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Empress thereupon graciously freed them from the tribute; and it is most remarkable, that though proselytism is prohibited in Russia, those Coraites have converted, not by their preaching, but by the integrity, uprightness, and honesty of their conduct, many of the Russians to the Jewish religion. Let us cease from talking about the tyranny and despotism of Russia. The Crimea, from the moment that it fell into the hand of Russia, prospered. Mighty cities were erected, the wandering Nogay Tatars, who live in the Aral mountains, and even around Bokhara, and feed on human flesh, settled down in nice cottages in the Crimea, and lived in harmony and peace with the Germans, the Russians, and Greeks there.

On being with the Coraite Jews, Wolff found

that they well recollected that noble soul, Lewis Way. They went with Wolff to the Cemetery, where he was much struck by an epitaph, written in Hebrew, on a simple stone,

> "Thou hast been like to me,
> I shall be like to thee."

Wolff returned now to his friend the Sultan and his Scottish wife in Simpheropol, and proceeded in a German wagon to Odessa, where he stopped in the house of Superintendent-General Böttiger, a good-natured unfortunate man, who wept over his sins while he still continued to commit them, and ended his days in Siberia.

Wolff was allowed, by Count Woronzoff, to preach to the Jews, not only in their synagogues, but in the open street. He met at Odessa, a young German, Schauffler by name, a turner by trade, who copied Wolff's journal. Wolff observed his great talent for languages, and his piety; and resolved to take him with him to Constantinople. Wolff remained in Odessa till February 1826, when he determined to proceed to Constantinople in an English merchant vessel, called "The *Little*," and commanded by a captain also called "Little," who had his wife with him on board. On being applied to for a passage, the captain told Wolff that his ship was *too* "little," and that, besides that, he did not like parsons on board, because they bring bad weather. He therefore left Constantinople without Wolff. Wolff then made an agreement with the

captain of another English merchant vessel—Captain Newton of the "Thetis," and taking Schauffler and the Persian with him, he sailed off. After four days a heavy fog coming on, Captain Newton said, "Now let us kneel down and pray, we are in a most dangerous place;" all parts of the Black Sea being of very difficult navigation. Wolff offered up prayers, and the vessel sailed on, and arrived safely in the harbour of Constantinople. There Captain Newton took out the trumpet, and asked, "Has Captain Little arrived?" The answer was (also through a trumpet), "No, he and his wife, and every man on board, perished just at the entrance!"

Wolff was received most kindly and hospitably at Constantinople, in the house of the Rev. Henry Leeves, a man who has succeeded in conciliating both Greeks and Armenians, and has translated the Bible, with the assistance of a Greek Bishop, into the modern Greek language; and has, moreover, drawn the interest of thousands to the promotion of the circulation of the Word of God.

Wolff sent his friend Schauffler to an hotel, and told him to eat and drink just as he pleased, and he would pay for him; but as Schauffler never came for money, Wolff asked him, "Why do you never come to me for money?"

He replied, "I have sold my watch,"—such was the delicacy of this man. Wolff then went to the hotel and told the people, that they must not ask his friend for money, but that he would pay.

Wolff found out here that several Jews to whom he had preached at Jerusalem, had become Christians, and were at Constantinople. He also made an excursion to Adrianople, which almost cost him his life, for when he arrived there he preached not only to Jews, but also to Muhammadans, and circulated the Word of God among them openly, just at a time when the Muhammadans were in the wildest state of frenzy and hatred against the Christians, because the revolution of the Greeks was at its height.

So Wolff had scarcely left Adrianople half an hour, when the janissaries marched out to cut him to pieces. However, he managed to escape, and arrive safely in Constantinople again, where he was introduced to Sir Stratford and Lady Canning, with whom he dined. Sir Stratford warned Wolff not to go amongst Muhammadans at this critical moment; an injunction which he obeyed.

After this he was introduced to Sir Hudson Lowe, who was Governor of St. Helena in the time of Napoleon. Wolff was delighted with him, he was so full of information; and will stand up for him, in spite of all that is said against him by O'Meara and Las-Casas. Wolff then took up his abode with the Armenians at Constantinople, and learnt Turkish. When he left Constantinople, he proceeded to Broosa, where Hannibal died; and there he lived in the house of an English gentleman, and employed himself in reading Lord Byron's

"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and "Irving's Orations."

A Greek Prince soon called upon him, accompanied by his son; both these poor people had been exiled by the government to Prusa, and they were very anxious to hear political news from Wolff. The old Prince began his inquiries in this way:

"You are Signore Wolff?"

Wolff replied, "Yes."

The Prince.—"Dunque che dicono le Potenze?" (What do the sovereign powers say?)

Wolff answered, "Really I don't know."

The Prince.—"Oh, we know that you are a man of great information. Dunque che dicono le Potenze?"

Wolff.—"My mind was occupied with other things."

The Prince.—"Have you known Sir Stratford Canning?"

Wolff.—"Very well."

The Prince.—"Dunque che dicono le Potenze?"

And so on, till at last, after finding he could not succeed in hearing anything, he went home.

Wolff proceeded next to Smyrna, where he preached to the Jews, and gave lectures to the English and Italians, who were there; and then he embarked on board the English ship "Eblana," commanded by Captain Small; and after amusing himself for the two months he was there, by reading Rowland Hill's "Dialogues," preaching to the sailors, and making a collection from them, for the

Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, he arrived safely in the harbour of Dublin, in Ireland, in the month of May, 1826.

Wolff gave the following lively account of the conclusion of his voyage, in a letter to Sir Thomas Baring:—"We arrived in Dublin harbour at midnight, after a voyage of two months. We were not allowed to land for three days, and, as we were quite starved out, I sent on shore for a splendid dinner for myself, as well as for the captain and his wife, —ordering salmon, turkey, turtle soup, pudding, apple-pie, jelly, and a handsome dessert, so that the hotel-keeper, when reading over the list, said, 'This reverend gentleman knows also about the good things of this world!'"

During his stay in Dublin, Wolff spoke in the Rotunda, and he afterwards spent some days with Lord Roden and the Archbishop of Tuam,—and in the palace of the latter he was shaved by an old woman, who made him pay 2*s.* 6*d.* for the job.

For his public addresses he was attacked by the Roman Catholics in Ireland. Lalor Sheil called him "Baron von Münchausen," "Katerfelto," "Mendez," "Wolff, the Old Clothesman, of Monmouth Street, London," &c., &c. And Wolff, in anger —certainly not in the true spirit of Christ—called him a liar in return. He also wrote a wild letter to Bishop Doyle, offering to visit him, and stay in his house for some days, for the purpose of arguing with him—a foolish proceeding, which Bishop Doyle received in a dignified but cold manner,

writing to him to the effect, that he was perfectly well acquainted with the reasons for which the Cardinal-prefect removed Mr. Wolff from the Propaganda; and that he would receive him, but not as a guest, should he, when weary of his present pursuits, wish to return to the sobriety of true religion.

It is here to be observed, that, even in the midst of Wolff's public diatribes against the Church of Rome, he invariably spoke of Pope Pius VII., and Cardinal Litta, with the regard and affection he really felt for them, and acknowledged the good he had received from his residence in the Propaganda; but, in spite of this, the Irish Roman Catholics, naturally excitable, and driven to greater lengths probably, by wild Protestant outcries, continued to abuse Wolff in no measured terms, and Wolff retorted upon them in their own style. By the Protestant party in Ireland, it need scarcely be said that he was received with the most cordial kindness, both on this occasion, and every other, of his visiting that country.

At the end of a few weeks, Henry Drummond and Irving sent for Wolff to come to London; and, as he had been lately reading Irving's celebrated "Orations," he was extremely anxious to see him, and not the less so from Irving's having mentioned Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier with great admiration.

Wolff accordingly arrived in London, and was not disappointed in his expectations of Irving. Even at the first interview, he was struck with him

as a very remarkable man; and he often afterwards said, that he quite bore out Chalmers' account of him, that he was "like the sun, with a few spots upon it." But Wolff even goes beyond this, and thinks that many things, which Chalmers considered spots, were not so in reality. And, although he never accepted his new doctrine of the unknown tongues, he has never liked to speak against it.* Of one thing, however, he is perfectly certain, namely, that Irving had, what may be called, the organ of being humbugged; no deceiver himself, he was yet liable to be deceived by others.

On his arrival in London, Wolff went at once, by arrangement, to Irving's house. It was nine o'clock at night, and Irving was not at home, but had left word that Wolff was to follow him to the house of Lady Olivia Sparrow, where he was dining. Thither he accordingly proceeded, and saw Irving for the first time; and it was on this occasion, also, that he was first introduced to Lady Georgiana Walpole, daughter of the Earl of Orford, who, in February, 1827, became his wife.

When the party broke up, at about eleven o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Irving took Wolff home with them to their house, where he slept. Before going to bed, Wolff said to Irving, "I cannot shave my-

* Neander, in his "History of the Apostolic Ages," and the great Thiersch, perfectly agree with Irving, that those tongues spoken on the day of Pentecost, were not foreign dialects, but a kind of ecstatic ebullition. See Neander's "Geschichte der Christlichen Kirche durch die Apostel."

self; can you get me a barber for to-morrow morning?"

"At what o'clock," inquired Irving, gravely, "shall you want the barber?"

Wolff said, "At seven." And Irving told him one should be provided, and bade him good-night.

Wolff described Irving, as he stood before him that evening, as a tall, majestic man, with a quantity of dark hair flowing down over his shoulders, after the manner of the pictures of our Lord; a slight cast in his eye; an expression of deep thought over his face, and his whole bearing as of one who would soar aloft into higher regions.

On the following morning, at seven o'clock, some one knocked at Wolff's door. And when he had called out, "Come in," the door opened, and the mighty Irving himself appeared in the capacity of barber, with a suitable apron tied round him, and shaving apparatus in his hand. And thus Irving shaved Wolff with his own hands; and, moreover, continued to do so, not only as long as Wolff remained in the house with him, but even at times afterwards, whenever Wolff went to him for the purpose.

And the fact did not remain unknown. Ten days after the first operation, Irving and Wolff were walking together in a street, near Oxford Street, when they observed a crowd round a bookseller's shop, and, going up to the window, they found it was caused by a caricature representing Irving in the act of shaving a *wolf*. Irving did

not even smile, but, turning to his friend, said, "Never mind, Wolff, I shall shave you again. Come along." And they went away amidst the amused laughter of the lookers-on.

After a few days, Henry Drummond invited Wolff to Albury Park, near Guildford, in Surrey, to be present at the great conference that was to take place there, among a chosen set of friends, upon unfulfilled prophecies. The consultations lasted a week, during which time the consulters lived together under Drummond's roof. Among them were Dr. Macneil, Lord Mandeville (afterwards Duke of Manchester), Lord Riley, Dodsworth, Dr. Marsh, Frere, Simons of Paul's Cray, Haldane Stuart, Cunningham of Lainshaw, &c., Drummond, Irving, and Wolff. There they discussed the personal reign of Christ, and future renovation of the earth; the restoration and conversion of the Jews; and judgments on the Christian Church for their infidelity and unfaithfulness;—each person speaking out his peculiar views, and all referring to Wolff upon the texts of the original Hebrew. These dialogues were subsequently printed, and the opinions of each given under fictitious names: Wolff's sobriquet being "Josephus," Irving's, "Athanasius," &c., &c.

The result of these meetings was, that all became of opinion that the system of interpreting fulfilled prophecy, in a grammatical, historical, or, as it is commonly, but not quite correctly, called, *literal* sense; and unfulfilled prophecy in a *phantomizing*, or,

what is commonly called, spiritual manner, is a miserably rotten system, and one leading to infidelity.

One particular instance may be given, as it is one of which Wolff experienced the power and effect during the whole of his after life, in speaking both to Jews and Gentiles.

In Luke i. ver. 30, 31, 32, 33, read, "And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with God. And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS! He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David. And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Now, every one admits that the first two of these verses, and half the third, are to be interpreted in a grammatical, historical sense; for they have already had a grammatical, historical fulfilment. The Virgin has brought forth a son, his name was called Jesus, and he was called "The Son of the Highest." But the prophecy does not stop here. It goes on to say, "The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever." How is this to be interpreted? Spiritually, figuratively—anyhow but grammatically—say the generality of readers. But against this arbitrary and most unjustifiable change in the system of interpretation of one prophecy, Wolff protests, as an almost blasphe-

mous trifling with the Word of God. Assuredly, the whole of the 3rd and 4th verses of this prophecy must be read in the same historical, grammatical sense as the two preceding ones. As the Virgin did verily conceive, and bring forth, the Son Jesus, so verily and really—not spiritually or in a phantomizing mannner—shall that Son Jesus, one day, "Sit upon the throne of his father David, and reign over the house of Jacob for ever." That is, He shall come personally to earth once more, in the third and last office to which He was anointed —namely, that of King. As Prophet and Priest He has been with us already; as King He has yet to come.

The value of this argument with the Jews, is incalculable. On the other plan, the Jews, who have always been looking for the advent of the Messiah as King, have a great advantage in their discussions with Wolff, and other Christians. For against the spiritual interpreters, that is the phantomizers, of the 3rd and 4th verses, they had always to object the utter inconsistency of their two methods of explanation. But, on the contrary, Wolff found the Jews incapable of defending themselves against the grammatical, historical interpretation of the whole.

It has often been represented, as the fundamental error of the Jews, that they expected the Messiah to establish a temporal kingdom; "whereas," say those who hold this view, "the Messiah's kingdom was to be only a spiritual one."

Wolff says to this, "I challenge the whole Christian Church to produce one single passage of the New Testament, by which it can be proved that the error of the Jews consisted in their expecting the Messiah to come as a temporal king; or which countenances the notion that Christ's kingdom was to be only a spiritual one. Neither Christ, nor His apostles, ever once reproved the Jews for their expectations of Him as a king. The real error of the Jews consisted not in that;—in that they were *right*;—but their error was, as Christ told them, that they were 'fools, and slow of heart to believe ALL that the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?' They were not wrong in believing the glory, but in not recognizing the sufferings which were to precede the glory."

And there are many Christians who commit the opposite mistake. They are ready to believe in the sufferings, but doubt about, and try to explain away, the glory, in spite of the prophecies connecting one with the other.

"There is, however, one great error," Dr. Wolff says, "among those who accept unfulfilled prophecy, as they ought to do, in its grammatical, historical sense, and which," he adds, "has never been pointed out before."

They speak of the final restoration of the Jews, and of their conversion, in such a way as to make Christians believe that there are no promises for the nations at large in Scripture; and that the Jews

shall be above all, and that all the rest of the nations shall be exterminated—though this is not expressed by them in so many words. Now, although Wolff believes that there shall come judgments over the Gentile churches, and over other nations, yet he does not believe that there is one single prophecy, in the whole of Scripture, which says, that the Jews shall be above the nations, and much less above the Christian Church; and the Jerusalem above, which shall come down from heaven, will be filled with all nations, kindred, and tongues; and then there shall be neither Jew nor Gentile, but all shall be one in Christ Jesus. And those who undertake to interpret prophecy, ought to be on their guard, lest they fall into the error of Cerinthus, who made all our happiness consist in inferior pleasures; in short, we must take care that we do not become Muhammadans—sensualizers.

Dr. Wolff is also happy to observe that the greater number of the believers in the personal reign of Christ have renounced the belief that the Pope is the Antichrist; and he is, with them, firmly convinced that the Antichrist is still to come.

Another result of those conferences in Albury Park,—the dwelling of that extraordinary, most amiable, and oldest friend of Wolff, Henry Drummond,—has been, that people have seen the importance of revising other points which seem to have been settled by Protestants; but for which assumption there is no certain warrant from Scripture.

For example, Wolff pointed out two errors of this kind at the time.

First, it is an assumed maxim of the Protestants, that miracles were to cease when the apostles died.

Secondly, Wolff threw out the hint, that Protestants undervalued tradition too much; for, without tradition, we cannot understand the meaning of Scripture.

Wolff, soon after these conferences, travelled about all over England, Wales, and Scotland, with the Deputation of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. And then he was united, by the hands of that holy man of God, Charles Simeon, to (as Dr. Wolff continually calls her) his "darling angel in earthly shape." Previous to his union with her, he voluntarily gave to her brother, the Earl of Orford, an undertaking in writing, by which he renounced all claims to a life interest in her property, in case of her death. But Dr. Wolff will not allow to have paraded before the world her great practical talents and intellectual gifts, her active usefulness, her piety, and her affection; and therefore he concludes to spare his own feelings by saying no more about that heavenly being. After his marriage, Wolff was naturalized as an Englishman, before both Houses of Lords and Commons.

Wolff visited, with his family, that man of God, Simeon, in Cambridge; and he again repeats, that Simeon was a good sound Churchman; and if he

was now alive, he and Archdeacon Denison would love each other as brothers in Christ. And Dr. Wolff subscribes *ex toto animo* to Simeon's views on baptismal regeneration; and Dr. Hook, the Dean of Chichester, agrees also with Simeon on this point.

In April, 1827, Wolff set out with his wife for Amsterdam, where he preached the Gospel to the Jews, who, to this day, make proselytes to the Jewish religion. They had, a hundred years ago, a great Rabbi, Isaac Ger by name, who was born a Roman Catholic, and became a priest, and then embraced Judaism. Wolff made acquaintance there with the famous Isaac da Costa, and Dr. Kappadose; both of them sincere converts from Judaism to Christianity. He was also struck by a young Jew, who had become a Christian, but continued to live in the house of his Jewish parents, who treated him with great kindness.

Wolff delivered lectures in the Athenæum at Amsterdam, for the Universities of Leyden and Utrecht, and made the acquaintance of the Jansenists, and their Archbishop. Among these are holy and good men to this day; and one of their priests gave Wolff the writings of Quesnelles.

Wolff asked the Jansenist Bishop, whether they really believed the so-called five propositions of Cornelius Jansenius, which are condemned by the Church of Rome as heretical? The Bishop, whose name was Monseigneur Tett, replied, "We condemn and anathematize those five propositions as hereti-

cal; but we say that those five propositions, said by the Church of Rome to be in the book of Cornelius Jansenius called 'Augustinus,' are not to be found there. And we have, over and over again, offered prizes to any Roman Catholics, who will show us those five propositions in Jansenius's book. And therefore we are condemned, because, while condemning those propositions, which are considered as heretical by the Church of Rome, we believe our senses, and deny that they can be found in the book 'Augustinus.' So it has come to pass, that whenever an Archbishop is elected at Utrecht, we send to Rome to the Pope for his confirmation; on which the Pope requires us to condemn first of all, the five propositions. To this we reply, 'With all our heart.' But then we are required to say those five propositions are in the book 'Augustinus,' and to this we reply, that 'we cannot find them there.' Then the Pope says, 'I say that they are there.' To this we say, 'We appeal to a general council. Let a general council determine whether they are in the book or no.' On which an anathema is pronounced against the Jansenists. After this we proceed at once to the consecration of the Archbishop, without troubling ourselves further about the Pope."

Monseigneur Jean Bon, Bishop of the Jansenists at Haarlem, showed to Wolff the famous book of Jansenius, and that portion of it was pointed out to him, in which the Roman Catholics maintained (but quite unjustly), that the five propositions were

to be found; and he was also made acquainted with the five propositions. The Jansenists call themselves, not Jansenists, but "L'Ancien Clergé Catholique."

The five propositions, said to be contained in the book called, *Cornelii Jansenii Episcopi Yprensis Augustinus*, are as follows:—

1. Some commandments of God are impossible for righteous men to observe in their present state, even should they desire to observe them, and were to strive so to do, in their own strength, if the special grace is wanting.

2. In the state of unrenewed nature, grace is more easily resisted than in a renewed state.

3. In order to have merit or demerit in a corrupt state of nature, it is not requisite that man should have liberty that exempts him from the necessity of willing or acting, but a liberty that disengages him from restraint is sufficient.

4. The Semi-Pelagians admit the necessity of internal preventive grace for all good actions, even for the commencement of faith; and they are heretics inasmuch as they say that this grace is such, that human will can either resist or obey it.

5. It is speaking like a Semi-Pelagian, to say that *Jesus Christ died for all men*, without excepting one.

Wolff, always anxious to embrace any opportunity of saying a word in season to any lost sheep of the house of Israel, sought to engage Mr. Meyer, a clever Jewish lawyer, and member of the Senate

of Amsterdam, in argument. This gentleman had a high repute amongst his brethren, who esteemed him second only to Maimonides himself. Wolff thus addressed him by letter:—

"DEAR SIR,

"You will excuse the liberty I take in addressing these lines to you. I detest the covert manner of the Jesuits, and therefore tell you, with all openness, that the object of this letter is to obtain an interview with you, that I may have the opportunity of speaking with you, concerning the Gospel of Jesus Christ, in whom alone I believe salvation is to be found. I am a missionary of the Gospel, and have travelled through Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Persia, and should consider it a particular favour, if you will allow me to speak with you concerning the hope which is in me. The favour of an answer would particularly oblige,

"Your humble Servant,

"JOSEPH WOLFF."

The following answer was received:—

"Mr. Meyer presents his respects to Mr. Joseph Wolff, and being neither a Christian, nor anywise prepared to converse about the Gospel, or belief, must decline any visit on that account."

"*May* 1, 1827."

This repulse was considered by the Jews a masterpiece of diplomatic tact, the production of a great man, and evincing deep knowledge of the

human heart; in short, a triumphant display of Hebrew genius.

Wolff then proceeded, with Lady Georgiana, to Zeist; and they were accompanied by Mr. Reichardt, the missionary of the London Jews' Society. Zeist is entirely a Moravian settlement, where men and women are separated from each other. Wolff attended, in company with Reichardt, the Divine service of the Moravians. They sing a hymn, and drink a cup of tea, which is handed to every one present, together with a Dutch bun, called "Zwieback." Wolff ate his portion of Zwieback, and drank his tea, which were very good. Reichardt had placed his portion of refreshment near Wolff, who was sitting close beside him, and Wolff took hold of Reichardt's Zwieback and tea, and consumed them both, to the great chagrin of poor Reichardt.

Wolff was amused by a conversation Reichardt had with one of the Moravians, on the importance of converting the Jews.

Moravian.—"Give up the idea of converting the Jews; they will never be converted." Reichardt coolly said, "Who told you so?" Wolff never saw any one so utterly taken aback as the Moravian was.

Wolff then set out, with Reichardt, for Germany, to meet his mother and sister, whom he had not seen for eighteen years. He met them at Düsselthal, a place where he had appointed to meet them, for they resided at Munich. The moment Wolff saw his mother and sister, they both wept, and his mother said, "To-day, I have borne thee

again!" Wolff had the unspeakable joy of preaching the Gospel to the Lutheran congregation; his mother and sister listening to the sermon, for the former said, "Nothing should prevent her hearing her son preach, though she was a Jewess." She wept the whole time he preached.

Düsselthal belonged to the Count Von der Recke; and in his presence, as well as in the presence of other Christians, Wolff's mother began in this way to address him:—"My dear child, I have no rest; for, if you are right, you will be happy in the other world, and I unhappy: if you are wrong, what an awful sight this would be for me, in the other world, to see your shadow flying from mine, lost in hell!" All who were present wept, and she went on, "Do you think that Abraham was wrong? and that Isaac, Jacob, and Moses were wrong? and all the prophets were wrong? and our Rabbis are wrong?" Wolff needs not to repeat his answers, for every believer in Christ will know that he proved to her that in Christ Jesus all the prophecies are, in a great degree, fulfilled; and that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had desired to see this day, but saw it not. With God's grace, his arguments were instrumental in converting his sister, Jette, who was then instructed by Dr. Krummacher, the author of "Elijah the Tishbite." She was afterwards baptized by him, and has ever remained a consistent Christian, and is now married to Mr. Pflaum, in Baireuth, in New Bavaria.

Wolff then returned to London, and, on July 26, sailed, as he expresses himself, with her who is now his glorified angel, for Gibraltar. He stopped a few days at Cadiz and Lisbon, and arrived safely at his destination. His reason for going to Gibraltar was, that he was now a credited missionary of the London Society, and was on his way to the East to preach the Gospel there. Wolff, during his stay there, made the following appeal to the Jews:—

"DEAR BRETHREN,

"Seven years have passed since I was the first time in this place, proclaiming to you the tidings of salvation by Jesus of Nazareth. I found but little candour among you. The most learned of you have been called to answer, but were never able to do so with reason, for the truth of the Gospel is too clear to be obscured by sophistry, either of rabbis or of philosophers.

"You, Jews of Gibraltar, were the first among whom I commenced my missionary career; and if I was not convinced, by the grace of the Lord, that the word of Jesus Christ is a hammer which smiteth rocks in pieces, I should at that time have been discouraged, for you were impenetrable as the rock of Gibraltar itself; but the love of Christ constrained me, and your hardness of heart, and your blindness, convinced me more of the necessity and the importance of preaching to our brethren the Gospel of Christ, in which I have found for my own soul joy, liberty, and abundance of peace. I

went to Egypt four times, thence twice through the deserts of Arabia; my feet stood upon Mount Sinai, Mount Zion, and Calvary; and thence I went to Mesopotamia and Persia; and often, in hunger and thirst, and amidst the persecution I suffered in my travels, I proved to the Jews that Jesus was that Seed of Abraham in whom all the nations of the earth were to be blessed; that Jesus of Nazareth was that Shiloh, who came after the sceptre of Judah had departed; that Jesus was the promised Prophet, like unto Moses: for He was rejected like Moses; He was an intercessor like Moses; He performed signs and wonders like Moses; and, being the very image of the invisible God, He saw his Father face to face like unto Moses; He proclaimed a covenant and a law like Moses; He was persecuted like Moses. Walking upon Zion, I proved to the literal children of Zion that Jesus was that Son of the Virgin—that Immanuel, who was a sanctuary and a rock of offence to both the houses of Israel. To the Jews at Jerusalem, at the ruined wall of their ancient Temple, I proved that Jesus was that Root of Jesse, upon whom the Spirit of the Lord rested, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge, and the fear of the Lord. Walking with the Jews upon the Mount of Olives, I proved to them, that Jesus was that Child which was born to us, and that Son which was given us, whose name is Wonderful! Counsellor! Mighty God! Everlasting Father! Prince of Peace! And, going with the

Jews of Jerusalem towards Bethlehem, I proved to them that Jesus, who was born at Bethlehem, must have been that Man of whom it is said, 'But thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me, that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from old, from everlasting.' And in the case of Jeremiah, I reminded them of the words of the prophet, that the Anointed of the Lord was taken in their pits, *i. e.*, received of the Gentiles, of whom the Jews said, 'Under his shadow we shall live among the heathen.' (Lam. iv. 20.) And day and night I tried to convince thy nation that Jesus of Nazareth was He who had borne our grief, and carried our sorrows, and who was taken from prison and from judgment. And at the sepulchre of Haggai I proved to them, that Jesus was that desire of the nations predicted in that same prophet. And though I was thus forced to remind my Jewish brethren of their guilt and crime, in approving of the murderous act of our ancestors, I left them not comfortless; for, at the sepulchre of Zechariah, I showed to them, that 'the Lord will pour out the spirit of grace and supplication upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and they shall look upon Him whom they have pierced, and mourn.'

"Men and Brethren of Gibraltar!—I am now again on the point of returning to the city of Jerusalem, and I exhort and beseech you, for the last time—for your souls' sake—to pray to the

Lord Jehovah, that He may open your heart and your ears: for whilst you are circumcised in the flesh, you are uncircumcised in heart and ears; and that you may cease from being murderers and betrayers of your own souls, by trampling under foot the blood of Jesus Christ, and approving of the act of our ancestors, in having slain the Lord of glory.

"Men and Brethren of Gibraltar!—Believe in Jesus Christ, and you will have a testimony without you, in which thousands of evidences have concurred, and you will have a testimony within you, which likewise has been confirmed by the concurrent experience of thousands. *You will see, you will know, you will enjoy the truth;* and you will find that in your afflictions, distresses, and *temptations*, the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ will be made perfect in your weakness, and the power of Christ will rest upon you. You shall be blessed in your coming in, and you shall be blessed in your going out, and you will stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. Believe in Jesus Christ, and the Lord shall establish you, Jews of Gibraltar, a holy people to Himself; and the Lord shall make you, Jews of Gibraltar, the head, and not the tail; and you shall be above, and you shall not be beneath.

"But you, Jews of Gibraltar, rich and poor, if you will not hearken unto the voice of the Lord your God, and should reject the Gospel of Christ, then beware lest all these curses shall come upon you, and overtake you: 'Cursed shall you

be in the city, and cursed shall you be in the field; and cursed shall be your basket, and your store; cursed shall be the fruit of your body, and the fruit of your land; cursed shall you be when you come in, and cursed shall you be when you go out. And the Lord shall send upon you cursing, vexation, and rebuke.'

"Would to God that I could conscientiously say, that I hope better things of you, Jews of Gibraltar; but I can scarcely hope. I am afraid that you will reject my exhortation; you will despise this appeal of your brother; you will go on in boasting that you are the sons of Abraham, without having the faith of Abraham; you will go on in being proud of your Talmudical wisdom; you will continue to be contented in being well off in temporal respects; but I have done my duty. And I again call heaven and earth to witness, that there is but one name given in heaven and on earth by which men can be saved, and this is the name of Jesus Christ. If you reject my exhortation, I am clear of your blood; and the Lord delivers me from blood-guiltiness, for I have warned you. Speak ye, therefore, 'Blessed be He, who cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosannah to the Lord in the highest.' And then the Gentiles, true believers in Christ, will rejoice with the descendants of his ancient people, residing at Gibraltar.

"Joseph Wolff,
"Missionary to the Jews in Palestine."

Sir George Don, Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar, and his whole staff, and Lady Don, paid the utmost attention and kindness to Wolff, and her who was his darling wife.

There was residing in the town of Gibraltar, at this time, a Jew, Jonas by name, who, one day, came to Wolff in a greatly excited state, having read his appeal to the Jews, and he said to him, "I will show to you a text from Moses, our great prophet—hear it! He says, in Deuteronomy xiii. 1, 2, 3, 'If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods which thou hast not known, and let us serve them, thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams, for the Lord your God proveth you to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul.'" And then he read a part of the 5th verse, "And that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams, shall be put to death." "Now, you are come among us," cried Jonas, "and you tell us, 'Let us go after three gods,' and therefore you deserve to be put to death!" Wolff replied, "Show me that I believe in three gods." Jonas answered, "You believe Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Wolff replied, "Does not Moses say, 'Is He not thy Father?' and does not David tell us that the Lord says, 'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee;' and does not Isaiah say,

'They vexed his holy Spirit'?" Wolff had often to encounter this argument from the Jews.

Jonas then broke off, and said, "I was rather startled with one announcement in your appeal, and thought, at the first impulse, that you must be a holy man, because you gave us to understand that you walked upon Mount Zion; but I recovered myself on reading the following passage, which I now beg you to read aloud, Lamentations v. 18, and I knew at once that you answer to that description. Read it aloud!" Then Wolff read, with a loud voice, "Zion is desolate, *the foxes walk upon it!*" "There!" he exclaimed, "you have at least fulfilled this prophecy! But," added he, "you are a personage of another description, also mentioned in Holy Writ, because you give us to understand that you have travelled much here upon earth. Read in Job i. 6, 'Now there was a day, when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.'" Wolff answered the whole with a hearty laugh.

Oddly enough, when Wolff was telling the Jews in Jerusalem of his travels in Persia, and other countries, one present referred him to the same passage in Job. And, moreover, the reader will smile to learn that a brother clergyman in England, who was attending a meeting for propagating the

Gospel in foreign parts, and who was an intimate friend of Dr. Wolff, coolly said in his speech, "We all must stand back when Dr. Wolff speaks, for he comes from going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." This was the Rev. William Marshall, rector of Ilton.

After about a fortnight, Wolff embarked for Malta, and there all his friends rallied around him; among them were Sir Frederic and Lady Emily Ponsonby; and here was Lady Georgiana Wolff confined of her first child, which died afterwards in Cyprus, ten months old.

After remaining some months at Malta, Wolff proceeded alone, in the frigate "Isis," commanded by Sir Thomas Staines (who had his wife on board, because he had only one arm, and her presence was allowed as a favour), for Smyrna. On the passage, one day, Wolff was sitting at dinner in the Captain's cabin, with Lieutenants Sainthill and Garnier, when Lieutenant Sainthill sniffed with his nose, and exclaimed, "There is fire on board!" Wolff immediately sprang on deck, and shouted out, "Sailors, down, all of you, into the cabin; fire is on board!" The sailors stood as quiet as mice, and asked, "*What* does he say?" Wolff shouted again, "Down, down into the cabin; there is fire on board!" And, actually, one of them was induced to obey the order, for doing which, he narrowly escaped a flogging. Presently, Lieutenant Sainthill came on deck, and said, "Do not be frightened, Wolff; the fire is out." The whole affair was

simply this:—There was a chaplain on board, by name Salvin, a most excellent man, but very absent; and, in a fit of absence, the poor fellow forgot to put out a candle, which he had had in his cabin, while he sat reading a book; and so a curtain took fire, which was immediately extinguished, but it nevertheless left a smell of burning.

The officers made great fun of Wolff after this occurrence; and Sir Thomas Staines told him, that passengers were never allowed to make an alarm. He added, "I see you have hurt your nose; you fell upon it as you hurried up on deck;" which was true enough. A full history of this was written to Malta for the general amusement.

Wolff reached Smyrna in December, 1827, just a few weeks after the battle of Navarin. On coming into the harbour, they found it full of English ships of war, and also French and Russian vessels, which had been in the battle of Navarin; and they had all their admirals and captains on board. Among them were also the three ambassadors—English, French, and Dutch. Sir Stratford Canning came on board the "Isis," and was not a little surprised to see Joseph Wolff among the passengers. Wolff's friend, the Reverend Mr. Leeves, Agent-General of the British and Foreign Bible Society, came to him, and said, "'Now, Wolff, pray do not make a noise in this country; if you do, you will be cut to pieces by the Turks." He told him of the rage of the Sultan Mahmood, when he heard that his fleet had been destroyed at Navarin;

for, in his first fury, he had given orders to kill all "the infidel ambassadors." This, however, his privy-council prevented him from doing; and the great Sir Stratford Canning sent the Sultan word, "That if he intended to do any such thing, he had best, first of all, build himself a castle in the air to take refuge in!"

Wolff remained only a few days in Smyrna, and then (January, 1828) sailed for Egina, near Athens, in the "Cambrian" frigate, commanded by Captain Rohan Hamilton, which frigate was afterwards wrecked at Carabusa.

Athens was at that time in the hands of the Turks, and besieged by the Greeks. Egina was filled with English, French, Italians, and Poles. Among the English were there, Captain Felix and Lord Prudhoe. Wolff circulated the New Testament and Tracts amongst the Greeks, and wrote a letter to the Government of Greece, desiring them to extend that liberty, which they themselves now enjoyed, to the Jews, and not persecute them. This letter attracted the attention of every member of the Government, so that Prince Mawrocordato, and Monsieur Tricoupi, now Ambassador in London, called upon Wolff, and conversed with him on the subject of his mission. Wolff had cause to admire the high talents of both these gentlemen. Tricoupi was a *protégé* of Lord Guildford, and had had his education in the college at Corfu.

Those in England, who consider the Greek priesthood as a set of ignorant and superstitious people,

ought to be informed that many of them have had their education, not only under their great countryman—Korais, who resided at Paris, and who is celebrated as philosopher, historian, and grammarian—but also have studied in the Universities of Göttingen and Heidelberg.

So hospitably was Wolff received that he had not to spend a single farthing either in coffee-houses or hotels in Egina; and he never experienced one single slight from any of the Greeks for his having been born of Jewish parents; and he is convinced that the Greeks are capable of the highest moral and scientific cultivation, so that he hopes that a Greek will one day reascend the throne of Byzantium; and that the indolent, heavy, cruel, and barbarous Turk, filled with all possible immorality, will be expelled from Europe. For neither the Khat-Sherif of the drunken Sultan, Abdul-Medjid, nor the concourse of Italian Carbonari, and French Jacobins, nor English Socialists, will ever be able to bring life into the cadaverous body of the Turk. Muhammadanism has been established by the sword, and Muhammadanism must perish by the sword. Christianity, in its most deformed condition, is better than Muhammadanism in its most enlightened state.

Enough of them! One thing must, however, be observed. Justice must be done even to the Turks. Wolff never received one single insult from them any more than from the Greeks, or from any other nation of the East, for his having once been of the Jewish persuasion.

Wolff left Egina and went to Syra in a boat. It was a remarkable place. The Greeks below in the valley belonged to the old Orthodox Greek Church, and those on the heights of Syra to the Obedience of Rome. Syra was filled with Philhellenists, of all nations. With some of them Wolff was rather agreeably disappointed. As, for instance, with the Germans Goss and Köring. From Syra Wolff sailed to Milo, in an old Greek merchant vessel. At Milo he was kindly received by the English agent, who was a Greek. In his house he met with Peckham Miller, an American Philhellenist, who had under his care a Greek boy, seven years of age, whose father had been killed by the Turks. With him he sailed towards Cephalonia. Not far from Navarin, the ship was pursued by Greek pirates; but they escaped these pursuers, and Wolff and his companions arrived safely in the harbour of Navarin, where he saw the wrecks of the ships which had been destroyed in the great battle; and the Turks, being still enraged, fired at the ship in which Wolff was.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER; IONIAN ISLANDS; THE DESERT AND HOLY LAND; JERUSALEM AGAIN; IS POISONED.

THEY sailed away from Navarin, and, passing on towards Cephalonia, the ship was dashed to pieces on rocks; but Wolff, his companions, and the crew, saved themselves in a boat; and thus arrived in a most destitute state in the harbour of Cephalonia, where, soon after their arrival, the greatest man, whom not only England, but all nations have for centuries had—a man whose fame resounds from England to Bokhara, and to the walls of China,—made his appearance on the shore, with convulsive eyes and shoulders, with fire-flashing glances, and a pleasant countenance. This man was at that time Colonel Charles James Napier, afterwards General Sir Charles James Napier. Thus, again, a British officer appeared at a time when Joseph Wolff was in the greatest distress.

The first thing that extraordinary man said, was, "I know your sister-in-law, Lady Catherine Long, very well. She is one of the prettiest women I ever saw." This was spoken to Wolff through the *Parlatorio*, as it is called, *i. e.*, the iron grating of the Lazzaretto, in which all-new-comers are placed before being allowed to go on shore. He then added, "Now, Wolff, I know you, too, very well. I know

that you are going about preaching that the world is to come to an end in the year 1845. It serves them right!"

Napier made a mistake here. It was not 1845 which Wolff had imagined to be the date of a great change, but 1847; and what he had imagined, was not the destruction of the world, but its renovation, and the restoration of the Jews, at the coming of the Messiah in glory.

But here, let it be observed, that Wolff has long ago given up attempting to fix a date for the accomplishment of unfulfilled prophecies; and these are his reasons for doing so:—

First, he has a difficulty in fixing the time from which to date. Secondly, he has entirely given up considering the 1260 days as so many years, but believes them to be literal days. Thirdly, the Antichrist is not yet come. And, as long as Antichrist, or the Man of Sin, is not yet come, the words of our Lord, in the first of the Acts, are still in their full force, *i. e.*, "Of the times and seasons knoweth no man." And Wolff deeply regrets that he ever fell into the errors here alluded to.

Sir Charles Napier continued to joke Wolff about his prophecies up to the last, as will be seen from the following letter, written in the year 1852:—

"Oaklands, 6th October, 1852.

"My Dear Wolff,

"Your friend, the lady who wishes for my Autograph, does me great honour, and I am

very much flattered thereby. I write this on purpose that you may give it to her, for which reason, I will not say *a word* about your prophetic inspirations, or your theology! but only what I know to be true, and that is, that you are an honest good fellow; and one that I believe has worked harder for religion, and gone through more dangers for it, with a brave heart, than any man living; and if you do not now stay at home quietly with your wife, I shall *really* begin to believe that you are crazy!

"I met your son in London, and a very nice young man he seems to be.—With respects to Lady Georgiana Wolff,

"I remain,

"Yours faithfully,

"C. NAPIER."

Sir Charles Napier went on to say, "Now, Wolff, you are not allowed to land; but I and my friend Kennedy, and Doctor Muir, will often come to see you. I shall send you victuals from shore, and you can do just what you like. You must remain here twenty-six days, for we don't wish to catch the plague; though it is all a humbug. But we must submit to humbug. I shall come to-morrow, with the Jews and Greeks, to whom you may preach. You may tell them that there is no difference between Jew and Greek,—for they are both rogues alike!" Sir Charles was, nevertheless, a great lover and friend of the Greeks.

Next day, he actually came with a great crowd of both Jews and Greeks, and said,—"Now! here I am come to stand by you. If you cannot convert them, they shall get a d——d licking!" Wolff reproved Napier for swearing, to which he answered, "I deserve the reproof, for I swear like a trooper."

After Wolff had been for some days in that horrible Lazzaretto, he wrote to Sir Charles Napier a long letter, assigning six reasons, which ought to induce Sir Charles to let him out sooner than the twenty-sixth day.

Sir Charles answered this letter as follows:—

"You gave me six reasons for letting you out; I will give you seven reasons for keeping you in. One of the reasons is,—That if I let you out sooner, the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands would cut off my head."

However, in spite of that, he gave Wolff six days' grace, and took him into his house; and Wolff maintains, that he never in his life saw a more affectionate father, and tender husband, or a man who set a better example by having daily family prayers in his home; and on Sunday, Wolff held Divine service, and preached there. For Sir Charles assembled in his house all the Jews; and to those who knew how to read, he gave the Bible. One of the Jews wanted a Bible. Sir Charles Napier immediately asked,—"Do you know how to read?" The Jew said, "Yes." Sir Charles Napier then said, "Read," and put a Bible into his hand. But

the man did not know how to read, on which Sir Charles Napier exclaimed, "I have a good mind to give you a d——d licking!—the soundest licking you ever got."

Sir Charles Napier told Wolff the following story of Lord Byron, who resided for some time in Cephalonia, and often dined with Dr. Kennedy at his house. Kennedy was a doctor, with whom Lord Byron had frequent conversations on religion.

Sir Charles Napier asked Lord Byron, "What is the reason why you are always talking with Kennedy about religion?" Byron said, "To tell you the truth; in order to make a Methodist of Don Juan in the second part!" Sir Charles Napier told him frankly, "he would not allow him to make a fool of any person whom he met at his house, and therefore that he should tell Kennedy." And this he actually did do; but Kennedy said, "he did not mind it, he should converse with Lord Byron whenever he had the opportunity." And so Kennedy did, and it will be seen by the Life of Byron, published by Kennedy, that the poor man, after all, believed that he had converted Lord Byron.

Sir Charles Napier gave an excellent hint to Wolff, although it was one on which Wolff had already acted, before hearing it from him. He said, "Wolff, do not attack the superstition of the Greeks, or of any one. For to begin, what harm is there in a Greek believing that St. Spiridion*

* The Patron Saint of Corfu.

performs miracles? The Apostles performed miracles too."

Here Dr. Wolff makes the following remark:—"I challenge every one to show one single passage in the New Testament, ordering men to preach against superstition. Twice superstition is mentioned; and twice not only not censured, but mentioned in a favourable manner." Acts xvii. 22:—"Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill, and said, *Ye* men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." Here St. Paul praises them for the very excess of their faith. There is another passage in Acts xxv. 19. Festus writes to Felix about Paul. "Therefore, when they were come hither, without any delay on the morrow I sat on the judgment seat, and commanded the man to be brought forth. Against whom when the accusers stood up, they brought none accusation of such things as I supposed: but had certain questions against him of their own superstition, and of one Jesus, which was dead, whom Paul affirmed to be alive," &c., &c.

Besides this, Dr. Wolff says, our Lord never attacks the Jews on account of their superstition, but on account of their unbelief—infidelity being the great sin of the world. And he adds, "I can never believe any religion to be true, which can be entirely fathomed by, and made consistent with

human philosophy; because there are necessarily many things in heaven and earth which our philosophy does not dream of."

Wolff was about to go to Corfu in a little Greek boat, but Peckham Miller said, "We had better wait here, till a steamer comes." Wolff said, "Who knows when it will come?" So he induced Miller to go in the little boat, but scarcely had the boat taken up the anchor, before the steamer came in sight, and then Wolff insisted on going in the steamer. Miller was angry, but at last complied. So they arrived in a few hours, on board the steamer, in Corfu; where Wolff took up his abode with the Rev. Isaac Lowndes, missionary to the London Missionary Society.

To be short, Count Teotoki, President of the Republic of the Ionian Islands, called on Wolff, and asked him how he could be of use to him in his mission. Wolff said, by giving him the opportunity of delivering a public lecture in the College of Lord Guildford; and also by allowing him to preach in the open street to the Greeks, on the personal reign of Jesus Christ upon earth. Count Teotoki laid the request before the Senate; the whole was approved by them, and the Lord High Commissioner, Sir Frederic Adams, and Sir Alexander Woodford, Commander-in-Chief, confirmed it; and thus Wolff lectured, amidst the applause of all the lively interesting Greek students, in the College; and also to thousands in the open street. Count Teotoki was

present, and asked him afterwards to dinner, when he said, "I like men of energetic pursuits."

After Wolff had remained there for about a fortnight, he sailed in an American merchant vessel, commanded by Captain Allen, for Malta. But, on hearing that his wife, according to arrangement, had preceded him to Alexandria, he followed her thither in the ship "Glasgow," commanded by Sir Ashley Maud. Lady Georgiana Wolff had taken up her abode in the house of a Wesleyan missionary; but after Wolff's arrival, they both went to reside in the house of the hospitable Robert Todd, a merchant there.

Wolff remained at Alexandria till the 17th of May, 1828, and then embarked, with his wife and little daughter, for Beyrout, where the plague was raging. Here, to their great relief, they found an English brig of war, the "Zebra," commanded by Captain Popham, who kindly sent a boat to take them on board. They asked alongside for news, but there was none to tell, except the wreck of the "Parthian" brig of war, near Alexandria, which, having happened the day before Wolff left that place, was a little stale; and there was on board the "Zebra" a Mr. Borrows, from Norfolk. He had come out with Captain Hoste to Malta, and had since been cruising with Captain Popham, but was too much afraid of the plague to land anywhere. So, doubtless, he returned back to Norfolk, to tell the natives that he had seen the coast of Syria, and to be thought a

wonderful traveller, and a most adventurous person. He expressed a great wish to see the women of this country, who wear horns, as do also the women of Mount Lebanon, which illustrates the words of Deborah, "My horn is exalted." The horn thus worn is of silver.

Wolff and Lady Georgiana dined on board the "Zebra," and were fetched on shore by a boat, being landed about two miles from the town, to avoid landing among a number of people. On arriving at the gate, it was closed, the day being Friday (the Muhammadan Sabbath), and it being then the hour of prayer. Wolff, therefore, sat down with his family under a tree, at a little distance from the gate, and waited; after which, they walked, one by one, through the gate, and along the street, endeavouring thus to avoid touching any person, or any article of apparel; and in this way they came to a house prepared for them.

Several old acquaintances of Wolff called upon him here: and he applied to the Pasha of Acre, the ancient Ptolemais, for permission to proceed to Jerusalem, but he received no answer. Meantime, Assad Yakoob Khayatt, a tailor, took refuge in Wolff's house, in order to conceal himself from the Turks. The Jews at this place did all in their power to assist Wolff to get to Jerusalem, but it was in vain. And, finally, Wolff left Beyrout, with his family, and went to Cyprus, where the Greeks received him in a sort of triumph, as they at once recognized in him the benefactor of so

many Greeks whom he had saved, and the person who had sent several boys to England.

He spent some time at Cyprus, with his wife, in a monastery, called Santa Barbara, as the air there was better than in Larnaca, on the coast. In that monastery, however, Wolff had an attack of Cyprus fever, but was cured. Thence they proceeded to Limasol, on the coast, and there Wolff's child died; and Lady Georgiana became dangerously ill. Wolff sent from thence another Greek boy, Paul Pierides by name, to England, for education, to Lady Carnegie, who sent him to Scotland, where he studied for the medical profession. After this, Lady Georgiana being recovered, Wolff and she left Cyprus in a miserable Austrian vessel, and came to Damiat, in Egypt, where they resided in the house of the British Consul, Signor Surur by name, an old friend of Wolff.

Wolff was taken violently ill at this place with dysentery, yet they went on to Cairo. There they stayed with the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, Messrs. Kruse and Lieder. Wolff's illness continuing to be very serious, Lord Prudhoe and Colonel Felix daily called upon him. They treated Wolff like a brother, and helped to nurse him in his illness, which was a great relief to his anxious wife. And he recommended her, who was so dear to his heart, in case of his death, to their care. After a time, Wolff was restored to health; and, while at Cairo, he baptized a Jew; and his dear companion bought little tarboushes,

or red caps, for the pupils of Messrs. Kruse and Lieder.

Jews from Jerusalem, hearing that Wolff was at Cairo, called on him, and reminded him of the arguments he had used with them in Jerusalem; and they were surprised when Wolff showed to them those same arguments printed in the "Jewish Expositor." It gratified them very much. One day, a black lady, married to a French physician, Dussap by name, called on Wolff and his family, together with her husband. She spoke very affectingly about Christ. Mr. Gobat, a missionary, had baptized her. She was beyond all doubt the handsomest black woman Wolff ever saw.

Wolff preached in Italian at Cairo to a great number of Italian infidels. One of them, a Jew, said, "I am a mathematician. I want you to prove the truth of Christianity in a mathematical manner." Lady Georgiana here asked him, "Do you eat?" He said, "Yes." She asked, "Why?" He answered, "Because I am hungry." "Then," said she, "prove it mathematically." To which the man gave no answer.

One day, a man came in and asked Mr. Kruse, in an abrupt manner, if he understood Hebrew, as he spoke that language himself? Mr. Kruse did not understand him, but sent for Wolff, to whom the man said "I am a Jew." Wolff said, "You are no longer a Jew. You are a renegade from the faith of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and have run after vanity—after a false prophet." The

man, Sooliman by name, acknowledged this, and was surprised at Wolff's knowledge of physiognomy. Wolff afterwards raised his hands, and prayed in Hebrew, that this poor man might turn to the true God, and Jesus Christ his Son. The man seemed much touched, and thanked him when he had finished the prayer. While they were still sitting together, two other Jews came in, who were old acquaintances of Wolff, and kissed him in the oriental fashion. They bore witness to the truth of the renegade's statement, that he had been forced to become a Mussulman. These two young men were very much impressed by what they knew of the Gospel.

Wolff received from Cyprus a letter from the Council of the Bishops of Cyprus, which they had written before his departure from thence, and which had been sent after him.

This letter was as follows :—

"MOST NOBLE AND MOST RESPECTED SIGNOR JOSEPH
"WOLFF,

"For a long time informed by fame of thy knowledge, thy fame, and thy virtues, we have admired thee; and, above all, on account of the travels thou hast generously undertaken for the purpose of propagating religion among the human race; but, by condescending to make us personally know thee, we have perceived with certainty how much our admiration has been inferior to thy merits, and how much more we ought to admire thee, since we have

known better, what a great friend of science and of the Greeks thou art, and how great are thy exertions in the great and good work of the refinement and civilization of mankind. Trusting in this thy great love for science, and especially in thy sentiments, we appear before thee, with the present humble petition, and present to thee, on the part of all our countrymen, the due respect they feel towards thy venerable person, and pray thee warmly that thou establish in our island a Gymnasium of Greek Literature.

"Thou hast, O best Wolff, all the means required, as we perceive by the schools established in different cities. Thou hast likewise a voluntary assistant in that most honourable friend of the Muses—thy most noble and respectable wife.

"Alas! how does it break one's heart to see the sons of this unhappy country remaining deprived (for want of instructors) of education and doctrine! But it is not unknown to thee that great enterprises, for general utility, require great expense in order to be brought into execution; and that this surpasses our strength it is superfluous to say to a man from whose penetrating eye the nature of our situation cannot be hid. Blessed be the name of the Most High God, that from the height of his glory He turned his eye towards our misery, and sent us a man capable of curing our greatest infirmity!

"Incomparable will be, esteemed Wolff, the advantages which shall result from such an establishment for the general use, nor must thou in the least

doubt that for this, thy great and pious work, the whole island of Cyprus shall honour thee, by erecting monuments for eternal commemoration of thy name, and the instructed youth shall boast themselves of thee, and the whole of Europe shall boast itself of its great man, and they shall show their gratitude towards thee by lifting up their supplicating hands to heaven for thy health and happiness, and for that of thy most worthy consort, and shall lift up their voices to the glory of thy benevolence. Besides this, the joy that thy very good heart shall experience, by seeing thy exertions adorned with science and virtue, cannot be described.

"We propose as professor of the Greek language and sciences thy good friend Themistocles, whose knowledge and ardent zeal for the civilization of his native country are generally acknowledged. But another professor, for other languages, is necessary. We are in possession of a building suitable for a college, in a most beautiful situation. This we offer gratuitously, and dedicate it to the Muses, in order that thy name may be blessed by future generations.

"But, Wolff, the Lord preserve thee to the glory of thy nation, and the utility of ours. We remain, as we sign ourselves, your sincere friends,

"Panaritos, Archbishop of Cyprus.
"Karitos, Metropolite of Paphos.
"Leontius, Metropolite of Citi.
"Karalambus, Metropolite of Cirene.

"Dated, Nicosia, July 10th, 1828."

At last, Wolff set out for Jerusalem. They were accompanied out of the gate of Cairo by all the missionaries, and by Mr. Rolt, an English gentleman, who was studying Arabic there. When they had got outside the gate, which was called Baab Nasir, a Jew, named Isaac, from Jerusalem, came to say "Good bye" to Wolff. After this, the camels arrived, and Wolff prayed for a blessing on the journey. All were much affected, and at last they took leave, and then crept into the vehicle, which was in the form of a basket, and was tied on the camel's back. This kind of "basket," which is called "Shibbria," is something like two arm-chairs, without legs, tied together in front. These seats hang one on each side of the camel's back, and the passenger is obliged to sit sideways.

This curious machine might properly be called a "Noddy," for the motion is so short that, unless one places one's back stiff against the end, one goes nodding every moment in the most ludicrous, as well as fatiguing, manner that can be imagined. After the two persons on each side have crept into this vehicle, the camel rises, whilst the conductor warns you to hold fast. The beast rises first on his knees, which throws you backwards; then on his hind legs, which throws you forwards; then on his fore feet, when you are even; and then you go on, and commence nodding.

This "ship of the desert" has an extra joint in his legs, below the shoulders and haunches,

which enables him, after kneeling down, to fold his legs together, so that he lies as close to the ground as a hen on her eggs; and truly, with their beak-like noses and long necks, camels are not unlike large birds sitting. Their docility is wonderful; and if they are displeased, they express it only by a deep grumbling sound, which, when strong, resembles the gurgling of water in their throats. Their pace is about three miles an hour.

In this manner they proceeded for about twelve miles, and then were surprised by hearing the sound of a band of European music, coming from a fortress called Khankah, in the midst of the Desert; the players being Egyptian Arabs, who had been trained by European soldiers.

Of the Desert itself it is impossible to give a true description, it is so very extraordinary; being nothing but sand of different colours. The bottom of the sea must be very like it: sometimes the sand is ribbed like the sea-sand; sometimes it is all little stones; in some places there are a great many little stunted stumps of fir trees. Wolff's servant, who walked by him when he rode on the donkey (Wolff had brought a very fine donkey from Cairo), picked up a large piece of stone, which he told him, it was said, had been wood; and it had all the appearance of wood. He also picked a very curious flower, the petals of which shone almost like silver. The name of it was not known, and the travellers had no means of pre-

serving it . . . In the spot where their tent was pitched, there was a great quantity of shells like sea snails.

On the ninth day of this journey, Lady Georgiana tried dromedary riding, which she much preferred to the camel. She described it as only requiring the use of stirrups, to make it exceedingly comfortable; and, on the evening of this day, after a journey of six hours, the tents were pitched in the Desert, not far from Gaza.

They went to bed early, but were not destined to have much rest. Some time after they had retired, they heard a most unnatural, almost unearthly, sound of laughter, mixed with fits of crying. They called out to know what it was, and Ahmad, their servant, told them it proceeded from one of the Bedouin Arabs, who was called Haj-Ali, *i.e.*, a Pilgrim Ali, for he had been in Mecca, and who was possessed with a devil. This dreadful misfortune some people have imagined to be only lunacy, but it is far otherwise. After listening a few minutes longer, Wolff called out with a loud voice in Arabic, "In the name of Jesus, be silent!" And immediately all was hushed. About twenty minutes after, the man began to talk wildly, and the dreadful gibbering began again. Wolff again in the same manner called out, so that all the Arabs heard him, and again the fiend was silenced, and soon after, they all went to sleep.

In the morning, the Greek servants told Wolff, that the possessed man had said many wonderful

things. Among others, when Wolff spoke, he asked, "Who was there?" They answered, "No one." To which he replied, "There was; I saw him, but he is gone." And when he became wild again he exclaimed, "Elias is here!" and on Cavass (the Turkish soldier who travelled with them) saying something about Muhammad, Haj-Ali said he was a pig, (a common term of contempt among the Arabs;) though at other times he is a Mussulman.

The poor man wanted Wolff to give him a *paper* against the spirit; meaning probably a charm; but Wolff prayed in Arabic to the Lord to deliver him from his plague, and told him to pray to Jesus Christ, and then he need not fear the devil, giving him a New Testament at the same time.

Two days afterwards, Haj-Ali had another attack, which Wolff subdued in the same manner, one loud cry issuing from the man's mouth before he was still again. And afterwards he told Wolff he knew that the devil came, because he smelt the incense in the charcoal pan (it being the custom, in using charcoal, to throw a species of incense, compounded of some gum, upon it, in order to do away with its deleterious effects). This is an old superstition, and magicians always burn some perfume to raise a spirit.

The Bedouins are very frequently profane to a degree that is not to be imagined; and every word they say is corroborated by an oath, even their very lies, and these they tell without the least hesitation. Their conversation consists either in jokes

about women, or in talking about money; *fulus*, the Arabic for money, being sometimes repeated a hundred times in a quarter of an hour.

Proceeding onward, Wolff and his party soon reached a beautiful little town, surrounded by fig trees and vineyards, and inhabited by Muhammadans and Greeks. These were walking about in the streets, with their long pipes in their mouths; and the principal Greek came and brought Wolff, his family and servants, to the caravanserai, where the servants made coffee for them. It was the little town called Gaza, from whence Samson carried away the gates, and where naughty Delilah deceived him; for that wicked woman worried his life out, until he had told her the secret of his strength; but he paid her off afterwards, and 3000 of her countrymen as well. Poor Samson ought to have had a little more of the resolution and the spirit of General Haynau, and have given her a good sound horsewhipping, which all gossiping women deserve.

From Gaza they proceeded to Ramlah, where Joseph of Arimathea was born. Here they stopped in an Armenian monastery for one night, and went to the camp of the great robber, Aboo-Goosh, who gave them coffee, for which they paid him some small gold pieces. Then they proceeded onward, and thus Wolff arrived, for the third time, in Jerusalem.

Wolff had no cause this time to be satisfied with the general conduct of the Jews towards him.

When he was there, both the first and second time, Rabbi Mendel was alive, and so was Solomon Sapira, the rival of Rabbi Mendel, and also the crafty old fox, Rabbi Joseph Markowitz. But now all these were gone, and a new generation had risen, though only five years had elapsed. Many of these "did not know Joseph" (Wolff) who had assisted the Jews formerly, when they were in trouble; and those who did know him were well off, and had received money from the Jews in England; and were, at the same time, warned by Rabbi Solomon Hirshel against Wolff; and, in their conduct, they verified the words of Moses—"Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked."

Wolff could not help feeling very deeply grieved when those very Jews whom he had once clothed and fed,—when they were naked and almost starving,—and for whom he had paid rent, and thus redeemed them from prison,—would now pass him by unnoticed as they came out of the synagogue, or look at him with a fierce eye, and without speaking. He was only acknowledged by two persons out of all his old acquaintances. The one was Rabbi Mendel's widow, who came to call on him; and who, though four years had passed since her husband died, was still in deep sorrow, swinging her head slowly backwards and forwards, as she sat, after the custom of the Jews. The other was a son of Rabbi Mendel, whom he met in the street, and thus addressed, "Why do you not come to me, for I loved your father?" He calmly replied,

"My dear Sir, my father was a learned man, well versed in the law. He knew how to ask questions, and give answers. But I am a young man, and all I can do is, to pray that the Lord may have mercy upon Zion, and build up the walls of Jerusalem."

There is no doubt that, during this third visit to Jerusalem, Wolff was poisoned by some ill-disposed enemy. He had a suspicion by whom it was done, but was unwilling to investigate further; and, therefore, when the governor inquired as to whether he knew the offender, he said nothing. And who was it saved his life on this occasion?—Whilst Wolff passes over in silence the name of the man who perpetrated the deed, he mentions with pleasure the name of him who was the means of curing him.

This poisoning took place in a coffee-house, into which Wolff had gone and called for coffee. It was brought, and he drank it; and almost immediately after he was seized with convulsions all over his body, accompanied by sickness and vomiting, and twitchings of the arms and legs. A Greek outside, seeing his distress, offered his assistance, and helped him home; and, on his arrival, Lady Georgiana, at his particular request, sent for the Roman Catholic physician. He came, and his name was Fra Francesco, of the Terra Santa monastery, and he was sent by order of the Riverendissimo. Fra Francesco first gave him milk, and then other remedies; and, after an illness of three weeks, he recovered, so far as to be

able to go about; but felt the effects of the poison for a year afterwards.

Another very curious incident happened during Wolff's stay in Jerusalem. Dr. Stormont, a naval surgeon, came to Jerusalem, and lived in the Latin monastery. He used to be dressed in a green beneesh, and wore a white turban upon his head, and European boots on his feet. He was a tall man, about fifty years of age, very miserly in his habits, and was averse to spending money upon a guide. Wolff had no time to walk out with him, and it was the season of Ramadan, when all the Muhammadans fast and sleep during the day. Wolff warned Dr. Stormont, on no account, to enter the Temple of Omar, for the punishment was death to any intruder. He replied, "I have no great faith in your account of the bigotry of these Muhammadans," and then they parted. After two hours he came to the Greek monastery, where Wolff was, to have dinner with him; and Wolff asked, "Where have you been?" He replied, "There, in the place of your bigoted Muhammadans, the Temple of Omar." Wolff said, "I now advise you to leave Jerusalem as fast as you can." He replied, "Fiddle-de-dee!" On the next day, when he came again to dinner, Wolff asked him, "Where have you been?" He again said, "To the Temple of Omar." Then Wolff repeated, "Stormont, Stormont, you had better leave Jerusalem at once." Stormont's only answer was, "First give up your prejudice as to the bigotry of

Muhammadans." Wolff again repeated, "Stormont, Stormont, go off without delay." "Fiddle-de-dee!" was the Doctor's contemptuous rejoinder.

The next day this foolish fellow went once more to the Temple, and did not return as usual to his friend. He got out safely, it is true, although he had ventured to write his name upon the wall, and had proceeded to offer even further indignities; but this insult got wind; the whole town became excited; and the situation of Stormont was immediately most critical and perilous. All the people exclaimed, and the whole town resounded, "*Oommat Muhammad Nasaara dakhaloon al hykal!*" (People of Muhammad! Christians have entered the Sanctuary!) They seized upon Stormont, tore off his beneesh, struck the turban from his head, stripped him naked, and then thrust him into a cow's stable, where they gave him nothing to eat; and where he continually cried out, "Wolff, Wolff, Wolff!"

Christians came and told Wolff in what danger his friend Stormont was placed, and that the people insisted upon his becoming a Muhammadan. Upon this Wolff ran to the Latin monastery, to ask for help, and they told him that they would assist him, but that it must be done with caution, and Wolff himself wrote as follows to the Cadi:—

"Recollect that this gentleman is of high respectability, and belongs to the ships of war which are now cruising about, near Jaffa; and, if you dare to touch him, troops will be sent to Jerusalem."

Wolff sent this letter, and then called upon the

Cadi to remonstrate. Stormont was brought out from the cow-house, and the beneesh and turban he had worn were lying before the Cadi, who said to him, "Why did you enter the Temple of Omar?" Stormont replied, "I want my clothes." The Cadi, who did not understand the answer, asked Wolff, "What does he say?" Wolff told him Stormont's words, when he said, "Tell him to answer my question." Wolff said to Stormont, "The Cadi wants to know why you went to the Temple and committed such excesses?" but Stormont only repeated, "Tell him I want my clothes." Wolff went up and put the clothes upon him, and told the Cadi that the prisoner did not understand Arabic, and fright had made him forget the English language; and so the Cadi let him go.

Poor Stormont, when he got back to his lodging, had some food, which he ate most heartily; and Wolff said to him, "You don't tell me fiddle-de-dee now!" He replied, "There is, after all, no place like home. England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!" Soon afterwards, the servants of the Cadi came, and wanted a present for having taken so much trouble in letting him see the Cadi, and getting Stormont out. So Wolff gave them thirty dollars (about £6). But when he said to Stormont, "You must pay me back the thirty dollars I have paid for your release," the Doctor replied, "What a great fool you are! They insult me, and now they want money! I'll be hanged if I give them a farthing!"

On another occasion, an Italian woman arrived

at Jerusalem, from Pesaro. She was very decently dressed, with a bonnet and feathers. She had been a servant to Queen Caroline, and knew Count Bergami very well. Wolff asked her why she had come to Jerusalem. She answered, in order to perform her devotions at the tomb of our Lord, and to see the blessed body of St. James; and from Jerusalem she intended to go to Compostella, in Spain, where she must be by a certain season, in order to see the blessed head of St. James; for if she went too late, she would not be able to see it, as it was only exposed at a particular time of the year.

Wolff suspects that the friars of Terra Santa had told her all this, because they wished to get rid of her; for they take in the poor gratis, and they did not wish to be at more expense than they could help on her account. When Wolff asked her how she paid the expenses of travelling, she coolly replied, "Whenever I have got no money, *i Consoli debbono pagare*" (the Consuls have to pay). Wolff's dear wife gave her several dollars, for which she kissed her hand. She seemed to be a woman of great simplicity. Whilst they were at Jerusalem, Wolff asked whether he could get a good Arabic teacher for 200 piastres a month? Papas Joel replied, "All depends upon what you will pay. If you give 200 piastres a month, you will get a very fat man—Aboo Hannah himself, who is enormous, and waddles as he walks about;" and Papas Joel at the same time imitated Aboo Hannah's mode of

walking, and gave an idea of his paunch by circling his own arms.

After seven months' residence at Jerusalem, where Wolff—in spite of the opposition caused against him by the Jews in London—had continual conferences with the Jews, he prepared to leave it, his health having suffered considerably from the effects of the poison; but, fearing that the Turkish officers would come and ask for "Bakhshish," *i. e. gifts*, he resolved to start early in the morning.

Papas Joel, the Superior of Mar-Elias, accompanied Wolff and his family a good way out of the gate, where they sat down a little on the ground, while Wolff himself walked backwards and forwards, musing,—a thing which Easterns cannot bear to see done, especially by Europeans, for they are always afraid that they are measuring the earth, and will afterwards come and take the country. So an Arab woman, with a large basket on her back, on seeing Wolff thus walk about, called out to him, as she passed by, "*Tekayas alardh ya khanzeer?*" (Dost thou measure the earth, O thou pig?) Papas Joel said to her, in reply, "*Berukh shuglak ya marrah*" (Go about thy business, O woman).

Wolff arrived at Jaffa, in the house of Damiani, the British Consul there. And here he cannot help mentioning a great injustice which was done to Damiani by Colonel Campbell, the British Consul-General for Egypt, and, at that time, also for Syria, which made a bad impression against the English.

The house of Damiani had been Consuls for England for more than a century—in fact, the office was hereditary in that family. When Colonel Campbell was at Jaffa, he resided in the house of the British Consul, and, while there, money was stolen from him. He suspected Damiani's son, who, it is true, was considered to be a bad subject; so, Colonel Campbell said to the father, "If you do not replace the money, I shall depose you." As poor Damiani had not got the money, Colonel Campbell was as good as his word, and actually did depose him; a man whose integrity was universally known. Poor Damiani went to Constantinople to get redress, and to be reinstated in his office, by the Ambassador. But he appealed in vain; and the disappointment broke his heart, and he died.

In Jaffa, Wolff lived in Damiani's house, which stood upon the same spot where formerly was the house of Simon, the tanner, and where there was still an ancient well, which was there in Simon's time. Damiani's house was the rendezvous of pilgrim Jews, who came from Salonica, Constantinople, Rhodes, and other places.

There is a custom when new pilgrims arrive in Jaffa, for the purpose of going to Jerusalem, that a Rabbi from Jerusalem comes to receive from each pilgrim the money which he vows to leave behind for the benefit of the Jerusalem Jews. One Friday evening, the chief Rabbi of Jerusalem, who had come to Jaffa to collect this money, got exceedingly drunk, and all the rest followed his example.

Wolff knew this man personally, and when he and all the rest came drunk to his room, he took one of them by the arm and turned him out; and, as he danced good-naturedly out of the room, he said, "Joseph Wolff does me great honour." Next morning (Saturday), the chief Rabbi called on Wolff, who was just then smoking a pipe. The Rabbi said, "Why do you smoke on a Sabbath day?" Wolff replied, "It is not said in the law that one should not smoke, but it is said by the prophet Isaiah (Isaiah v. 11), 'Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night, till wine inflame them.'" The chief Rabbi turned as red as scarlet.

Among the pilgrims there was a Jew of Constantinople, who belonged to those converts to Christianity there, whose conversion caused such excitement all over the East, in the year 1827, and he was rejoiced to see Wolff.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LEVANT; MOUNT ATHOS; INTENSE THIRST; SALONICA; HOOKHAM FRERE; STARTS FOR BOKHARA *viâ* CONSTANTINOPLE AND PERSIA.

On the 7th July, 1829, Wolff embarked for Cyprus, where he remained for a short time, being detained by the illness of his dear wife, who was taken with the Cyprus fever; but, as soon as she was recovered, he sailed with her for Alexandria. They were twenty-four days on the passage—a passage usually performed in as many hours; and, on his arrival at Alexandria, he established regular services for the English, Italians, and Germans; and he preached also to the Jews in his own house, and on board her Majesty's ships.

Wolff there issued a public printed call to the Muhammadan grandees, to repent and turn to Christ; and he predicted to them the speedy downfall of the Muhammadan power. He sent one of those written calls, made out in Arabic, by a donkey-driver, to the Governor of Alexandria. The poor fellow was flogged for being the bearer of such a message, and came back in a violent rage, and almost knocked Wolff down; but had his wrath mitigated by a present of two dollars, as a compensation for the flogging. After which, whenever the man met Wolff in the street, he would say to him,

"Never send me again with such rubbish to the Governor;" and on Wolff replying, "Ah, but you got two dollars for it," he rejoined, "You ought to have given me ten!"

At last, the Pasha, Muhammad Ali, sent word to Wolff, through the British Consul, that he must leave Alexandria. Wolff demanded a written order from the Viceroy, who sent word that he would not send a written order; but if Wolff did not go he must abide by the consequences.

Wolff then embarked for Salonica, leaving Lady Georgiana behind, as her confinement was approaching, and took with him a Greek servant, and a Maronite, Youssuf Michael Aboo-Mansoor by name, who was to assist him in preaching. This man was from a village called Haddat, near Beyrout, of the family of Shidiack. He was short in figure, and never able to look any one in the face. He had been converted by Gobat and Theodor Müller (who has now a living in Devonshire) to the Protestant religion; and they believed him to be a thoroughly converted man.

On Wolff's arrival in the island of Rhodes, Youssuf left the cases of Bibles open in such a manner, that anybody could see them, and take them out. This caused so great a disturbance among the Turks, who were angry that an Englishman should dare to come there with infidel books, that they compelled him to leave Rhodes within an hour after his arrival. Thence he proceeded to Tenedos (near the famous Troyes), where

he resided with the British Agent, who was a native. All this time, Youssuf assured his master that he had sent all the money he had given him to his family in Mount Lebanon, which deceived Wolff for the time; and he proceeded with him from Tenedos to the island of Mitylene, where he preached to the Greeks in Italian, and circulated the Word of God.

Wolff observed in all those islands a great change for the better, since he was last in the Turkish neighbourhood. The Sultan had given strict orders to the Greeks, to send their reports to him, and tell him how they were satisfied with the Turkish Governors he had placed over them; and many Governors had been dismissed in consequence of this, and it had taught them to behave better. Wolff next sailed from Mitylene to Lemnos, in a Greek boat. On his arrival there, he stopped two days with the Archbishop, and gave him Bibles. He then called on the Turkish Governor, who asked him whether the Archbishop was satisfied with his conduct towards the Greeks? Wolff replied in the affirmative, at which the Governor was much pleased.

From Lemnos Wolff sailed in the same boat, accompanied by his Greek servant and that scoundrel Youssuf Michael Aboo-Mansoor, to Mount Athos, which is also called "Haghios Oros," which means Holy Mountain; and a Holy Mountain it is; for it is inhabited only by monks, whose number sometimes amounted to 15,000.

Many of them occupy themselves with knitting stockings, and tilling the ground, and praying. No female is allowed to approach the place, for they say the Virgin Mary would immediately kill her. Even no she-animal is allowed to come near. It must, however, be acknowledged that there were great and learned men on Mount Athos; and, even when Wolff was there, there was a most learned man, who occupied himself with the history of the mountain, and was well acquainted with the Italian and German literature. And Wolff cannot but express his regret that a great diplomatist hurt the feelings of these monks by forcing them to receive, against their statutes, his most worthy lady into their Monastery. It is also to be regretted that Robert Curzon, in his wanderings through the Monasteries, should have represented every one of them as totally void of knowledge; forgetting the great minds of Kalistos, in Mount Sinai, Hilarion and Constantinus, in Constantinople, &c.

Wolff sailed away from Haghios Oros, towards Mount Kartalia; when, early in the morning, a pirate boat was observed coming towards them, and tacking about in its approach. The chief boatman of Wolff's boat exclaimed, "Kleftes!" which means *robbers*. Wolff said, "The best plan will be to remain in the boat." This he said, although, as they always sailed close to the shore, it was easy to land. They replied, "If we all remain here they will put us to death,

in order not to be discovered; for they are Skupoliot pirates, and will kill every one of us." On this, Wolff leaped out of the boat, and told Youssuf to leave the case containing the money behind. Youssuf then exclaimed, "My money, my money, my money!" (at once betraying that he had made no remittances to Mount Lebanon), and he immediately took Wolff's money from the case and put it into his own pocket. And so these two ran off across the mountain, Wolff without shoes or stockings. Some of the boat people also made their escape; and the pirates, not liking to kill the few who were left, lest the affair should be made known by the fugitives, were content with collecting what booty they could find.

For nearly thirty hours Wolff continued to wander about on the highest tops of the mountains. The shirt he had on was torn to pieces by thorns. The pirates fired both at him and his companion several times; and they actually came up into the mountain, but Wolff and Youssuf had hid themselves in some clefts of the rocks, and were not discovered, so the pirates went back. The natives afterwards said that no native even had been in the parts of the mountain where Wolff had wandered; and the heat was so intense there—there not being even a moist leaf to be found to quench his thirst—that he was reduced to the most dreadful extremities. At last he came down from the mountain and found a spring, on which he fell like a horse.

Youssuf remained faithfully with him after all; his great vice being covetousness and hypocrisy in religious pretension. And Wolff is sorry to make here the declaration that the worst people among the Eastern natives, are those who know English and have been converted to Protestantism. There are, however, some honourable exceptions. There was one, Shidiack by name, a relation of Youssuf, who died for the Protestant faith, having been first a Roman Catholic.

Soon after he had reached the spring, Wolff found some Romelian shepherds who were tending their flocks. They provided him and his companion with sour milk and bread, and he never before ate and drank so heartily. It was better than wine of Burgundy or Champagne. He proceeded with these shepherds to a little town, called Shika, whence he proceeded with the Governor and his soldiers through a forest, which had been set on fire on both sides by robbers, so that they had to ride through at full speed, in order to avoid the flames. Wolff describes himself as almost stupefied on this occasion.

At the end of the forest they came to a little village, where they slept. Then they proceeded next day towards that famous town, Salonica,—the Thessalonica of Scripture, to the inhabitants of which the Epistle to the Thessalonians is addressed, who were, at the time of the Apostles, in great tribulation; because they expected the immediate coming of the Lord. But they were too im-

patient, and had forgotten that, previous to his coming, the man of sin must be revealed; who will oppose true as well as false religion,—everything that is worshipped as God,—and will say that he himself is God. And that then, when he shall have appeared, and shall have deceived, if it were possible, the very elect for the space of 1260 days—literal days—the Lord Himself shall descend with a shout, with the trump of the Archangel, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. And then we, which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be, not in the air, but be with the Lord, who shall then gently light down with his saints upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem in the East. And this ought to be our comfort. Wherefore comfort one another with these words:—"O Lord, hasten thy coming, that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory!"

It was at that remarkable town, to which the Apostle had addressed two epistles, chiefly on the second coming of Christ, that Wolff now arrived; and the first person he met there was a British officer, Lieutenant Adolph Slade, of Her Majesty's Navy, now Admiral in the Turkish Navy, and Pasha. And he, as well as Charneaud, the Consul, and Chasseaud, formerly English Consul, comforted Wolff—poor fellow!—in his distress, and advanced him

money and clothing. But he was not able to stir out of the house on account of the thorns in his feet, some of which a French physician drew out, even after his departure from Salonica; and Dr. Liddle, of Malta, drew out others at least three months later.

In Salonica Wolff met with a body of Jews, who are of the most interesting description. They have their origin from an impostor, one of those numerous men who have fulfilled the prophetic words of our blessed Lord, in the Gospel by St. Matthew:—"There shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect."

Shabatay Zebee, born at Sköp in Bulgaria, was a Jew of great learning, and was said to have performed many miracles, when he suddenly rose, and proclaimed himself to be the Messiah. He travelled about in royal pomp; and thousands rallied around his standard in Aleppo, Smyrna, Jerusalem, Prague in Bohemia, and Vienna. He abolished the law of Moses; for it is a belief of the Jews, that one of the offices of the Messiah, when He comes, will be to abolish the law of Moses; for they say the prophet Jeremiah says (Jeremiah xxxi. 31), "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah."

Now is it not extraordinary, Wolff asks, that whilst these men reject the Lord Jesus Christ, be-

cause, as they say, He had abolished the law of Moses, they yet produce, as an evidence of Shabatay Zebee's Messiahship, the very fact of his abolition of the law of Moses?

Shabatay Zebee ruled, with uncontrolled power, over thousands and thousands of the Jews; and they paid tribute to him. He sanctioned every vice, until at length he drew upon himself the attention of the Sultan, who had him brought to Constantinople, where, in order to save his life, this deceiver became a Muhammadan. But the man was too restless to be quiet, so at last the Sultan had his head struck off. But even this has not diminished the number of his followers; and they apply to him the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy (Isaiah liii. 8), "He was cut off out of the land of the living." There are now about 200,000 of his dupes still existing; and wherever they are, they conform outwardly to the ruling religion of the country; but they intermarry with none, and in secret they carry on their own religion.

There are many thousands of these people in Salonica, and they are called by the Turks, Domna, the meaning of which is, "The turned." They are very rich and very clean; many of them are great merchants, and honest in their dealings. Some of them believed Wolff to be of their own sect, and called on him; but the moment they were convinced that he was a Christian, they all disappeared. Their enemies accuse them of having secret assemblies at night, in which they practise every kind of immo-

rality imaginable; but Wolff has heard this same account of every little sect, even of the Irvingites in England, and therefore he has his doubts of the truth of it. And as he could learn nothing positively of them his conscience will not allow him to do as a traveller lately did with regard to the Anzairee in Mount Lebanon, who published three volumes describing them, without giving one single piece of information on the subject, but only mere conjecture.

After Wolff had circulated the Bible and New Testament amongst the Jews, he left Salonica in company with Lieutenant Slade, the scoundrel Youssuf Michael Aboo-Mansoor, and his Greek servant; and soon after arrived at Smyrna, where Wolff convicted Youssuf of downright roguery, and at once dismissed him as a hypocrite and impostor. And then Wolff sailed for Malta, to which place, very soon afterwards, his wife and infant son (born in Alexandria) followed him. Here they stopped in the house of the Right Honourable J. H. Frere, who had been Ambassador at Madrid during the Peninsular war; a gentleman of fine taste and scholarship, and a friend of the great George Canning, and Coleridge.

Wolff had set his heart upon going on a mission to Timbuctoo; but Frere said to him, "If you go there, you will dwindle away into a simple traveller, and you ought to maintain your missionary character. And therefore, I will point out to you on the map the road to Bokhara and Affghanistan, where you

will find, not only Jews, but traces of the ten lost tribes of Israel." Here Mr. Frere showed him the map, in which were the names, *Youssuf Szeye, i. e.*, "*Tribe of Joseph,*" *Iszhak Szeye*—"*Tribe of Isaac,*" *Baruch Szeye*—"*Tribe of Baruch,*" &c.; and Wolff shouted, "To Bokhara I shall go!"

He then wrote to the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, that he had resolved to go to Bokhara, and they replied that he must first come to England, and receive fresh instructions from the Committee. Their reasons for this precaution must be stated.

First, Wolff had entered so much on prophetic dates (far more than he would do now), and had written on this subject not only to the Committee, but to other people, that an outcry had been raised against his proceeding in "The Christian Observer," and "The Record." Besides which, he had attacked every missionary, who either disagreed with him, or who he thought was not acting in an apostolic spirit. Moreover, he had published his belief in modern miracles, and had proclaimed his having cast out a devil in the desert. Hence, the Committee said, "This man has run wild!" And so they wrote to him, that he must first return to London, in order that they might come to an understanding with him. Wolff wrote to them in reply, that he would come back to London, *viâ* Bokhara, Affghanistan, and Calcutta; and therefore that he should make this journey at his own risk. Mr. Frere nobly came forward to facilitate the

expedition; and advanced to Wolff £500, either on loan, or as a gift; and this circumstance must be remembered, as the repayment was effected in a very singular manner. Wolff set out on the 31st of December, 1830, from Malta for Bokhara, provided with letters from Government, and a passport from the Duke of Wellington.*

On reviewing this proceeding, Wolff cannot but justify the whole conduct of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. For a Society, as it is constituted, is responsible for the conduct of its missionaries, and has a full right to demand from them entire submission and obedience to its resolutions. Any missionary, therefore, who is unwilling to submit, must make a merit of necessity, resign his appointment, and take all the responsibility upon himself.

* It will be seen, by Dr. Wolff's Journals, published in the "Jewish Expositor," by the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, that it was Joseph Wolff who first proposed, in the year 1821, the establishment of a British College in Malta, which was established some years ago. The erection of missions in Alexandria and Cairo, was also proposed by him in the year 1821, and missionaries were sent to those places, in the year 1824, by the Church Missionary Society. Wolff was the first missionary who visited Mount Horeb and Mount Sinai, and circulated the Word of God there. He was also the first who preached the Gospel to the Jews in Jerusalem, in 1822; and upon his recommendation, Lewis, Nicholaison, and Dalton were sent in 1823, as missionaries to Jerusalem. Thus it is also with the missions in Constantinople and Bagdad; and in Jerusalem he proposed the erection of a College, and to send there a British Consul.

Besides this, Wolff is conscious that by his independent treatment of his employers, he fell into the very same error which he had found fault with in other missionaries; and he thinks the duty of a missionary is to mind his own business, and to let others go on in the way they think right. Moreover, there is a great deal of vanity in trying to set everything right; and a person who acts thus does injury to his own spirit.

Wolff once more arrived in Alexandria, in the month of January, 1831, on board a Maltese ship; and as he had been exiled from Alexandria on the last occasion of his being there, for interfering with the Muhammadans, he first went on board Captain Lyons' ship (afterwards Lord Lyons), and then wrote a letter to the Consul-General, Mr. Barker, asking whether he might land. Barker wrote to him that he might safely come on shore, as all was forgotten. Wolff, therefore, took up his abode with his friend, Mr. Gliddon, who was Consul of the United States of North America. Here he preached in the Wesleyan Chapel (there was no English Church in Alexandria), and the Wesleyans were ever kind to him, although he once attacked them about their groaning; which, perhaps, he ought not to have done, as he confesses that the religious movements and actions of every one ought to be respected.

He met at Alexandria this time his old friend, Sir John Malcolm, one of those four sons of a Scotch farmer, who had raised themselves to high eminence

in the State, by their talents and merits. One of them, Sir Pulteney, considered Wolff as his spiritual father. Sir John Malcolm provided him with letters for the British Ambassador in Persia, Colonel Campbell; and then Wolff set out in a miserable Turkish boat for Sataliah, the ancient Attalia in Pisidia, which is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. He took with him from Alexandria a black servant, a thorough negro, of the Shuluk tribe, who was always drunk, and, when drunk, got into a furious rage. And as the Shuluk tribe are believed to be cannibals, Wolff had a few misgivings about this man; so he was glad to dismiss him on their arrival in Constantinople.

At Attalia, Wolff resided in the house of Demetrius, the bishop of the place, who had the title, Demetrios Pisidia, an energetic and active man. He had been married, but, after the death of his wife, he became a monk upon Mount Sinai, and was then made Bishop of Attalia. The bishops of Anatolia have the title, Krites, *id est*, "Judges;" speaking of which, Demetrius said, "Does not the Apostle Paul say, the saints shall judge the earth?"

The whole of Anatolia is exceedingly cheap to travel in, for very few Englishmen travel there; and whenever one comes, the Turk receives one, and gives one bread, salt, and soup, gratis; and one has only to pay for *caimac* (a thick kind of cream, like Devonshire cream), and provender for the horses, but for nothing else.

From Attalia Wolff went to Buldur. These are

Greek Christians, who only speak the Turkish language, and are like buffaloes. It is a remarkable fact —and it must not be concealed—that, except the Armenians in Etsh-Miazin, Persia, and Russia, and their enlightened brethren in Hindostan, the native Christians of Anatolia, and the Turkish empire in general, where Roman Catholic missionaries have not penetrated, are ignorant, rude, and uncouth, like buffaloes!

Roman Catholic missionaries have carried everywhere the light of civilization. This was even observed by Robertson, in his "History of Mexico and Peru," who showed that holy priests of the Spanish nation, like Las-Casas, have enlightened barbarians and restrained the Spanish tyrants.

Wolff at last arrived in Kiutaya, in Phrygia; and there he found the Greeks more enlightened, and their Bishop too; for they were real Greeks, and, though not themselves Roman Catholics, yet they had intercourse with them, and learned a great deal from them. It was in Kiutaya that the Apostle Paul was, when he was minded to go to Bithynia, but was induced by the Spirit to go to Salonica, the capital of Macedonia.

Wolff proceeded to Broosa, the capital of Bithynia. There it was that Hannibal died; and there it is that Abd-el-Kadir now resides. Wolff met there with an old Jew, so handsome that he thinks he never saw in his life such a beautiful man. He lived in a splendid house, and showed to Wolff the

grandeur which surrounded him. Wolff read with this man portions of the Gospel; and slept that night in the house of an amiable French gentleman; and there an Armenian advanced him money on his bills on Constantinople. Wolff quitted Broosa the following day, in order to hasten swiftly onwards to Constantinople. His aim was Bokhara; and, therefore, he did not spend much time in any place, either in the Mediterranean, or in any part of Asia Minor.

On his arrival in Constantinople, Sir Robert Gordon received him most kindly, and invited him to dinner at his house; and said, as Wolff afterwards heard, that he never had a more pleasant evening than in his conversation with him. He procured him firmans and other letters from the Sultan, and from Christians and Muhammadans; and the Armenian Patriarch at Constantinople, and other Armenians, begged him to let them know whenever he settled in England, in order that they might establish colleges there for their nation, and schools for their youth, under the superintendence of Armenians; so that they might benefit by the light of European civilization.*

* Extracts from Dr. Wolff's Missionary Journal, published in 1828:—

"Jan. 28, 1822.—We stopped for three hours in the Armenian convent, called Bait Hashbuck, near Ayun Warga. The name of the Superior is Grégorius. They expressed a desire of establishing a college in England."

"The Grand Prior, Peter Wartanes, was more warmly dis-

Wolff was now about to depart for Angoroo, in Galatia, being furnished with letters, as above mentioned, for his whole journey to Bokhara and Hindostan. But it will be seen during the course of the details that letters of introduction endangered his life; whilst the plague saved him from misery, slavery, and most probably from death.

At the expiration of about a fortnight, Wolff left Constantinople with a Tatar.* They were mounted on horseback, but Wolff always asked for an old, decrepid horse—the only sort he dared to mount—and thus he came into the province of Galatia to Angoroo, called also Ancyra. There, on the mountains, Arabs and Persian shepherds were to be found in the midst of this Turkish country and population. The Arabs were singing,—

"Seewas, Seewas, shall never be taken;
"Nor shall they slay Bayaseed's son;"

posed towards me, and manifested a great desire to establish an Armenian college in England."

"Mr. Bogos, an Armenian, highly respected and revered by his nation, has given me a letter of introduction to the Patriarch of the Armenian nation, residing at Constantinople, in order that he may listen to me when I propose to him to unite the Armenian Church with the Protestant Churches of Europe, and to declare the Bible as the only authority in matters of faith."

These extracts—and more might be given—show that Dr. Wolff has for long held a desire to see the Armenian Church brought into closer relationship with the Church of England.

* A Tatar is a Government messenger, who can be hired by any traveller desirous of assistance.

while the Persians sang,—

"To attempt to possess together both God and the world,
Is altogether folly!"

Wolff asked the Arabs the meaning of their song. They replied, "Timoor koorekan," or, as he is also called, "Timoor lank,"* which means, *Timoor, the lame one,* invaded the country of Room. At that time Bayaseed ruled over that country. Timoor had under his command 900,000 soldiers. He sent word to Bayaseed, who had the surname "Yilderim," which means, "The lightning," that he should come and give an account of his stewardship. Bayaseed, in order to insult him, sent him ten presents instead of nine—nine being the honourable number among the Turcomauns; and, to increase the insult, he sent him word that he would come and force him to divorce his wives.

Timoor said, "Has the man become mad?" So he marched against Seewas, a great town of Room, with 900,000 soldiers; took the city, and killed Togrool, the favourite son of Bayaseed, and buried alive 18,000 Armenian Christians. This was reported to Bayaseed, who rallied around him 30,000 Servian soldiers, all Christians, and placed them under the command of their co-religionist, Lazarowitsh. Besides these, he collected together 100,000 Turcomauns (countrymen of Timoor's soldiers), who had come from Turkistan; but being, as all those Turks are, too avaricious, he did not pay

* Commonly called *Tamerlane.*

them their wages. In his march against Timoor, he passed the shepherds of Angoroo, and said to them, as he went by, "Sing to me a song I like; sing—

"'Seewas shall never be taken;
Nor shall they slay
Bayaseed's son!'"

And thus that song has come down to this day:—

"Seewas, Seewas shall never be taken;
Nor shall they slay
Bayaseed's son!"

Bayaseed came near Seewas, but found that it was taken; and that Togrool, his favourite son, was slain!

A battle ensued: Timoor dismounted his horse, and reviewed his soldiers; then harangued them, and gave the signal of attack,—"Soorunk!" *i. e.*, "Brave!" And the Turcomauns of Bayaseed exclaimed, "Bismillah Rahmane arraheem!" "In the name of the most merciful and compassionate God." The Servian Christians exclaimed, "Christos anesti!" "Christ is risen:" then crossed themselves, and the attack commenced. The Christians fought to the last, so that Timoor, in admiration, exclaimed, "How these Christians fight for their Muhammadan master!" The unpaid Turcomauns, however, at once went over to Timoor, and Bayaseed was defeated, and made prisoner, and brought in a cage to Akhshehir, where he died.

Wolff entered the city of Angoroo, where the

Armenian archbishop and the Greek and Armenian Catholic bishops were living in greater harmony than is generally the case among the different denominations of the churches of the East. The Armenian archbishop made Wolff a present of an Angoroo shawl, wrought out of the famous Angoroo goats' hair, with the request that he would send it to his wife. He also desired Wolff to write to the ambassador in Constantinople, to say that they were tyrannized over by the Governor; which Wolff was happy to do for two reasons. In the first place, he was able to bear witness to the truth of the complaint, for the Governor was a thorough brute; and, secondly, the ambassador had particularly desired Wolff to give him an account of those Governors who tyrannized over the Christians.

Wolff then left Angoroo, after staying about a fortnight. He took with him a most excellent Tatar of the Sultan, and rode on through a range of most romantic mountains, till he arrived in Tokat, where he lodged in the house of a very covetous Armenian. Here he visited the grave of that man of God, Henry Martyn. "Father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof," came into Wolff's mind as he stood where his brother missionary was buried; and the words of that holy man never depart from Wolff's memory:—"Confession of sin is not yet repentance: knowledge of sin is not yet contrition." Martyn was buried by the Armenians in 1812, with all the honours of an Armenian archbishop. What an amiable spirit

breathes through all the ebullitions of his noble mind. With what intrepidity did he preach the truth to the unconverted!—of which he gave proof on board a ship of war, when the officers jestingly told him, "Mr. Martyn, don't send us all to perdition to-day," and he at once took as the text of his sermon, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

And again, what liberality may be perceived in the account which he gives of a Roman Catholic woman, who was pouring forth her spirit, like Samuel's mother, whilst kneeling before the altar of a Roman Catholic chapel!—"Dear woman!" he says of her in his diary. Dear Martyn! Wolff hopes to see thee in heaven!

While in Tokat, a Jew from Poland called on Wolff, and he never saw a more handsome young man. This Jew appeared deeply impressed with all that Wolff told him, and spoke German, and gave to Wolff the title, "Your High Excellency." He much regretted that Wolff should have fallen into the hands of such a covetous Armenian as the one he lodged with, and that he had not accepted the invitation of the excellent and wealthy merchant Bambuktshee.

Wolff was taken very ill while at Tokat; but at last left it, with his Tatar, and passed many ruins, which had once been buildings belonging to the Republic of Genoa. Wolff asked the Tatar, "Why these buildings were not restored?" The Tatar gave a most emphatic reply, which he did not

expect from a Turk:—"The people of Islaam never rebuild; the people of Islaam always destroy!"

He arrived, after a pleasant journey, at Trebizond, and lodged in the house of the British Consul, Mr. Brandt, where he preached; and he visited the Greeks, both in and around Trebizond. In this town are a great number of Greeks, who are Pauline Christians. They are mentioned by Gibbon as having been persecuted during the reign of the Comnenus, both by the orthodox party and the Muhammadans; and they outwardly conformed to the Muhammadan faith; but, in secret, they are Christians, and great friends of the Bible. Trebizond contains the tomb of one of the Georgian kings, whose epitaph is written in French, in which he is described as one of the descendants of King Solomon.

Wolff, after a few days, went across Mount Ararat to the capital of Armenia, Erz-Room; the proper meaning of which is, "The land belonging to the Roman Empire." From Erz-Room to Tabreez there is only one story to tell, viz.:—that the whole country is deserted by its Armenian inhabitants, because, in 1828, they emigrated, with General Paskewitsh (about 90,000 families in number), to the Russian dominions. Wolff stopped a few days in the city of Bayaseed with the Pasha, whose office is hereditary from father to son; and the Pasha lives in a splendid palace.

From Bayaseed, Wolff went to Khoy, where he

resided with a Persian, who had received his education in England, and spoke English well. He said to Wolff, quite in an English way, and in that language, "I am very happy to shake you by the hand." He invited a whole party of Persians to meet Wolff, some of whom were freemasons; and one of them, Suliman Pasha by name, said that freemasonry is to be found in chapter iv. of Revelation. And there is some truth in this; for, after thirty-eight years, when Wolff peruses this chapter, he can testify that Suliman Pasha was right; and he distinctly knows to which verse Suliman alluded; which every good and accepted mason will also immediately find out.

The Persians are really, with all their tremendous faults, an interesting nation; and it is to be lamented that they are Muhammadans. Tea was served, and conversation took place about the truth of the Gospel; and, on the first evening, the Persians invited were of a liberal description, and therefore a narghili was offered to Wolff that he might smoke with them. But, the next evening, Persians of a different stamp came, who considered it a sin to smoke a narghili with an infidel, and so Wolff was passed over; but the generous host made a thousand apologies to him, for being obliged to submit to the prejudices of his guests.

This prejudice well explains the astonishment of the woman of Samaria, when our Lord asked of her to give Him water to drink; and when she said to Him (John iv. 9), "How is it that Thou, being a

Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." And it explains also, Genesis xliii. 32, "Because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians." One can hereby see the wisdom of our blessed Lord, whose design was to unite brother with brother, and therefore to remove those religious prejudices which are so apt to keep them apart. Even at this entertainment, Wolff recognized the divinity of our Saviour's reform; his reform consisting in making all things smooth for all nations coming to God. God unites, and the devil divides.

CHAPTER XV.

ADVANCE TOWARDS BOKHARA; PLAGUE; TEHERAN; BOOSTAN; DESERT OF CAYEN.

On the third day after Wolff's arrival at Khoy, a "takhtruwan" arrived, which means literally "a walking-chair." It is like a sedan chair, with red curtains, and it was sent to him by the British Ambassador, Colonel Campbell, with a letter both from him and from Doctor, now Sir John, McNeil, dated Astaara, which is ten miles distant from Tebreez; and they stated their great sorrow at being told of Wolff's indisposition at Tokat. They sent this letter by their head servant, a Persian; and it proceeded to inform Wolff that the plague was raging all over Persia, and especially in Tabreez; so that all the chief inhabitants of that place had fled from it. Moreover, they informed him that his royal highness, Abbas Mirza, had marched with his army, 20,000 strong, accompanied by Major Stokes, Captain Shee, and five English sergeants, into the interior of Persia, towards Yazd and Kermaan, two places which are the chief seats of the Parsees, the fire-worshippers. Dear people, will that fire divine ever burn in your hearts which will lead you to that light, which guides to the source of light, the real Ormuzd, Christ our Lord?

The messenger was instructed, moreover, to desire Wolff to come to their tents, where a tent was already pitched for him, and where he should also meet the Russian ambassador and his staff. Wolff went accordingly to Astaara, and was most kindly received by the British Embassy, and his friends, Dr. and Mrs. McNeil. The Russian ambassador also called upon him, with his two secretaries; one of whom was Chodzko, a Pole, who was very much concerned about the destiny of his countrymen, who were, at that time, in open rebellion against the Emperor Nicholas; and he desired Wolff to make him acquainted with the last news about Poland. Chosdow, the other secretary, displayed a candour which it was surprising to observe in a diplomatist; for he informed Wolff that the Poles had hitherto been victorious on every occasion, and had defeated the Russians.

Wolff preached in the tents of the British Ambassador, and his sermon consisted of an exposition of the 12th chapter of Revelation; in which he showed that the woman mentioned in the first verse was the Jewish nation; and the child which was born was Christ; and the time of the spiritual conception of Christ in the Jews, will produce a war in heaven between Michael the Archangel, and the dragon. And he showed that in that conflict Michael will be victorious, and will expel the dragon, which is the devil, who has hitherto access in heaven, as we can see in the case of Job, when he appeared before God as accuser. This fall of

the dragon will fill him with wrath, and then he will persecute the Jewish nation, when those mighty wonders shall be performed, which are alluded to in Micah vii. 15, wonders similar to those which were performed at their coming out of Egypt. "According to the days of thy coming out of the land of Egypt will I show unto him marvellous *things*." And it is for that reason that the prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel make those battles fought in former times typical of those battles which shall be fought previous to the coming of our Lord, &c.

McNeil confessed that he never heard a sermon in which such a deep insight into Scripture was displayed, and such knowledge of the writings of the Fathers. The Russian secretaries, to whom also he preached the same sermon, took it down in writing, and sent it to Count Nesselrode, the Chancellor of the Russian Emperor. Chodzko also said, that many monks of the famous monastery, Troitzo, held the same views as Wolff; and Wolff advised Chodzko to get the book called "The Coming of Christ in Majesty and Glory," written in Spanish by a converted Jew, the famous Jesuit Lacunza, under the assumed name, Juan Josaphat Ben-Ezra, which had been translated into English by Edward Irving; and was also translated into German. This book was condemned by the Church of Rome, on account of Lacunza's belief in the re-establishment of Jewish sacrifices.

Colonel Campbell now immediately wrote to the

King of Persia, who had fled into the mountains of Ispahan, on account of the plague, and also to Abbas Mirza at Yazd, for letters of introduction for Wolff to the chiefs in Khorassan. And in due time both letters of introduction and passports arrived, according to this request; on which occasion it so happened that Wolff, the Ambassador and his family, with Dr. McNeil and his family, were all seated together at dinner, and Dr. McNeil said jokingly to Wolff, "Now you have got all the letters; but, in spite of them, we shall hear, two months hence, the sad tidings that Joseph Wolff has been made a slave in Khorassan by the Turcomauns, and sold for six *shay*,"—the value of one "shay" being the twentieth part of a farthing.

Despatches arrived at the same time from Bushire, with a letter from the British Resident there, who gave notice to Colonel Campbell that Colonel Chesney had arrived from Bombay, in company with a Polish nobleman, Count Borowsky by name. On hearing this announcement, Wolff at once said, "Be on your guard, Borowsky is not a Polish nobleman, but a Jew!" This man was a very remarkable one, and to form an idea of him, we must go back to the year 1829, when Wolff had arrived in Alexandria with his wife from Jerusalem.

A Jew called one day on him there, with all the appearance of a gentleman; but who struck Wolff as being a great braggart. He informed him that his mother had been a Jewess, but that his father was Prince Radzivil; that he had

been in London, and had wished to be baptized there; but as the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews would not come to his terms, he had left them. This visitor, who called himself Borowsky, was then a young man, giving instruction in Alexandria, in history and mathematics; but Wolff, convinced that he was a Jew, on the father's as well as mother's side, did not wish to have anything to do with him.

However, Caviglia (mentioned already), the philosopher, Christian, mystic, and antiquarian, took an interest in him; and, as he wished to proceed to Bombay, he offered him letters of introduction, if he would first state what he meant to do there. Borowsky told him coolly, that he would teach the English there how to govern India. Caviglia retired, and exclaimed, "Per Bacco!" and did not wish to have anything more to do with him. Nevertheless, Borowsky proceeded to India, though without the letters. This was in the year 1829; and in 1831, as stated before, the news reached Colonel Campbell, that this Borowsky, under the title of Count, had arrived at Bushire with Colonel Chesney. And Wolff warned Colonel Campbell accordingly of his suspicions about the man. That Wolff's suspicions of his being a Jew were well founded, will hereafter appear.

Wolff left Astaara, accompanied by a servant of Colonel Campbell, and traversed, for eight days, all the villages infected by the plague, for 300 miles, till he reached Teheran, the chief capital of the

King of Persia, the journey being performed on horseback, and Wolff always sleeping outside the villages on the ground, in the open air. The servant cooked for him, and he was provided with victuals at Astaara to last the whole way.

On his arrival in Teheran, he took up his abode in the palace of the British Ambassador, as Colonel Campbell had most kindly provided him with a letter for the housekeeper there, who was a Persian. Khosrow Khan, his old friend, the chief eunuch, called on him; and he has been already described by Wolff as a Muhammadan Swedenborgian. He was delighted, he said, to hear again about Christ. He said, also, that he would assist Wolff in going safely to Bokhara; but that it was a far more dangerous journey than any Wolff had ever undertaken before, and, therefore, great caution was required. He said, too, that, in the year 1825, Captain Brown, an English traveller, had been killed in Khorassan, although he had had with him an escort from the King of Persia.

Wolff called the next day on Khosrow Khan, when he met there several Affghan merchants who had come from Bokhara. Khosrow Khan asked them, how Wolff could go safely? They replied, "Nametwanad B'rawad," "*He cannot go.*" Wolff asked "Why not?" They answered, "They will kill you in Khorassan, because they cannot bear Christians; and if you should slip safely through Khorassan, and arrive in Sarakhs, where there are 6000 tents of Turcomauns, they will keep you a

slave; and if you were to slip through Sarakhs safely, and arrive in Merw (also called Mowr), you will still be in the same danger; and if you should slip safely through Merw, and arrive in Bokhara, you will either be kept there, and never be allowed to leave: or killed, as they killed Morecroft, and Guthrie, and Trebeck, six years ago, after Shah Hydar had received them with the greatest kindness, and after they had given him immense presents." Besides this, they said to Wolff, "You have physical impediments, because you are short-sighted, and do not see when robbers are coming."

And Wolff must confess that he is the most unfit of travellers, because, as they justly observed, he is short-sighted; and also, he is not able to ride upon a good horse, nor even upon a donkey; he cannot swim at all; he cannot cook his own victuals, nor sit as the natives do, with crossed legs, like tailors; and his habit of walking about, in a pensive manner, was always offensive to Easterns of every description, until they had found him out to be a dervish, who was absorbed in meditations on higher matters.

Khosrow Khan said, "My dear friend, I do not like to be responsible for your safety, for I am convinced you are in great danger." Wolff replied, "God is mighty above all things; He will take care of me."

Now, before Wolff proceeds to give an account of his departure, he must be allowed to give an insight into the state of the country of Persia, and

of Turkistan, and Bokhara—those countries to which he was about to proceed. He has already observed that there are two great parties in the Muhammadan religion: The Sheeah,—Anti-traditionalists, who believe that the first rightful successor of Muhammad was Ali, and after him the twelve Imams. They reject entirely the right of successorship of Aboubeker, Omar, and Osman, and consider them as robbers and usurpers, and curse five times every day, in each of their prayers, Aboubeker, Omar, and Osman.

Now the Persians and the people of Khorassan are Sheeah, and are under the government of the King of Persia, who is also a Sheeah. And Persia Proper, including Khorassan, is comprised by the name of Iran. But, after it, Tooran comes, which comprises the whole of Turkistan, Bokhara, Khiva, and Kokan, and Tashkand, and Hasrat Sultan, Mimona, Ankhoy, and Herat. These countries, except Herat, are also called Turkistan. Its inhabitants are Osbek, Tachek, and Kalmucks, all of which are Soonnee, *i. e.* Traditionalists. They recognize the Khalifatship, or successorship of Aboubeker, Omar, and Osman, and Ali; and declare the Sheeah to be infidels, and worthy of being sold, as they express themselves, like donkeys and horses. And this they do; and every year the King and the Muhammadan Moollahs of Bokhara issue a Fetwa, *i. e.* Papal bull, ordering the Turcomauns in the desert, and the Hazara (called by Gibbon, "Khozaren"), to march every year to Khorassan

and Persia, to make "tapow," *i. e.* foray; which order those tribes obey, and capture whole caravans, burn down cities and villages, and sell the inhabitants as slaves in the cities of Turkistan.

In Hebrew, the Turcomauns are called, *The children of Togarmah.* Is it not remarkable that this description agrees with the words of Ezekiel? (Ezekiel xxvii. 14)—"They of the house of Togarmah traded in thy fairs with horses and horsemen"—*i. e.* slaves, because the Persian slaves are used as horsemen—"and mules." This is their trade to this day. The Turcomauns now, therefore, enter Khorassan every year, five or six times, burn down whole villages, carry away the inhabitants as slaves, and sell them in the cities of Bokhara and Khiva.

But this was not the only thing to be dreaded. The people of Khorassan, though Sheeah, and subjects of the King of Persia, were only nominally his subjects, and were, in reality, subjects of forty-two Khans; and let it be observed, all of them were Sheeah also. And all those Khans had power in their respective territories over the lives and property of their subjects, like the feudal lords, in ancient times, in England and in Germany; and they cared but little for the King of Persia, to whom, however, each Khan gave every year a horse as a mark of tribute.

Many of these Khans were in open understanding with the Turcomauns of the desert; the enemies of their rightful King, and the enemies of their

religion! There was one of them, especially, whose name was Muhammad Iszhak Khan, ruler of the city and territory of Torbad-Hydareea; a man six feet high, with eyes flashing fire, who marched out, sometimes with 3000 horsemen, making slaves of the subjects of his fellow-Khans, bringing them to his own town, Torbad, imprisoning them, and putting them in irons until Turcomauns from the desert came to purchase them of him; and thus bought Sheeah from the hands of a Sheeah chief, to sell them again, chiefly in Bokhara and Khiva! It is said of him, that he had, in this manner, sold 60,000 of his co-religionists, and subjects of his own King, to the Soonnee; and as this system has been now carried on for centuries, there are 200,000 Persian slaves in the kingdom of Bokhara alone. It was through such a country as this that Wolff had now to travel.

Meantime, several cases of Bibles in various languages had arrived for Wolff in the British Embassy at Teheran, from Bombay, sent to him by Bishop Carr, at that time Archdeacon Carr. Before Wolff started he made acquaintance with an Affghan, who had been several times in Bokhara, and had managed matters so well that he always came safely back; and as Soonnee, there was no danger of his being made a slave. This man promised to bring Wolff safely to Bokhara; so he paid him a visit in the British Embassy. On his arrival there Wolff embraced him in the Eastern manner, and gave him a cup of tea to drink, and sat down near him,

and looked at him; when, on looking at his neck, below his ear, he saw something white on his skin—white as snow; but not knowing then, thoroughly, what leprosy was, he put his hand to it, and asked him "What have you got here?" To which he coolly replied, "This is what we call in Persian, *piss;*" *i. e.* leprosy. Wolff ran away at once, and out into the garden; where meeting with a Parsee who was preparing everything for his journey, he bade him go and tell the man he could have nothing to do with him; and, of course, he never saw him again.

Wolff then went to the market-place in Teheran, where he met a Muhammadan, dressed in a large yellow gown, with a shawl tied around him like a sash; a white turban upon his head, and a staff in his hand. Wolff was at that time dressed in Persian costume; he had also a Bible under his arm, and a Persian cap on his head; and as it is not the custom as it is in England, that one must be first introduced before speaking, he walked up to him, and said, "I perceive that you are a Hadjee." He at once told Wolff his whole history, and said, "Yes, God be praised, I am a Hadjee, a Sheeah, and a Mujteheed" (*i. e.* a Sheeah priest). "I set out three years ago from Herat, and came through Khorassan, escaping the attention of that Pedr Sukhte (which is, in English, 'one whose father ought to be burned'), Muhammad Isahak Khan, of Torbad-Hydareea; and I arrived safely in Teheran, and from Teheran I went to

Bushire; from thence I embarked for Juddah, and from Juddah I went to Mecca; and from Mecca to Medina; and after three years I returned yesterday, back to this place, Teheran; and to-morrow I shall set out for Herat, by the way of Meshed."

Wolff was highly pleased to hear this account, for he, himself, had to go more than halfway on the same road. So he said to the Hadjee:—"You are a Hadjee; I am also a Hadjee; but I am more, I am a Dervish. I am a believer in three books, which are: first, the books of Moses and the Prophets; secondly, the Psalms of David; and thirdly, the Gospel of Christ, together with the Epistles of his Apostles." Wolff used wittingly these expressions, because the Muhammadans divide the revealed Book into four books; firstly, the Tawrat, *i. e.* the first five books of Moses; secondly, Zaboor, that is the Psalms of David; thirdly, Anjeel, which is the Gospel; and fourthly, the Koran, *i. e.* the book of Muhammad. By telling the Hadjee this, Wolff gave him to understand that he did not believe the same as the Hadjee, but yet, that he was not an infidel. Wolff then continued, "I go about in the world to proclaim that Jesus Christ came the first time to suffer for our sins; and that He will come the second time to reign on earth in majesty and glory; and I am now going to Bokhara in order to find out the ten tribes of Israel."

The Hadjee, whose name was Sayd Muhammad, observed, "I should like to travel with you." And Wolff repeated, "I should like to travel with you."

On which the Hadjee said, "Then you must be ready to-morrow."

Wolff hired four camels, upon which he loaded those Bibles which had been sent to him from Bombay for distribution on the journey; and he hired two Persian servants, both of them tremendous rogues; for Wolff never had the good fortune to meet with a good servant, except on his second journey to Bokhara, in the year 1843, when he took a Russian with him from Constantinople to Tabreez, who actually behaved very well the whole journey. But when they arrived at Tabreez, he became so drunk that he thrashed his master, and would have most seriously injured him, if Mr. Bonham had not knocked him down. Wolff, however, would still have taken him on to Bokhara after he became sober, if he would have promised not to get drunk again. But he said he never would promise such a thing, as he was determined to get drunk whenever the feast of the Holy Virgin Mary was celebrated. So Wolff dismissed him.

But to return to the journey to Khorassan. Wolff set out the next day with the Hadjee, who had his hareem and servants; and with his own servants besides; and about fifty Persians who had joined the caravan for Khorassan. Everything went on smoothly for three days: but on the fourth, they arrived in the province of Khorassan; and, almost immediately, the whole caravan uttered shrieks, and the Hadjee said, weeping, "God have mercy upon us! Now we are lost; we are slaves for life!" Wolff

asked, "What is the matter?" They all exclaimed, "Are you blind? look there!" and here they pointed in one direction. "There are the Al-Ammaan coming on horseback; and the Al-Ammaan have a proverb, '*Al-Ammaan Atlanda Attasee Danamas*,'" *i. e.* "An Al-Ammaan on horseback does not know his own father."

Now observe, the Turcomauns are also called "Al-Ammaan;" and there cannot be the least doubt that they are the ancient Scythians, the ancestors of the Germans, or the Allemanni, or Allemands. There are among them two tribes; the one called *Sakas*, the Saxons; and the other the *Garaman*, that is the Germans. They are also called the *Tboraanee*, and are noted so much for their ferocity, that the Greeks have taken from them the name τυραννοι, *i. e.* "tyrants." The first thing they do, whenever they attack a caravan, is to fire, and kill some, in order to strike terror among the rest. Then those who have escaped fall on their knees, and exclaim, *Ammaan!* *i. e.* "Give us our safety!" Upon this, the Al-Ammaans, that is, *the people to whom the prisoner intrusts his safety*, strip their victims of everything they possess, leaving them naked; and tie them to their horses' tails with a long rope, so that the horse is not able to kick them; but they are dragged on until the troop arrive with them at the spot in Turkistan called Sarakhs, which is the chief emporium or market-place for slaves.

Now eight or nine hundred of such Al-Ammaan

came down upon Wolff and his caravan; but, to the surprise of all, they did not fire, nor make any attack; although they came up to within a couple of yards of the travellers. Every one was dumb and motionless, the attackers as well as the attacked. At last, the Turcomauns commenced, "*Nörödön Gölyoorsesz?*" *i. e.* "Where do you come from?" Wolff replied, "*Ajameestaunda,*" which means, "From the land of Ajam," *i. e.* Persia. The Al-Ammaans shook their heads, and said to each other, "*Koorkar Ajameestaunda Boowakt Wabba Warr awrdah;*" "There is danger; the plague exists in Persia at this time." When Wolff observed from these words that they were afraid of the plague, he began to walk up to them; upon which, they turned round at once, and rode off as fast as they could.

And thus, as it was observed in the account of Wolff's departure from Constantinople, the plague was once, during this journey, the means of saving him from either death or slavery.

All now exclaimed, "*Alhamdoo lillah!*" "Praise be to God!" and after this, they marched on and came to Semnaun. This was the place where, six years before Wolff's journey, Captain Brown was killed; and here, at the time when Wolff was entering it, two Khorassan chiefs were fighting with each other. One of them was son to the King of Persia; the other was a native of Khorassan, both of them Sheeah.

Wolff pitched his tent outside the city of Sem-

naun, with the rest of the caravan; and the inhabitants came thither out of the town; some of them to honour Wolff, because they had heard that he was a great dervish; others with a wish to kill him, because they had heard that he was an infidel. The Hadjee made them believe that he was a dervish, who believed in three books, and that he was an extraordinary man, who went about to speak with the nations about Jesus. So these men talked to Wolff for some time; but the evil-disposed ones refused to give him water to drink, and the others did not dare to do it. Wolff, however, made his way to a well himself. At last, they all retired back into the town, and the caravan slept in peace.

From thence they came to *Damghan*, one of the three cities which are considered the most ancient in the world. The other two are *Balkh*, in Bactriana, and *Nishapoor*, in Khorassan. In Damghan, Wolff was received civilly by the Governor in his own house, though he told him freely his history, viz.:—that he had been a Jew, and had become a Christian and a dervish. In the night there was fighting going on in the town, so that Wolff was disturbed the whole time; and his host had to fly the place; and Wolff hastened away in the morning to the camp outside the town, where he had left the Hadjee.

And then Wolff proceeded on his way, with the caravan, to Sharoot and Deh-Moollah, and arrived at the beautiful town called Boostan, which means

"Garden." This is one of the few towns in Khorassan, whose rule is in the hands of one of the King's sons. The name of that prince was Ismael Mirza,* and he was the son of a Jewess. On Wolff's arrival in Boostan, the whole town was in alarm and in arms; and shouts were heard from all sides, *Al-Ammaan beeroon*, "The Al-Ammaans are outside!" And this was so; they filled the whole road called "The King's Highway," which leads from Boostan to Meshed, and so forward to Bokhara; the King's Highway being a scriptural expression, to be found in the prophet Isaiah, signifying the chief road.

Wolff said to the inhabitants of Boostan, "There is no cause of fear for us, for they might have taken us a week ago on the frontier." They answered, "Oh, we see that you are a foreigner, and do not know the policy of these Al-Ammaans. They did not take you on the frontier, because they were not quite sure whether the plague was among you or not. But, as they have spies everywhere, they are now convinced that you are healthy and sound; and do you only go out for half an hour towards Meshed, and see whether they will not take you."

Wolff now asked the Hadjee, "What do you intend to do?" He replied, "Let us hire a house here, and stay till the times are more quiet." Wolff replied, "I shall do no such thing; I must go on."

* The word *Mirza*, when placed *before* a proper name, means *a secretary;* when placed *after* it, it means a prince royal,—the son or descendant of a king.

And as he had had a letter from the King of Persia for Ismael Mirza, he waited on him. The Prince read the letter in due form, first pressing it against his forehead, then kissing it, then putting it to his heart; and then, after reading it, he said to Wolff, "I am your humble servant. Ask of me whatever you wish me to do for you, and I will do it."

Wolff said that he only desired his Royal Highness to send him to Bokhara in safety, either as a freeman or as a slave. He told the Prince that his object in getting safely to Bokhara was, that he might be able to converse with the Jews about Jesus, and inquire into the truth of their idea, that they were descendants of the lost ten tribes. He added, that after accomplishing his mission in Bokhara, he would, in case he went there as a slave, write to the Governor of Orenbourg in Siberia, and enclose a letter to Lord Heytesbury, sending him bills to obtain money to pay for his ransom in Bokhara.

The Prince said, "There is no necessity for sending you on as a slave, I can send you on as a freeman. And you may take as much gold on your head as you please. There is nobody will touch you, and you need not go with a caravan; one single man is enough to bring you safely to Bokhara. I only require from you one condition—I don't want money from you, but my father writes to me that you are a very great man in England. Therefore give me a writing, in which you promise, in the name of the King of England, that after you are arrived safely in Bokhara, he will give me a life-

pension yearly, of 6,000 tomauns" (equal to £3,000 sterling).

Wolff smiled, and said, "I can give you a paper, that His Majesty should give you 40,000 tomauns, but I doubt whether he will honour the bill!"

Thereupon he replied, "Then I fear your paper will be good for nothing."

Wolff answered, "So I am afraid myself."

"Then," exclaimed he, "you may go to the devil!"

So Wolff left the palace of the Prince, and returned to the Hadjee in the market-place, where many of the inhabitants were assembled. They asked Wolff what the result of his application had been? And he informed them of all the circumstances, at which they all laughed, and made the following remarkable observation:—

"Oh, you don't know our princes; they are not like yours. Your princes will do some kindness to a foreigner, but the occupation of our princes is to dye their beards black with henna, smoke the galyoon, and get drunk against the law of the Koran. They spend the greater part of their days in the hareem, and squeeze their subjects for money, and foreigners too, if they can; and they are in understanding with the Al-Ammaan in the desert, bargaining for part of their spoils."

It is surprising to observe, how, in countries where tyranny prevails, liberty of speech is allowed to exist. It is to be explained in this way:—The being a tyrant is no discredit there, but a credit.

Count Titow observed to Wolff, that this seems to have been the case in the time of our blessed Saviour. And the Apostle seems to insinuate this by the words, "He beareth not the sword in vain." And if we ask at the present day in savage, despotic countries, "Why has the king killed such and such a man? What crime has he committed?" the answer is, "None; he was a good man, but using the sword is the business of a king."

This seems to have been the case in the time of Louis Quinze in France, when both tyranny existed and liberty of speech was allowed. For a tyrant will allow liberty of speech so long as he does not perceive the danger of it, but the moment he perceives the danger he puts a stop to it. And so, we may ask, would Louis Napoleon now allow any one to write a book like "Télémaque"? Certainly not! Napoleon perceives this danger, and gives warning to newspapers, and stops all liberty of speech; because the fate of Louis XVI. has shown to him what is the consequence of tyrannical acts when they are permitted to be canvassed by the people.

Wolff asked the inhabitants whether there was not another road to Bokhara? They replied, "Yes, there is one where the Turcomauns don't go, on account of the scarcity of water; and this is through the province of Cayen to Burchund, and from thence to Herat, and from Herat to Samarcand and Bokhara. In case you take that road, you must provide yourself with water for seven days in skins; and also with pomegranates, from which you may squeeze

out a tumbler full of juice, and that juice, mixed with water and sugar, you will find a delicious draught to take when you are thirsty; and you must provide yourself with enough roasted chickens to last you seven days, and so you will be able to arrive on the seventh day at Burchund. But on arriving there, try to escape the attention of Ameer Assaad-Oollah-Beyk, the Governor of that place, for he has been a rebel against Abbas Mirza and the King of Persia for the last thirty years, and as you are the friend of Abbas Mirza, you may easily be suspected of being one of his spies, and be put to death."

Wolff prepared, according to the advice he had received, to proceed to Burchund and Herat, and when the inhabitants saw that he was determined to go, one old man eighty years of age, said, "I will go with this European as far as Burchund, for I have never seen my great-grandchildren who live there." Another said, "I want to go and see my nurse, whom I have not seen for these twenty years."

And thus a caravan was again formed, of between forty and fifty people, and Wolff set out for the desert of Cayen with his fellow-travellers and servants.

The first night they slept among the ruins of a huge castle. It is utterly inconceivable to discover, how, in those ancient times, men could have placed such mighty stones one upon the other. No wonder that the natives say, these structures have not been built by human hands,

but by Deeves, or genii; and that Rostum himself, the Hercules of the Persians, has not been able to destroy them entirely.

The next morning Wolff started again on his journey, and went twenty-five miles; and they were about to lie down to sleep in the desert, after they had had some food, when the old man, before mentioned, began to make a most tremendous noise, exclaiming, "O God! what has happened to me in my old age?" They asked him what was the matter? and he replied, "I must return to that accursed castle." Wolff asked, why? He said "I have lost a half-rupee in the castle, which I must try to find again." Wolff would have willingly offered him two or three rupees, in order that he might not take the trouble of going back again; but on such journeys everything is to be considered; for, if he had shown himself liberal to the old man, he might have excited the suspicion that he had a great deal of money, and so have put into the minds of the rest, and even of the old man himself, the idea of killing him for his money. For they say of a man who has got a great deal of money, *bad nam darad*, which means "he has a bad name," because he is in danger of being put to death. And so Wolff suffered the old man to return the next day to the castle.

All said that the man would not try again to join the caravan, but would go back to Boostan; and so they proceeded without him, and went on that day about thirty miles, and were about to

go to rest, when, to their great surprise, they heard the voice of the old man, exclaiming, "Praise be to God, the Creator of the world, praise be to God, the mighty and the glorious! I have found my half-rupee." The whole caravan laughed most heartily on hearing the joy of this man, who kept them awake half the night, telling them how he had swept the room in the castle, until "Hazr" (*i.e.* Elijah) appeared to him, and showed him the spot where the half-rupee lay. This illustrates the passage in Luke xv. 8, 9; "Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbours together, saying, 'Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece which I had lost.'"

Wolff has often witnessed similar conduct in women who had lost some piece of money of the most insignificant value; and this shows the dreadful covetousness of the Eastern people.

The next morning the caravan proceeded on through the desert, and slept in a camp, as usual; when a quarrel arose between two of the travellers, one saying to the other, "Thou stupid fellow, thou art ignorant of thy religion." The other replied, "Ask me a question, and see if I cannot answer it." The other said, "Then tell me what was the name of the prophet's daughter who married Ali?" The other did not know. And here Wolff, who had overheard the discussion, called out, "Fatimah

Khatoon was her name." (*Khatoon* means a lady, so that she was called "Fatimah the lady.").

The man who had challenged the other, now exclaimed, "See, this Christian dervish knows it, but thou dost not know!"

Wolff again interposed, "Now, I will ask you who boast so much, some questions. Answer me! With whom did Muhammad travel, and to what place did he travel, when he was thirteen years of age? And who invited him to a sumptuous dinner?"

The man knew not one single word of this. Then Wolff said, "He travelled with Aboo-Taleb, his uncle; and came near Bussorah in Syria, on his way to Jerusalem; and it was by Baheerah, the monk, that he was invited with his party to a sumptuous dinner."

As Wolff concluded, a dervish rose from amidst the caravan, and approaching him said, "Verily, Youssuff Wolff, thou art a dervish indeed. Untruth is not in thee!" Wolff at once presented this dervish with a Bible, and commenced speaking about religion, which he always did on the slightest opportunity.

CHAPTER XVI.

BURCHUND; TAKEN PRISONER; DERVISHES; CARAVAN; MADE SLAVE; TORBAD-HYDAREEA; THE "HEAD-TEARER."

At last, the caravan arrived in Burchund, where Wolff went to a caravanserai to sleep; for Ameer Assaad-Oollah-Beyk, Governor of the place, a Sheeah by persuasion, and vassal to the King of Persia (but who had already been for thirty years a rebel against his liege lord, and the Prince Regent Abbas Mirza), was very suspicious of every traveller who came to the place; being afraid that he might be a spy upon him, sent from Abbas Mirza. Wolff, knowing this, did not delay at Burchund; but set out the next morning for Herat, accompanied only by his own two servants, and a camel-driver conducting the camel which carried the Bibles.

He walked the whole distance—being forty miles; and just as night had set in, two horsemen came up behind him. They were of that mighty and brave race, the Pooluj, the bravest people of Central Asia; who were afterwards entirely defeated and subdued by General Sir Charles Napier. When these two Pooluj came behind Wolff, they said, "We are sent by Ameer Assaad-

Oollah-Beyk to bring you back, because you are a spy from Abbas Mirza."

The history of the matter was this. Before Wolff arrived at Burchund, a report had reached the place that Abbas Mirza had already marched into Khorassan, for the purpose of putting an end to slave-making, and of exterminating the Khans, among whom Ameer Assaad-Oollah-Beyk, as one of the chief rebels, was included. And Wolff was suspected of being a spy from Abbas Mirza, on his road to Herat, to make alliance with Shah Kamran, its king.

Wolff had no resource, but was forced to walk back to Burchund, a journey which he accomplished in three days, and then he was brought to the old castle, which was the residence of the Ameer. Those castles are called in the Persian, *ark*, from which our English and German word "ark" is derived, and it means "a fortress."

Here Wolff was dragged into a large dark room by the Ameer's soldiers, in a rude, disrespectful way. Each of the soldiers had a matchlock gun in his hand; with a burning, smoking torch upon it, which spread a sulphurous odour through the room. On one side of the room sat the Ameer, with the chiefs of the desert around him. The Ameer himself had a most beautiful eye, and pleasant countenance; and both he and all the other chiefs had a galyoon in their mouths, and were smoking. On the other side were the Moollahs sitting; and in the midst of them was

a dervish of high repute, whose name was Hadjee Muhammad Jawad.

Wolff was at this time in his Persian dress, and carried a Bible under his arm, as was his universal custom in travelling. The Ameer first opened his mouth, and asked Wolff,

"Where do you come from?"

Wolff said, "I come from England, and am going to Bokhara."

"What do you intend to do in Bokhara?" asked the Ameer.

Wolff replied, "I, having been a Jew, visit that nation all over the world, and wish to go to Bokhara, in order to see whether the Jews there are of the ten tribes of Israel, and to speak to them about Jesus."

All in the room exclaimed, "This man must be devil-possessed!"

But the dervish, on the other side, called out, "Silence! This man is not devil-possessed. I shall examine him." And then he proceeded to examine Wolff, in the most extraordinary manner, by asking him, "Do you know Sir John Malcolm?"

Wolff answered "Yes."

Then, again, asked the dervish, "Do you know Sir Gore Ouseley?"

Wolff said "Yes," once more.

Dervish.—"Do you know Lord Hastings, Governor-General of India?"

Wolff.—"Yes."

Dervish (in a louder tone).—"Do you know the Padri (*i. e.* missionaries) of Calcutta, Serampore, Madras, and Bombay?"

Wolff.—"Yes."

Then said the dervish, "Thou art a Padre" (a missionary), and added, with exultation at his own shrewdness, "Have I found you out?" Wolff answered "Yes." Upon which the dervish turned to the Ameer, and said, "Now, go on asking him questions, and I will help you out."

The Ameer then continued the examination, as follows:—

Ameer.—"How far is England from Bokhara?"

Wolff.—"Seven thousand miles straightforward, going by sea to Constantinople, and from Constantinople by land to Bokhara; but, as I have come, it is above 15,000."

Ameer.—"Why do you take such trouble? Why do you mind what they believe in Bokhara? Why not remain at home, eat and drink, and live comfortably in the circle of your family?"

Wolff.—"Sadi says" (and, as he spoke, he balanced himself from side to side, as is the custom with dervishes, using also their singing tone), "'The world, O brother, remaineth not to any one. Fix, therefore, your heart on the Creator of the world, and it is enough.' I have found out, by the reading of this book" (here he held out the Bible), "that one can only bind one's heart to God by believing in Jesus; and, believing this, I am like one who walks in a beautiful garden, and smells

the odour of the roses, and hears the warbling of the nightingale; and I do not like to be the only one so happy; and therefore I go about in the world for the purpose of inviting others to walk with me, arm-in-arm, in the same beautiful garden."

They all at once rose, and exclaimed, "A man of God!—drunk with the love of God! A dervish indeed! Sit down!"

A pipe was now brought to Wolff, and tea; and then the Ameer desired him to read some portions from his book.

Wolff turned to the Sermon on the Mount, and read the first twelve verses; then to Isaiah, and read parts of the 34th chapter, "Come near, ye nations, to hear; and hearken, ye people: Let the earth hear, and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it. For the indignation of the Lord is upon all nations, and His fury upon all their armies: He has utterly destroyed them, He has delivered them to the slaughter," &c. Upon this Wolff enlarged, and spoke of the final judgments of God upon the nations. A general cry now arose, "O God, why do we not repent? O God, why do we not repent?"

And then the Ameer asked whether Wolff had such books in their language, to which Wolff replied, "Yes," and sending for his servant, he caused Persian and Arabic Bibles to be brought into the room, and distributed above forty copies. He afterwards saw people reading, in the open market-

places, these very books; and was called upon, more than once, to explain different passages in them. Wolff remained fourteen days in Burchund, sleeping in the house of Hadjèe Muhammad Jawad. This dervish is known, not only in the whole of Khorassan, but also throughout Turkistan, including Bokhara, Balkh and Cabul, Khotan, Kokan, Tashkand, Hasrat, Sultan, and Yarkand in Chinese Tartary, the whole of Hindoostan, Thibet, and China!

It is worth while to give to the world a more just view of the dervishes than has hitherto been done, because, both by missionaries and other travellers, they have been represented as useless beggars. Such an account of them as this is at once refuted, by simply stating, that all the great men in the East, who have been celebrated either as poets, or historians, or lawyers, have been dervishes. For example, Hafiz, Saadi, Ferdoosi, Moollah Roomee, Jaami, Malek Nazam—and the last was the exterminator of the Assassins, who are otherwise called "The people of the Man of the Mountain." These people, before they attacked an enemy, would intoxicate themselves with a powder made of hemp-leaves, out of which they prepared an inebriating electuary, called "Hashish;" and so they were called "Hashshasheen," whence the English word "assassin" is derived. They were under the command of an old man, who resided formerly upon Mount Lebanon, and was, therefore, called "The Old Man of the Mountain." Many heroes, who

went from Europe to fight against Islam, in the time of the Crusades, fell victims to the invisible hands of "The Old Man of the Mountain."

To return to the dervishes. If they did not exist, no man would be safe in the deserts among the savages. They are the chief people in the East who keep in the recollection of those savages that there are ties between heaven and earth. They restrain the tyrant in his oppression of his subjects; and are, in fact, the great benefactors of the human race in the East. They are called dervishes from the word *Daar*, which is, in English, "door," and *Weesh*, which means, "hanging," the purport of the whole word being to *hang at the gate of God*, to be inspired by Him, and to trust in his bounty. They are consulted by courts, and by the counsellors of state in times of emergency. All the prophets of old were dervishes, beyond all doubt, in their actions, in their style of speaking, and in their dress. For instance, we find that Elijah sat, "with his face wrapped in his mantle;" and when he was asked, "What art thou doing?" he replied, "I am jealous for the Lord." Exactly so does a dervish sit now, wrapped up in his mantle, in deep meditation. And if one asks him, "What art thou doing, O dervish?" he will reply, "I am filled with zeal for God;" or, "I think of the time when Mehdee (*i. e.* the Restorer of all things) will come, and when the wolf and the lamb shall lie down together." And when he comes near a river, he strikes the river with his mantle. At other times,

he strips himself of his clothes, as Isaiah did, to indicate the total overthrow of an empire. And dervishes sit outside the gate, as Isaiah did, and receive the counsellors of the kings, as he did. And, just as Isaiah prophesied the defeat of the Assyrian king, in the following short sentence, when Hezekiah sent to consult him, "The virgin, the daughter of Zion, laughs at thee, the daughter of Jerusalem shakes her head at thee," thus the dervish, Nakshpandee, replied to the King of Khiva, when he was consulted on the approach of Russia to Khiva, "Tell Moscow, Organtsh laughs at thee, and Khiva shakes her head at thee."

The prophets had spiritual disciples, whose business it was to pour water over the head of their master; and, before he died, he bequeathed his mantle to his spiritual disciple, and the spirit came over the disciple henceforth; and he trod in the footsteps of his master, as Joshua followed Moses, and Elisha his master, Elijah. And thus every dervish is a *Moorsheed, i. e.* a "spiritual guide," who has under him a *Mooreed*, which means "an obsequious disciple." Melchizedec of old, also a dervish, had a royal title; he was "King of Righteousness,"—in Hebrew, Melchizedec—and he was also "King of Peace," Melek Salem. And when Abraham came to his tent, he came forth with bread and wine, and was called "The Priest of the Highest;" and Abraham gave him a portion of his spoil. And just so, Wolff's friend in the desert of Merw, in the kingdom of

Khiva, whose autograph Wolff considers an ornament to his Bible, whose name is Abd-Arrahman, which means, *slave of the merciful God*, because his mother said, on the day of his birth, "Thou shalt be a slave of the most merciful God all the days of thy life," has also a royal title. He is called, Shahe-Addaalat, "King of Righteousness," the same as Melchizedec in Hebrew. And when he makes peace between kings, he bears the title Shahe-Soolkh, *i. e.* "King of Peace,"—in Hebrew Melek Salem. Melchizedec produced bread and wine; and thou, dear dervish in the desert of Merw, camest forth from thy tent, and refreshedst the weary wanderer, Joseph Wolff, with bread and sherbet. And when he asked thee, who was thy father and thy mother? thou repliedst humbly, "I am without father and without mother, for I have forsaken all for God's sake." And does not Paul say of Melchizedec, that he was without father and without mother?

To go back to Wolff's journey. At last he took "Rookhsad," *i. e.* leave of departure, from Ameer Assaad-Oollah-Beyk. He said, "My dear friend, thou may'st go whenever thou pleasest; but I cannot understand one thing. You intend to go to Bokhara. Why not go the straightforward way, from here to Toorshesh? I will give you two men to escort you there. And my friend, Muhammad Takee Khan, will give you an escort to Nishapoor. There your friend, Abbas Mirza, has arrived with an army of 20,000 Persians; and English and Russian officers are among

them. He is come to exterminate us all; but God is great. I shall have to fight him, for he will pull down my palace if he can. In the meanwhile, we are politic in our behaviour towards him, and pay him every honour and respect. And you will be respected on his account. The Turcomauns have already begun to send their deputies to him, and have promised to make no more slaves." Wolff at once acted according to the Ameer's advice, and accepted the escort to Toorshesh.

But before continuing the history of his travels, it must be recorded that this Ameer Assaad-Oollah-Beyk was a man of excellent and amiable character, and very remarkable as a brave warrior. Abbas Mirza succeeded in subduing all the rest of Khorassan, during the three years of his expedition against that country; but Burchund was never molested by him. Yet a very sad fate awaited the poor Ameer; for, in the year 1844, when Wolff returned from his second journey to Bokhara, fourteen years afterwards, he found that the Ameer had just been taken by Mahmood Shah, Abbas Mirza's son, and that his kingdom had been wrested from him, and his eyes put out.

Wolff departed from Burchund, escorted by two men, as well as his servants, who were sent with him by Assaad-Oollah-Beyk; and, after two days' journey, they passed by a village, near Toorshesh, which was in flames; and the inhabitants were running about in the high road, exclaiming, "O God, Thou hast broken our bones!" For the Turcomauns had been there the day before, and

had set the village on fire, and taken many of the inhabitants as slaves, because they knew that they would soon have to give up slave-making, on account of Abbas Mirza's army, which had entered the country for the purpose of putting an end to the inroads of these Turcomauns.

Wolff then, after two hours' journey, entered the fortress of Toorshesh, with only one of his servants, for the other had left him at Burchund, saying these words, "I leave you, because if you are not made a slave in a few days, you may cut off my beard the first moment you see me." Wolff, on entering Toorshesh, delivered the letters of recommendation, given to him by the above-mentioned Mahmood Shah, into the hands of Muhammad Takee Khan, the Governor of Toorshesh, to whom they were addressed. After he had perused the letters, he said to Wolff, "I must be candid and upright towards you; and therefore I must frankly declare to you that I cannot give you any escort to go with you to Nishapoor, where Abbas Mirza is now encamped with his army, because I have declared myself rebel against him. He has sent me an order to deliver up my palace and my town to him, and this I have refused to do. And, besides this, there is, only fifty miles from here, my deadly enemy, Muhammad Iszhak Khan, of the tribe Kerahe, Governor of Torbad-Hydareea. He has the surname, Kaleekaan, which means the 'Head-tearer,' because he has such immense bodily strength, that he frequently tears in two the skull of his enemy; and though, from fear of

Abbas Mirza, he has given orders that his people should cease from making slaves, nevertheless, his subjects wander about on horseback, and make slaves, and sell them to the Turcomauns." Wolff then said, "As there is no other remedy, can you give me a horse which is quiet, and I will go on alone with my servant?" But the servant said, "I don't go with you, unless you promise me that you will ransom me, as well as yourself, in case we are made slaves by the Kerahe people." Wolff promised to do this, and Muhammad Takee Khan gave him a horse gratis; and so he set out with his servant for Nishapoor.

Fifteen muleteers, whose mules were laden with dates, pomegranates, &c., which were presents for Abbas Mirza, sent to him by the chiefs of Toon, Tabas, and Khaf, joined Wolff on the road; and thus they arrived, after about five hours' journey, at a village called Rooshne-Abaad. Here the people looked out from the tower, and observed that, in the highways, horsemen, belonging to Muhammad the "head-tearer," were wandering about, trying to make slaves. Wolff said, "Bring me some of my Arabic and Persian Bibles, and I will write something in each of them." The Bibles were brought to him, and he wrote in Persian the following words:—

"*To His Royal Highness Abbas Mirza.*

"Royal Highness,

"In case these Bibles reach you without me, you may be convinced that I have

been made slave, with my servant, and fifteen muleteers, not by Turcomauns, but by your Highness's subjects, the Kerahe, people of Muhammad Khan, of Torbad-Hydareea, who wander about to make foray, against the order of their chief, who is now 120 miles distant, in his country house, Sangoon. He is very desirous of submitting himself to your Royal Highness; and therefore, in case that I am made slave, an order from you to their great chief, will effect not only my liberation, but also that of all those who have been made slaves with me.

"JOSEPH WOLFF."

Wolff wrote the same in English, for the perusal of the British officers who accompanied Abbas Mirza's army; and then he gave these Bibles into the hands of the chief of the inhabitants of Rooshne-Abaad, and told them, "Now, I shall set out on my journey for Nishapoor, accompanied by those who came with me here."

And thus they set out towards a village called Sangerd, about three hours distant from Rooshne-Abaad. When Wolff had ridden on before the rest, and was only a quarter of a mile distant from Sangerd, he suddenly heard a firing from all sides, and saw the flashes of the guns as they were fired off; and this was accompanied by dreadful yellings and screams from the barbarians. *Ammaan!* was the cry, which means "Safety," and Wolff might have saved himself, but he was determined to share common fate with the rest, and so he returned to

his companions, when he saw an awful sight. His servant and all the rest were already tied to the horses' tails of a banditti who surrounded them. All these prisoners had been stripped entirely naked; and at last, one of the robbers rode up to Wolff, with a countenance of hell, and a gun in his hand, with a smoking torch upon it, and he continually exclaimed, "Pool, pool!" which means "Money, money!" Wolff gave his purse to him, and he said, "Have you more money?" Wolff answered, "Yes, in my trunk." Then he said, "When my companions come, don't tell them that I have taken your money, for those horrid fiends, the Kerahe, rob among themselves again." At last, the whole troop rode up to Wolff, yelling, "Pool! pool! pool!" Wolff said, "I have given my money into the hands of this fellow." They then gave their companion a tremendous beating, and took the money from him. Then they said to Wolff, "Now, you dismount." He obeyed; when they stripped him naked, like Adam and Eve when they were created, and tied him with a long rope to a horse's tail; and one with a whip came behind and flogged him.

Wolff prayed!—in such hours one learns to pray.

The chief of the gang, a horrid-looking fellow, of black complexion, with a blue diseased tongue, came up to him, and asked him, "Who art thou?" and Wolff replied, breathing hard, and scarcely able to speak, "I am a follower of Jesus;" and

the chief, horror-struck, replied, "A follower of Jesus?" "Yes," Wolff said, "a follower of Jesus! and I go about for his sake."

Wolff found out during his travels among savages, that it is exactly with them as it is with the devil himself; for they believe in Jesus, but it is a belief which makes them tremble; it is a torment to them.

The chief immediately gave orders that Wolff should be untied and allowed to ride upon one of the horses; and they put a few rags around him to make him more comfortable. The road was covered with snow and ice, and they diverged out of the road, and at last encamped in a forest, where they made an immensely large fire; they then made free with Wolff's tea, sugar, and things, which he had brought; and they also broke open the cases of dates and pomegranates. Then they set a value upon the slaves they had taken, and Wolff's servant was valued at ten tomauns, equal to 5*l.*, but when they came up to Wolff and looked at him, they said, "We don't like this fellow at all; he stares at us so." Then one of them said, "He is worth five tomauns, equal to 2*l.* 10*s.*;" whilst another one said, "I would not give half that price for him." And whilst thus valuing and examining the prisoners and their effects, they found the letters of recommendation which Joseph Wolff had; as, for instance, letters from, and for, Abbas Mirza; letters from Sir Robert Gordon; from the Governor-General of India, &c. Then they asked

Wolff the purport of these letters; and, on his explaining this to them, they were horror-struck, and said, "Now, this is a dangerous man; we see from his looks, and from these letters, that he is not a common man. Abbas Mirza is now come into this country to exterminate slavery, and our chief is now trying to come to an understanding with him; and Abbas Mirza will hear of our having made a slave of this Englishman, and will immediately send an order to our chief, that we should not only dismiss the Englishman, but all the rest of the slaves who are deposited in Torbad-Hydareea, and who are not yet sold to the Turcomauns. The best, therefore, which we can do, will be to kill him; and say, when he is asked for, that the Turcomauns have taken him."

All this was said in Wolff's presence, and, of course, he did not like it. He therefore went up to them, stared in their faces, and said, "I have understood all you have said, and the resolution to which you are come. Your reasoning is very good, but it has only one fault, and that is, that you are too late; I also knew how to calculate, and have laid my plans accordingly." They asked, "What plans have you made?" Wolff replied, "Ask each of my travelling companions, separately, and they will tell you what I have done in Rooshne-Abaad." And so they did as Wolff told them; and then they heard how he had written in all the Bibles, and had left them to be sent to Abbas Mirza. On discovering this, they became as pale as death; but

Wolff, knowing that people may do in despair what they had intended to do after mature deliberation, held out to them new hopes of escaping from their difficulties; and at the same time, hopes of gaining money (which is the idol of the Eastern nations), by desisting from their intention of killing him. So he said to them, "Mind, I am a Christian dervish; and, as such, I don't mind money, therefore hear what I intend to do for you. You have already taken eighty tomauns from me; the books which you have also taken from me, are worth 200 tomauns, if you sell them to Jews; for they are Hebrew Bibles, which the Jews hold in high veneration. The learned Moollahs of Meshed will purchase from you the other books for 100 tomauns; and the clothing and victuals you have also taken from me are worth ten tomauns; you say, too, that I am worth five tomauns. Now, if you do exactly what I tell you, you shall have from me 100 tomauns more; therefore, what more do you want?" They asked Wolff, "How will you procure these 100 tomauns more?" Wolff replied, "You are from Torbad-Hydareea; in that place are eighty Jewish families, the chiefs of them are Moollah Daood, and Moollah Israel. These families all arrived in Torbad-Hydareea 100 years ago, and enjoy now many privileges." When Wolff said this they asked, with astonishment, "How do you know all these things, as you are from foreign lands, and have never been in our town?" Wolff said, "Never mind; you see by this that I know more

than you think, and that I speak the truth, and lies are not in me."

The fact was this (which however he did not tell them), that in the years 1824 and 1825, Wolff was in Persia, and took a census of all the Jews throughout that country, and their history and condition, and so he had obtained his information. The Kerahe then said among themselves, "We are all Mussulmans, and we lie; but this is a Christian, and he speaks the truth; therefore let us hear what he will do, and how he will procure us the 100 tomauns at Torbad-Hydareea."

Wolff then said, pointing to the Hebrew Bibles, "Give me two of these books, and I will write something in the Hebrew language to the Jews of Torbad-Hydareea; and then do you send two of you on with those books to that town, and let them give them to Moollah Daood and Moollah Israel, and you will see what a sensation this will excite there. They will all assemble, adjourn to the synagogue, and consult with each other; and then they will pledge themselves to pay the 100 tomauns, as soon as you will bring me safely to that place."

They said, "This is a capital proposal. Our chief, Muhammad Iszhak Khan, is now at Sangoon, which is thirty farsakh (one farsakh is four miles) distant from Torbad-Hydareea, and he is there with his whole hareem; so that before he can return, it will be ten days, during which time the money will be given to us, and then this fellow may go in all

haste wherever he pleases." After saying this, they brought the two Bibles to Wolff, who wrote in them the following words, in the Hebrew language:—

"Peace and prosperity to the children of Israel in Torbad-Hydareea! Oh that the city of Jerusalem may soon be built up again! in haste, even in our days. Amen.

"Know ye, that I, Joseph Wolff, the son of David, of the tribe of Levi, coming from the land of England, am going about in the world to proclaim to the Jews, that Jesus of Nazareth is He, who, according to the prophecy of Isaiah (peace upon him!), was despised and rejected, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and that He has given his soul an offering for sin, and that Jesus is that Messiah who was cut off, but not for Himself, according to the prophecy of Daniel (the comfort of God, and peace be upon him!), and that Jesus is He who shall come again in the clouds of heaven, and shall bring back the Jews from all the corners of the earth, and bring them to their own land, which their forefathers possessed, and the prophecy shall be fulfilled; 'that they shall look upon Him whom they have pierced, and mourn.' And then there shall be heard again the voice of mirth, the voice of joy, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride.

"Know ye, that I have been made slave by your townsmen, the Kerahe. I beg you to tell the bearers, that on my arrival in Torbad-Hydareea, you will pay for me a ransom of 100 tomauns, and

I shall remain with you, as a pawn, until the Ambassador of the great King of England will have paid for me, into your hand, 200 tomauns. These are the words of

"Your brother in bonds,

"JOSEPH WOLFF,

"son of David, who sends to you his blessing, and prays that the Lord may rejoice over you, as He did over Ephraim and Manasseh. Amen, and amen."

Two of the Kerahe immediately set out for Torbad-Hydareea, and Wolff followed with the rest slowly after them.

In the meanwhile, Wolff had succeeded in making six of these robbers his firm friends, by promising to recommend them (if they remained faithful to him) to Abbas Mirza, whose soldiers they wished to become. However, the chief, Hassan Khan Coord, became very uneasy, because they had heard tidings that Abbas Mirza had actually sent a messenger to the great Khan on Joseph Wolff's account; and again he voted that Wolff should be put to death; but the six friends stood firmly by him, and swore they would betray their companions if they hurt him. And as Hassan Khan and his son were afraid to have Wolff killed openly, they contrived a horrid method of torturing him. They observed that he was not a good horseman, and as the road was dreadfully hilly, they put him upon a very wild horse, without either saddle or bridle,

and with only a halter to hold on by; and that horrid scoundrel, Hassan Khan's son, rode behind Wolff and whipped the horse, and did all in his power to make it restive. Nevertheless Wolff sat on his horse like the colonel of a regiment, and as he had learned a little of the theory of riding on horseback, when at the University of Tübingen in 1815, he now brought those rules into practice: and most providentially, at the moment when he was in the greatest danger, one of his friends came, and gave to the rascally boy a tremendous flogging.

And thus they arrived safely at the gates of Torbad-Hydareea. When they got there, Jews came out to meet them, some of whom Wolff recognized at once as such; and he made use of the exclamation by which Jews are immediately known to each other throughout all the world, and this is, "SHMAA YISRAAEL ADONAY ELOHENOO ADONAY EKHAD," which is in English, "HEAR, ISRAEL, THE LORD OUR GOD IS ONE LORD." Then they all came up and embraced Wolff, and told him, "By thy life, don't promise any money. They must let you go free, without paying one farthing." They said this to Wolff in Hebrew, and he answered them in the same language, "For God's sake, send this very night a special messenger, at my expense, to Abbas Mirza, at Nishapoor." Moollah Daood then said to Hassan Khan Coord, and the rest of the Kerahe (all of whom owed money to the Jews, and, therefore, dared not disoblige them), "All you are our

souls, and our darlings, so allow Joseph Wolff to go with us to our house to-night, and everything shall be settled to-morrow." They said, "Yes, he may go with you now; but to-morrow he must come back till all things are settled." And thus Wolff went with the Jews to their houses.

It was about the month of November when he arrived at Torbad-Hydareea. The snow lay knee-deep in the streets. Wolff had only some rags around him—not even a shirt to put on; neither shoes nor stockings; and his teeth chattered dreadfully from the cold. He asked the Jews to give him a cup of coffee to warm himself; but they had none, because the only coffee they can get comes from Meshed, and the road there was stopped, because of the inroads of the Turcomauns; but they had "rakee," which they offered him. Rakee is a kind of whisky, and Wolff drank a whole cup of it most heartily,—and even Father Mathew would not, in the same situation, have declined drinking it. The crowd of Jews became so great, that all of them adjourned to the synagogue,—men, women, and children,—and the women were lamenting, saying,—

"On account of the abundance of our sins, how is Israel driven about—from city to city, from land to land! Here, one of our brothers comes from foreign lands, of which we have scarcely heard the names!"

They all wept, and exclaimed again and again, bending their heads as if in the greatest distress,—

"On account of the abundance of our sins! On account of the abundance of our sins!"

At last, Moollah Israel opened his mouth, and said,—"You have sent us a Hebrew book, of which we became possessed only a few centuries back; for, as we are not the descendants of those Jews who returned from Babylon to Jerusalem in the time of Ezra, we had not all the books until we got them (as I before said) a few centuries back, from Orenbourg, and Makariev, in Russia. We were all settled, at first, in Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh, and then we came on here. We are now (God be praised!) in possession of all the books, Malachi included. But you have sent us another book, which is affixed to those we know; it is called 'The New Testament.' Who was Jesus—who was Mary, of whom this book treats? Who were those Apostles of Jesus? for I read it with avidity before you arrived here. Tell us all about it." And so Wolff preached to them the whole mystery of the Gospel, during the whole night. They listened to it with breathless attention, until the sun rose, and daybreak came. And, directly it was light, the Kerahe came, and Hassan Khan Coord brought Wolff to his own house; and, arriving there, he put him in a miserable dungeon, where not only his servant and the rest of his companions were tied in chains together, entirely naked, but fifty other people besides. Then Wolff was ordered to sit down near them, and they chained him together with the rest, in the most painful manner; and then Hassan Khan

Coord said to him, in a fiend-like, diabolical voice, "Now, you are comfortable!"

Thus Wolff was in a most awful condition; for Hassan Khan Coord evidently intended no good towards him. Indeed, he passed him over when he portioned out the bread among the chained prisoners; for, being in expectation that the great man Muhammad Iszhak Khan would arrive after a few days, he wished, in the meanwhile, to starve Wolff;—and dead dogs tell no tales. But, after Wolff had been chained for about two hours, with those fifty other poor people, who were pouring out 2500 curses upon the head of Aboubeker; and, whilst Joseph Wolff was praying for them, suddenly the thunder of cannon was heard from the tower, and a voice exclaimed, "Muhammad Iszhak Khan has arrived!"

At once the scene was changed; for a person approached who made Wolff's chains more easy, and then a man came to the door of the dungeon, who opened it, and exclaimed, "Is there not an Englishman here?" Wolff answered, "Yes! yes! yes!"

It was a Persian officer of the great Khan, who had arrived and spoken thus; and then he said, in great anger to the robbers, "Pedr-Sookhtè," which means, "Oh that your father may be burned;" adding, "Away with the chains from the Englishman and all the rest, for slavery is at an end throughout Torbad-Hydareea!" The chains were immediately taken off, and Joseph Wolff was made

free; and not only he and his fifty companions in the dungeon, but also above two hundred others were set at liberty. Attributing their release to Wolff, the people all exclaimed, when he appeared in the street, "Oh, thou hast been an angel sent from the Lord! Oh, thou hast been an angel sent from the Lord!"

Wolff was now brought, with his fifty companions, to the palace of the great Khan, where he saw hundreds of miserable wretches with their eyes cut out, and their ears and noses cut off. And he was introduced into the presence of Muhammad Iszhak Khan, of whom it is related that he had killed, with his own hand, his father, mother, brother, sister, and son-in-law; and so awful was his bodily strength, that he would sometimes take hold of a prisoner, and tear his skull in two. This tyrant had sold 60,000 Persians, people of his own religion, and subjects of his own king, to the Kings of Bokhara and Khiva, who were enemies to both his religion and country. Muhammad Iszhak Khan was eating his dinner when Wolff approached him, and he said, "Abbas Mirza has written to me, that thou goest about to show to the nations the way of truth. For my part, I have no religion. I have already passed this world, and the other world. I have got, however, one good quality, and that is, I am a man of justice: I love strict justice; and, therefore, tell me the truth, and you shall see my justice. How much money have these rascals taken from you?"

Wolff said, "They have taken from me eighty tomauns."

He repeated, "Eighty tomauns?"

Wolff replied, "Yes."

He then said, "Now thou shalt see my justice." So he instantly ordered Hassan Khan Coord, and all his followers, to be dreadfully flogged. He extorted from them every farthing; and, after he had got back Wolff's money, he counted it, and said, "Now thou shalt see my justice;" and, putting the money into his own pocket, without giving Wolff a single penny, he added, "Now you may go in peace."

CHAPTER XVII.

MESHED; BOROWSKY AGAIN; ABBAS MIRZA; TURCOMAUNS; SARAKHS; DESERT OF MOWR; GATE OF BOKHARA.

WOLFF remained a few days longer with the Jews, and then he set out with a large caravan, including several Jews, for Meshed, the capital of Khorassan. Wolff had still no clothing upon him, except a few rags; but he promised to pay the muleteer for taking him, when they reached "Meshed the Holy," as it is called. After three days' travelling, and when they were only five miles distant from Meshed, near a place called Shereef-Abaad, shrieks were heard from all the caravan. Their cry was, "The Hazaarah are coming, and will make slaves!" The Hazaarah are descendants of the Moguls, and a most dreadful-looking set of people; and are even more cruel than the Turcomauns. But Wolff no sooner heard that cry, than he slipped into the town of Shereef-Abaad as quickly as a mouse, and all the rest followed him, except one man, named Sayd, who was left outside. He was a lineal descendant of Muhammad, but a Sheeah in religion; and he defended himself with such courage, that he slew six of these banditti, who did not dare to persevere in the fight, as the

inhabitants of Shereef-Abaad fired down upon them. So they contented themselves with taking some sheep, and killing eighty others; and then retired. Sayd saved his life, but was dreadfully wounded.

At last, the caravan set forth again towards Meshed; and when they were one mile distant from that city, one of his fellow-travellers took hold of Wolff's foot, and beat it with his stick, saying, "Infidel, say God is God, and Muhammad is the prophet of God." Wolff replied, "I will not tell a lie!" By this answer he merely meant to say that he would not say what he did not believe. The man, however, who struck him, and his companions, thought that Wolff meant to say, that he would not subscribe to a religion which he believed to be a lie: and thunderstruck by this supposed declaration, he put his arms akimbo, and said, "Imagine the boldness of this infidel, who, in the midst of Muhammadans, and before the city of Meshed the Holy, declares our religion to be a lie! What a fool he is!" A respectable Muhammadan, who heard this, said, "Well, let the fool alone!" This quieted the man, and they proceeded without molesting Wolff any further.

Only a few minutes after this adventure, the cupola of the great Mosque of Meshed, which is called "The Mosque of Imam Resa," who was the eighth Khaleef after the prophet, and to whom the mosque is dedicated, rose majestically before their eyes. The whole caravan stood still, and said, "O Imam Resa, have pity upon thy dogs;

for we are all coming here to prove that we are thy slaves!"

Wolff thought, at that moment, Is not this idolatry? Are the Muhammadans free from idolatry, as is said of them in Europe? Do they not now directly address a prayer to that man, whom they believe to be a saint? And reflecting thus, that the Muhammadans do not only worship in this way Imam Resa, and other saints, but also the black stone at Mecca, and even the dirty rags in the high road, Wolff is astonished that, not only Unitarians, but also some orthodox Christians should assert that Muhammadanism is free from idolatry.

But to proceed. There were Jews in the caravan, and one of them, Israel by name, turned to Wolff, and said in Hebrew, "O Joseph Wolff! O Joseph Wolff! when will the time come when we shall go up to the mountain of the Lord; even to the house of the God of Jacob? Oh, when will the time come when the tribes shall go up, the tribes of the Lord? for from Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." Wolff replied, "When the Lord shall pour forth the Spirit upon the house of David, and upon the house of Jerusalem, the Spirit of grace and supplication, and they shall look upon Him, whom they have pierced, and mourn."

And so they came to Meshed; Wolff having brought with him a letter from the Agent of the

British Ambassador at Teheran, for a Jew called Moollah Mehdee, Prince of the Jews in Meshed; who, on receiving it, took Wolff into his house. Then Wolff sent a Muhammadan Moollah to Nishapoor, with a letter addressed to Abbas Mirza, who was encamped there; and also one to Captain Shee, who commanded Abbas Mirza's army. During the absence of this messenger, Wolff heard wonderful stories of the valour of a Polish General, whose name they pronounced "Brooskee;" and how this famous commander had taken the great fortress of Cochan. Wolff had no idea who this Brooskee could be; but, one day, somebody knocked at the door of the house of Moollah Mehdee, and there entered an officer, wearing the uniform of an English General, who exclaimed, "Mr. Wolff, how do you do?" Wolff asked him, "What is your name?" and he replied, "My name is Borowsky, son of Prince Radzivil!" Borowsky continued, "I know all about your warning Colonel Campbell and McNeil against me; but, you see, they had better information than you gave them, and Colonel Campbell recommended me to Abbas Mirza, as one who was fit to command his army. You will now hear through the whole country of Khorassan, that I am the terror of all the Khans in this country; and that it was I who took the fortress of Cochan, and it was I who forced Resa Koolee Khan to surrender to Abbas Mirza. And, moreover, I have told Abbas Mirza of the high esteem in which you are held in

England, and you will meet from him with the highest distinction and respect. Here, then, are 200 tomauns, which Captain Shee has sent by me on your bills to England; and I have clothing besides for you." Saying this, Borowsky gave Wolff the 200 tomauns, and some clothing, which latter consisted of an officer's uniform, as he had none other, and a dozen shirts, which had been collected from the five English sergeants who were in Abbas Mirza's army.

Wolff replied to all this, "Then, of course, I must retract all I have said against you; but I should be obliged if you would give me the whole history of how you came into favour with Colonel Campbell, and Mr. McNeil."

He then gave to Wolff the following account:—

"You have heard that I arrived in Bushire, accompanied by Colonel Chesney, renowned for his Euphrates expedition. The Resident in Bushire had some mistrust of me, and I had to take up my quarters in a private house there, at which Colonel Chesney was very much vexed. During my voyage with him from Bombay to Bushire, he, as a military man, was best able to judge, and became acquainted with my military knowledge, which he approved. However, I had no reason to complain of the treatment I met with from the Resident of Bushire, because he invited me daily to dinner, and to other entertainments. After we had stopped in Bushire for some weeks, we arrived in Tabreez, just a few days after you had left; and now, here I am, as

you see, a general in the Persian army, and under English protection."

Borowsky, after this, took up his abode in the same house where Wolff was living; and, a few hours afterwards, Abbas Mirza arrived, with his whole army, in Meshed. His Royal Highness alighted at the palace, but without Captain Shee, who had remained at Nishapoor, with a detachment of soldiers. That same evening, whilst Wolff was drinking tea with Borowsky, Monsieur Semino, a general in Abbas Mirza's army, but under Russian protection, entered the room; leaving outside the door of this apartment eight of his servants whom he had brought with him. Semino began, in an unceremonious way, to quarrel with Borowsky, because he had, on some occasion, struck one of his servants. Wolff at once tried to make peace between them, and induced both to embrace each other. But when Borowsky looked towards the door, and saw so many servants standing outside, he said, "These servants must depart;" and then he turned to Semino and added, "Is this the way in which you come to a nobleman?" Semino exclaimed, "You are a liar!" Upon which Borowsky rose from his chair and spat in Semino's face. Semino then drew his sword and said, "Come forth!" to which Borowsky replied, "I will give you satisfaction in a moment," and began to feel for his pistols. Seeing this, Semino gave orders to his servants, who immediately rushed in and dragged Borowsky out of the house; while Wolff

ran off to Abbas Mirza, and told him the whole affair. He at once gave orders that Borowsky should be set at liberty; and, on the next day, ordered a court-martial of Persians to be assembled, that the matter might be investigated. And as Abbas Mirza was afraid to offend either Russia or England, he commanded that Wolff should be made president of the court-martial, which office Wolff accepted, and pronounced the following sentence:—

"Whereas, Semino entered the room in an unwarrantable manner, and dragged out Borowsky; Semino shall be arrested and confined to his house for twenty-four hours, and make an apology to Borowsky. And whereas the servants attacked Borowsky from behind, they shall each receive six lashes from a whip."

This sentence was approved, and executed at once.

Captain Shee soon arrived, and the five English sergeants who had contributed the shirts; and Wolff performed divine service in Meshed, in his friend the Jew's house. But, in order not to be involved in another quarrel, he took up his abode with Mirza Baba, who spoke English perfectly well, and had pursued his medical studies in England, and was chief physician to Abbas Mirza, and lived with him in the palace.

Abbas Mirza showed the greatest attention to Wolff, during his stay in Meshed; and, at his request, Wolff wrote a letter to Lord Palmerston, in which he stated the desire of Abbas Mirza, that

there should be sent to Persia, not merely a *chargé d'affaires* from England, but a full ambassador or envoy. An envoy was, soon after this, sent to Persia, but whether it was in consequence of his letter, Wolff does not know.

Before Wolff proceeds to give an account of his interviews with Jews and Muhammadans, he must offer some outline of the history and condition of Meshed.

Meshed contains about 100,000 inhabitants, chiefly Sheeah, and about 2000 Jews; the latter being the cleanest and most scientific, and interesting Jews, beyond all doubt, of those who are to be found in Persia. They are well acquainted with the Bible, and moderately so with the Talmud; but with Persian literature generally, they are perfectly familiar. They translated the whole Pentateuch from the English into Persian, by order of the great King, Nadir Shah, who lived about 100 years ago, and had extended his conquests to India.

Nadir Shah was the son of a furrier; but being a man of energy, he collected the robbers and malcontents of Khorassan around his standard, and then fought his way, in the eastern fashion, to the throne of Persia. Having succeeded in this object, he resolved to institute a new religion for his subjects, and therefore he ordered the Jews to translate their books into Persian, and the Christians also to translate the Gospel and Testament into the same language; and from these materials

he intended to form his new religion, but was stopped in his career by a violent death. When this occurred, the Jews had not only translated their Bible into Persian, but also the Koran and the Poems of Hafiz, Saadi, and Moollah Roomee, into Hebrew; so that the greater number of these Jews were a kind of Hebrew "sooffees," or Muhammadan purists.

As to the city of Meshed itself, the following short remarks must be made. The original name of Meshed was Toos; but when Imam Resa was killed by Mamoon ("the curse of God upon him," as the Sheeah say), who administered a poisoned grape to him, a splendid memorial mosque and tomb were built there; and on this account the city received the name of Meshed Almookaddas—Meshed meaning "the place of the martyr" and Almookaddas, "the holy." When Timoor (called erroneously by Europeans, Tamerlane instead of Timoor Lank, which means "Timoor the lame one") arrived in Meshed, with his army, he sternly asked,

"Who is buried here?" they replied, "Ferdoosi,* the writer of Shah-Namah, the poem."

* A Persian boy, named Abool-Kaasim, having been flogged at school, ran away, and coming to the mountain of Elburz, sat down at the foot of it, and began to write. A stranger who was passing by observed him, and said, "Boy, what are you writing?" He replied, "I am writing Shah-Namah," *i. e.* "The Story of a King." Another day, another stranger came that way, and asked, "What art thou writing?" and he answered, "I am writing Shah-Namah." And thus the poor

Timoor said, "I have nothing to do with poets." Then he asked again, "Who is buried here?" They answered, "Imam Reza, by whose prayers women become pregnant, and sick men and sick camels are cured."

Timoor replied, "I have nothing to do with saints." He further asked, "Who is buried here?" They replied, "Malek Nezam, the lawyer."

Timoor replied, "I have nothing to do with lawyers." He again asked, "Who is buried here?"

"Aboo Musleem, who killed in battle 100,000 persons."

He said, "This is my man." He then went to the tomb of Aboo Musleem, and offered up the following prayer:—

"Thou Lord of the worlds, thou Creator of heaven and earth, thou Ruler of all the stars and the sun; there ought also to be one ruler upon the earth: for the earth is too small for many rulers."

Then a dervish came and knocked Timoor on the shoulder, and said, "Timoor, thy name is Timoor, which means 'Iron;' and thou shalt

boy became a dervish, and whenever one came, who asked him what he was doing, he always made answer, "I am writing Shah-Namah," "The Story of a King." And so the poem was completed, which was so beautiful, that the writer of it received the name of *Ferdoosi, i. e.* "*The Poet who came from Paradise.*" He lived a long time after, at the court of the Kings of Hindostan, acknowledged by all who frequented it, to be Ferdoosi indeed; "The Poet who came from Paradise."

rule the earth with a rod of iron. But thy name shall henceforth also be Koorikan, 'Lord of the Worlds,' and Zahel Keran, 'Lord of the Age!'" And Timoor became both *Koorikan* and *Zahel Keran;* and thus he fulfilled the dervish's prophecy.

Wolff conversed till the month of February, 1832, with both Jews and Muhammadans, preaching to them Christ Jesus crucified, and Christ Jesus glorified; and dwelt much on his second coming, when He shall reign personally upon earth.

Before departing from Meshed, Wolff must say a little more about the Muhammadans there. The Muhammadans in Meshed divide themselves into two parties, Sooffees and Moollahs, as is the case almost everywhere in Persia. But on Wolff's return to the place in 1844, he found that there had arisen there another party, who may be called the Muhammadan Tractarians: for they insist upon the introduction of an increase of forms and emblems; and maintain that religion without outward forms, cannot long subsist. For they say that man is composed of body and soul; and the body must have bodily expression, &c., with which the soul will sympathize; and Wolff is perfectly convinced of the truth of this opinion; for, as fluid can be only held together by a bottle, so, religion can only be preserved by outward form. And it is to this fact that St. Paul refers, when he says that by visible things, the invisible are clearly

seen, even the eternal power of God. (Rom. i. 20.) David also unites, in his 51st Psalm, a broken and contrite heart, with the outward form of sacrifices upon God's altar. In short, the whole universe is the outward form, the palpable workmanship of God, by which his invisible creative power is made known.

Dr. Wolff exclaimed, when dictating this, "I wish to see the time when, instead of blaming the Quaker, who rejects form; instead of blaming the Wesleyan, who insists chiefly upon internal piety; instead of blaming the Christian socialism of Kingsley; instead of blaming the purgatory of the Roman Catholic Church; we shall be able to purify all these various sentiments, and unite them under an outward form taught by the Catholic church in all ages. But this time will only come," as he believes and perpetually says, "When that invisible One shall be made visible, and will purify his Church."

To return to Meshed. The most distinguished Moollah, or Muhammadan priest at Meshed, is Mirza Hadayat Ullah, whose title is Mujteheed, which means, "one who fights for the faith." This man related to Wolff a most curious story. He said that one day Mirza Kullee Khan, Governor of Cochan, having called on him, he reproved him for the ignorance of the inhabitants of Cochan in matters of religion; and said to him, "I am sure that the people of Cochan do not know how many Articles there are in our religion. Now there are

only two Articles in our religion; the first is,—There is God and nothing but God; and the second is,—Muhammad is the Prophet of God."

Upon this, the Khan of Cochan, full of indignation, replied, "You are right, and the moment I return to Cochan I shall bring about a reformation." Then Mirza Kullee Khan returned to Cochan, and assembled the people near the gate, and addressed them in the following manner:—

"The Mujteheed of Meshed has scolded me most deservedly, on account of your ignorance of religion." And here he turned to one of the people in particular and said, "I am sure, you rascal, that you don't know how many Articles there are in our religion. Now tell me how many are there?" The man who was pointed out said, "Fifty." Mirza Kullee Khan immediately ordered him to be flogged, when another of the people, who pitied the poor fellow, quietly said to him, "Say two." The man who was to be flogged, replied, "Oh that thy father may be burned! Do you not see that the Khan is not satisfied with fifty? How will he be satisfied with two?" So, in spite of the suggestion of this wiser friend, the fellow underwent a sound flogging.

Wolff was now about to depart from Meshed for Bokhara; and it so happened that the time was most opportune and favourable for his journey. The Turcomauns in the deserts of Sarakhs, Merv, and Khiva, were all afraid of Abbas Mirza, and consequently sixteen Agha Sakal, which means

"Lords with the Beard," had arrived as deputies from the rest of the Turcomauns at the palace of Abbas Mirza in Meshed, in order to make a treaty with his Royal Highness. At their interview, every one of the deputies was in the first place presented by the Prince, with a red garment, called "Khelat." Arrayed in this, they stood outside his window, whilst he sat on a throne in his room, near the window, when he thus addressed them:—"I am glad that you are come here, because I am determined to put a stop to slave-making; I have therefore written down the conditions, of the treaty I will make with you, and which are as follows:—First,—You must sign a pledge that you will not any more make slaves. Secondly,—That you will receive from me an agent, who shall reside at Sarakhs, the chief emporium of slavery; and he must watch your movements. He is himself a Turcomaun from Astarabad, and his name is Goolij Muhammad Khan. Thirdly,—I shall keep two of you as hostages, who must remain with me until Joseph Wolff shall have been safely conducted to Bokhara; and after he has arrived there, and you have produced from him a certificate that he has been well treated by you, and is safely in Bokhara, then the two hostages will be allowed to return to their own country. You must now come in and put your hands into Wolff's hand, as a mark of friendship, and stroke your beards." Then the deputies entered the room, and every one of them approached Wolff, who was seated near Abbas Mirza,

with his legs stretched out; (for Wolff was never able to learn to sit like an Eastern) which posture, as will be observed in the sequel of this story, was of beneficial consequence to him. All the Turcomauns in succession, then put their hands into Wolff's, and then slowly drew them out, and stroked their beards, in token of agreement to these terms.

The day following, Wolff set out for Bokhara. Borowsky, Captain Shee, the five English sergeants, Mirza Baba, and the Grand Vizier, accompanied him beyond the gate of the city; when, with his Persian servant, and in company with Goolij Muhammad Khan, the above-mentioned agent for Sarakhs, and another Turcomaun, he continued his journey through the desert, and arrived after two days in the desert of Turkistan, among the wild Al-ammaans. He passed forward through the desert of Turkistan, the ground of which is not sandy, but stony, and here he was among a people who call themselves the descendants of Japhet, Noah's son. They are styled the "children of Togarmah, and they also call themselves "Toghramah," also "Garaman," and Al-ammaan, as already stated. They also give themselves names "by their castles," and call their castles "Teera," which is very remarkable; for in Genesis xxv. 16, we find the following observation respecting the sons of Ishmael:—"And these are their names by their towns and by their *castles;*" and the word for castles in Hebrew, is "Teera."

The question then is, how came the Turcomauns,

who are the descendants of Japhet, to adopt the customs of the descendants of Ishmael, namely, the Arabs, who are the descendants of Shem? The only answer is to be found in Gen. ix. 27, where we see that it is a fulfilment of the prophecy, that "God shall enlarge Japhet, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem." Moreover, in the Eastern language, by the word "dwelling" is also expressed the adoption of customs, and manners, and faith, as well as habitation. Most wonderfully, therefore, was this prophecy fulfilled, before Wolff's own eyes, when he saw the manners and customs of the Arabs in Yemen, identical with the manners and customs of the Turcomauns, the descendants of Japhet; among whom he was then travelling.

From this we perceive that the Turcomauns have assumed the original customs of the children of Ishmael, and the Turcomauns always live in huts surrounding some castle; into which castle they retire when they have to defend themselves against an enemy. Wolff next proceeded to Sarakhs, which is inhabited by 2500 Turcomauns, who live in tents at the foot of a castle, which is called Teera Sarakhs, "The Castle of Sarakhs;" on which account, the tribes of Turcomauns there call themselves "Teera Sarakhs." On reaching Sarakhs, he was met by the Turcomauns, who came out to welcome him as their guest, and the guest also of the Nayeb Szalszala, and the King of Bokhara. Amongst them, there were not only Turcomauns

of the Teera Sarakhs, but also of the Teera Saalar, and of the Teera of Organtsh; and they put their hands into Wolff's, and then slowly drew them out, and stroked their beards, and asked for the blessing of the "Oolee of England;" *Oolee* meaning "Holy man."

These different Teeras had sticks in their hands, and upon each stick was written the name of the particular Teera to which the owner of it belonged. When these tribes are at variance with each other, they march out with their sticks, and as soon as they make peace, they join one stick to the other, and then exclaim, "We have become one!" This illustrates, in a remarkable manner, Ezek. xxxvii. 16—23, where it is stated, "Moreover, thou Son of man, take thee one stick and write upon it, For Judah, and for the children of Israel his companions: then take another stick and write upon it, For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel, his companions: and join them one to another, into one stick; and they shall become one in thine hand," &c.

These sons of the desert asked Wolff, "With whom do you wish to stay—with the Al-ammaan or with the Moosaaee?" *Moosaaee* means "the followers of Moses," *i. e.* the children of Israel. Wolff replied, "With the Moosaaee;" of whom there are about 200 in that place, chiefly from Meshed, as they found more protection among the wild Turcomauns, than with the more viciously civilized, but heartless and cruel Persians. There

were residing in Sarakhs, Jews from Herat, Maymona, and Ankhoy, and even from the city of Bokhara. The tents, or huts, in which these people live, are made of cane.

Wolff took up his abode in the tent of one of the most respectable of these Jews. All of them were dressed like the Turcomauns, by whom they were highly respected. In fact, no Turcomaun undertakes any affair of importance without first consulting a Moosaae, and asking his blessing. They chiefly demand from them charms, in order that they may be kept safe in battle. They also ask the blessing of a Jew, that they may have children; and whenever the Sabbath approaches, and a Turcomaun happens to come near a Jew's tent, the Jew looks out, glances seriously at the Turcomaun, and says to him, in a loud voice, *Amrooz Shabot*, which means, "To-day is the Sabbath." The Turcomaun then devoutly strokes his beard, and retires, without giving the slightest sign of having taken offence. For the Turcomauns, as well as Muhammadans in general, say (as has been already stated), that there are four books, namely, the five Books of Moses, the Psalms of David, the Gospel of Christ, and the Koran; moreover, that the Jews are in possession of, and believe in, the five Books of Moses, and the Psalms of David, with the other prophets; whilst the Christians are in possession of, and believe in, the Gospel. And whosoever possesses and believes in any one of these four books, is called *Saaheb-K'taab*, or Possessor of the Book; and

whosoever is Saaheb-K'taab, must not only be himself respected, but also the ordinances which he practises must be treated by the Muhammadan with reverence. Hence, a Saaheb-K'taab cannot be made a slave; so both the Jew and the Christian are exempted from slavery; and the Sabbath of the Jew is treated with the highest respect, because it is one of the ordinances contained in the five Books of Moses; and the same rule obtains with regard to Christian ordinances. But notwithstanding these privileges, which are alike extended to Jews and Christians, a Turcomaun will make a slave of a Sheeah, though he is a Muhammadan, because, it is said, the Sheeah has corrupted the Koran. And the Turcomauns will make a slave of a Russian and a heathen; for they ignorantly say that the Russian is not possessed of the Gospel; and the pagan is enslaved because he has no book at all. It was for the reasons now given that the Turcomaun, in the desert of Sarakhs, retired with reverence, when the Jew told him, "To-day is the Sabbath."

The first day Wolff came to Sarakhs, the Jew with whom he lived, and all his companions, said to him,—

"We have heard how kind you have been to the Jews at Meshed, and how strongly you have spoken in their favour to Abbas Mirza. God bless you for it! We consider you to be the forerunner of the Messiah. We will sing, therefore, to you our hymn to the Messiah."

They then began to sing—

"The King, the King, the Messiah shall come;
The Mighty of the mighty is He:
The King, the King, the Messiah shall come;
The Blessed One of the blessed is He.

"The King, the King, the Messiah shall come;
The Great One of the great is He:
The King, the King, the Messiah shall come;
The ornamented with banners is He.

"The King, the King, the Messiah shall come;
The Glorious of the glorious is He:
The King, the King, the Messiah shall come;
The Holy One of the holy is He."

Wolff then chaunted that song with them, and added,—

"Our Father, our King, we have sinned before Thee. Our Father, our King, there is no king unto us, but Thou. Our Father, our King, accomplish it for thy Name's sake. Our Father, our King, send to us the Son of David, who shall redeem us."

And Wolff continued to sing,—

"The mighty shall build the city of Zion, and give it to us," &c.

Whilst Wolff was thus chaunting with the Moosaae, crowds of Turcomauns were standing outside, with their hands folded, as is their custom when they pray; and, at the end of the chaunt, they stroked their beards, and the following conversation passed between these Muhammadans, which was overheard both by the Jews and Wolff. One

of them said, "Joseph Wolff is a *Chaparee Eesa*," which means, "the swift messenger of Jesus." Another, who had seen Wolff at Meshed sitting down in the presence of Abbas Mirza, said, "You are all fools; I know who Joseph Wolff is—Joseph Wolff is the *Prince Royal of England*." The other replied, "How can you prove that?" He answered, "I will give you an indisputable proof. Abbas Mirza was sitting upon his divan, and Wolff sat near him, with his legs stretched out; whilst all the grand ministers of the state, and General Borowsky, and the other English officers, were standing. Who then could sit down before Abbas Mirza, the Nayeb Szalszala, with legs stretched out?" Wolff had laid down a rule never to contradict whatever people might say, and so he said nothing on this occasion.

Wolff spent several weeks in Sarakhs, preaching to the Jews, and also to the Turcomauns. The chief priest of the Turcomauns, Moollah Taatsh by name, had taken a great liking to Wolff; so, one morning, Wolff called upon him; and whilst they were talking together, Moollah Taatsh's wife died in childbirth. The news was brought to him by the servant, and, on hearing it, he said a short prayer, and then, with undisturbed countenance, continued his conversation about religion. An Arabic Bible was lying before him, which he had got from Torbad-Hydareea, where Wolff had distributed Bibles. And what most surprisingly struck Wolff was, that most of the Turcomauns at Sarakhs called

Jesus the Son of God, because He had been without human father, and had been born by the power of the Holy Spirit. *Query.*—May it not be that these men had received this doctrine from the Nestorian missionaries, who had been there, and all over Turkistan, even before any Roman Catholic missionary ever set a foot on that ground? These men were enchanted with the doctrine Wolff preached to them, on the renovation of the earth; but let no friend in England suspect that he ever disunited that doctrine from the preaching of Christ dying upon Calvary, where our Lord's glory was seen in his humiliation.

That same Moollah Taatsh called on Wolff the very same evening of the day his wife died, and addressed him in the following manner:—"Brother Wolff, you are a Moollah, and I am a Moollah; and Moollahs ought to help each other. You know that my wife died this morning, and we Turcomauns have only one wife at a time. I am therefore now without a wife: could you not do something by which a woman may be induced to fall in love with me?" Now Wolff had observed here that the Turcomauns did not keep their wives separated from the men, and that they allowed the women to choose their own husbands. So he said to him, "I will tell you what to do. There is a Turcomaun here who confessed to me that he had committed a breach of promise of marriage to a lady; go therefore and offer yourself to her, and I dare say she will accept your offer." Moollah

Taatsh did so, and was married to that lady the next day. At last, Wolff was determined to leave Sarakhs. He therefore sent for the most respectable of the Turcomauns, an Agha Sakal, *i. e.* "A Lord of the Beard," whose name was Saher Beyk, of the Teera Salar, and he said to him, "Now, you must send me on to Bokhara." Saher Beyk answered, "It shall be done: but let me ask you one question —have you not given a present to Goolij Muhammad Khan for bringing you hither from Meshed?" Wolff said, "Yes!" Saher Beyk then asked, "How much?" Wolff replied, "Six tomauns." Saher Beyk exclaimed, "Six tomauns to such a scoundrel, whose family is only of yesterday! My heart bleeds that such a fellow could have taken in a stranger in this way." Then Wolff said, "Now, Saher Beyk, I perceive that *you* are an honest man. How much, therefore, shall I have to give you for bringing me to Bokhara, which is double the distance?" Saher Beyk replied, "Oh, Wolff, I am not such a scoundrel as Gooletsh Muhammad Khan. I have horses and sheep in abundance; and my ancestors were known in the time of Tshinghis Khan. If you have given six tomauns to such a scoundrel as Gooli, you ought to give me at least 600 tomauns!" Wolff replied, "Saher Beyk, this is all humbug. You know that you have to bring me to Bokhara, for Abbas Mirza has so ordered; and to Bokhara I will go to-morrow: and the two hostages will not be released until I have arrived safely in Bokhara. I will

give you for conveying me from here to Bokhara, twelve tomauns, and not one farthing more!" A council of all the Turcomauns of Sarakhs was instantly held; and, on the day following, Wolff set out, not with Saher Beyk, but with another Turcomaun, Awaz by name, of the Teera Yatshee, and a fine fellow. He was also accompanied by Bokhara merchants, who had bought at Sarakhs two Persian boys as slaves, whom they were going to bring to Bokhara to sell. The one was eleven years of age, and the other nine. It must be again remarked, for the better understanding of the story, that the Persians are universally called by the Turcomauns *Guzl-baash, i. e.* "Red Head." Wolff took two servants with him; his Persian servant from Meshed, and a clever Jew of Sarakhs, Abraham by name.

Wandering through the Desert the two poor Guzl-baash slaves were singing in the morning, and during the day, and in the evening, in plaintive strains, the following words:—

"The Al-ammaan have taken us,
Poor, poor Guzl-baash:
And carry us, and carry us,
In iron and chains, in iron and chains,
To Organtsh and Bokhara."

Thus they proceeded through the Desert, continually hearing that plaintive strain. The Desert was covered with snow, and Wolff's servants made the tea and cooked the victuals with melted snow. And, before they laid down to rest, they

had to sweep the ground clear from the snow; and, whilst they were lying down, the poor Guzl-baash began again to sing their plaintive melody:—

"The Al-ammaan have taken us,
Poor, poor Guzl-baash:
And carry us, and carry us,
In iron and chains, in iron and chains,
To Organtsh and Bokhara."

One morning a host of Turcomauns came riding towards Wolff and his companions. Awaz said to Wolff, "Stop here a little, for we Turcomauns are man-eaters; and I must speak to these men. So he went up to them, and spoke to them: and they replied, "We know all about Joseph Wolff: we only want to see him, and ask his blessing! and then we will go our way." They then came up to Wolff, who blessed them, and they stroked their beards, and continued their journey.

Thus Wolff arrived, after seven days' journey, at Merv, also called Mowr, which is the ancient Antiochia-Marochiana, in the kingdom of Khiva; and near it are the ruins of a town called Sultan Sanjaar, where Sultan Sanjaar, the last of the Seljukjan dynasty, was made prisoner. He had 500 crowns of gold, and 1000 thrones of silver in his possession; and it was in the camp of Merv that Hulaku Khan, and Timoor Kurikan, and Tshinghis Khan, fought nightly battles. There it was that Shandaar Sulkarneim, as Alexander the Great is called, encamped with his armies. For

the confirmation of the truth of this last tradition, Wolff can say that he bought many coins there with Greek inscriptions, which he gave to Lord William Bentinck on his arrival in India.

Wolff took up his abode in Merv in the tent of a Jew, who was a sceptic about all religions; and whom he had first to make a Jew before he could preach the Gospel to him. There Wolff also witnessed a most interesting sight. He saw that dervish, Abd-Arrahman, who had the title "King of Righteousness;" in the same tent with a holy man, a Jewish dervish, Yussuf Talkhtoon by name (an Oolee), who was sitting on the ground, with his head on the earth. Surrounded by Jewish disciples, the whole party were continually singing, Yussuf Talkhtoon first alone,—

"For Zion's sake I will not rest,
I will not hold my peace."

To which his disciples responded,

"For Zion's sake we will not rest,
We will not hold our peace;"

Wolff suddenly interrupted them, by singing,

"The mighty shall build the City of Zion,
And give her to thee.
Then shall he raise from the dust the needy,
And from the dunghill the poor."

On hearing which they all rose and said,

"Blessed art thou,
Who comest in the name of the Lord!"

which illustrates the expression of our blessed Lord to the Jews, "Henceforth ye shall not see Me, until you shall say, 'Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord,'" which means, "You shall not see me until you are disposed to welcome me heartily." Wolff conversed till late in the night, with both Jews and Muhammadans, on the Gospel of Christ.

Here too, he had the unbounded gratification of ransoming several Persian slaves, whom he sent back to Persia at his own expense. The poor people actually came and fell down at his feet, which they kissed from their excessive gratitude. Yet he could not but feel astonished at observing that many of these Persian slaves became so accustomed to, and satisfied with their condition, that they are intrusted by their masters with merchandize and money, and are sent back to Persia to transact business for them; to the very country where, on their arrival, they might safely declare themselves free, and remain with the whole property. But so far from doing this, they faithfully come back to their masters, and deliver to them the profits they have made by the sale of their goods. Wolff asked several of the slaves about their becoming so well accustomed to their slavery, and they assigned the following reasons:—Firstly,—That they might be made slaves again. Secondly,—That they are well treated by their masters. Thirdly,—That they love the fresh air of the Desert. Fourthly,—That they might eventually ransom

themselves, and then live securely as free men. Fifthly,—That the Persians are treated by their Kings and Satraps worse than slaves.

These reasons speak well for the Turcomauns, who treat their slaves so kindly, and they speak volumes against the Government of Persia. And Wolff has actually seen in his two journeys to Bokhara, beautiful country houses and palaces belonging to Persians who were once slaves; and many of those who are still slaves occupy the highest situations in the State of Bokhara and Khiva. Moreover, as there are above 300,000 slaves in the kingdom of Bokhara alone, and as the greatest intellect is to be found amongst them, Wolff would not be surprised to hear one day that the slaves had risen, and made themselves masters of the country.

Wolff also found in the desert of Mowr many Jews who have embraced the Muhammadan religion, and become Turcomauns, and intermarried with them. An extraordinary event occurred whilst Wolff was there:—A man, in the garb of a dervish, appeared in the camp with all the dignity of a prince. Wolff asked who he was? They told him it was Omar, the rightful King of Bokhara, the son of Hydar, who was brother to the present King. For, after Hydar Shah's death, five sons remained, and Naser Ullah Behadur, the youngest son, succeeded in killing three of his brothers; but his mother saved Omar, the eldest son, and made him escape by the way of Cochan, whence he journeyed as far as Stambool, *i. e.* Constantinople, disguised

as a dervish. At last he came back to Mowr, where he was concealed by his friends; but Wolff heard, years afterwards, that he had actually marched to Bokhara, where he was made prisoner, and put to death by his beastly brother.

Wolff seems, by his own experience, to have found out the secret how it was possible for Jonah the Prophet to go alone to Nineveh, and preach repentance to the Ninevites; and how it was possible for Elijah the Prophet to appear so often before Ahab the King, without being killed by him; also how John the Baptist preached to an infuriated mob in the desert, and called them "a generation of vipers," without being touched, at least for a long time. For though, as he says, we must admit in all those things the invisible hand of God, yet his own safety and that of the Prophets of old, in so many dangerous situations, is to be explained in some measure by the genius of the Eastern nation. The Orientals consider dervishes to be madmen, and they think that madmen are endowed with a higher spirit, and therefore have the privilege of insulting Kings. And the Prophets (as Wolff has proved before) were dervishes, and were all considered mad, as we read (2 Kings ix. 11):—"Then Jehu came forth to the servants of his lord, and one said unto him, 'Is all well? Wherefore came this *madman* to thee?'" Hosea says, "The spiritual man is mad." (Hosea ix. 7.) And Festus said to Paul, "Too much learning doth make thee mad." And this was the reason, also, why David feigned

himself mad. And Wolff even heard the Akalee, who are the military Fakirs in the Punjaub, call Rundjud Singh, who was the Napoleon of the East, "a blind rascal" to his face; which plainly shows how the dervishes are allowed to say whatever they like. In short, the very word which the Arabs have for "fool," proves that mad people are considered to be possessed by an occult spirit, for they are called *Majnoon, i. e.* Genius-ified; possessed by a genius. Moreover, the dervishes are also particularly fond of music, by which they say they become inspired by God. Nevertheless, there were sometimes both kings and people who forgot themselves, and murdered the Prophets. Thus Isaiah was sawn asunder, and Zacharias' blood shed in the Temple; but then the subsequent disasters which befell their nation, were ascribed to those awful deeds, even by our Lord himself. And so the murder of a dervish is still always considered to be the forerunner of calamities, which shall come over a country; on which account Wolff does not wonder that the destruction of monasteries, and the robbery of holy things belonging to holy men, is considered as a crime which has been visited upon some noble families, by the great Spellman.

He left Mowr with his companions, and the holy dervish of Mowr was added to his company as far as Chahaar-choo, which is the first frontier town of the kingdom of Bokhara. Here one crosses the Oxus, called by the natives Ammoo; but as the Oxus was frozen when Wolff reached it, they were obliged to

go over on the ice. Wolff slept in Chahaar-choo, which is a town containing about 4000 inhabitants. There was a Lieutenant-Governor of the place, a Kalmuk by birth, who sent word to Wolff to give him his name, as he must report his arrival upon the territory of the King of Bokhara to the Governor of Karakool, whose name was Husseyn Khan. Wolff met here with respectable Jews, inhabitants of the great city of Bokhara, one of whom besought him to pray over his son, in order that the hatred with which he had been bewitched against his wife, by some wizard, might depart. Wolff did pray over him, but whether his prayer was effectual or not, he does not know.

These Jews accompanied him forward on his road to Bokhara. The road was so completely covered with snow, as it was the depth of winter, that Wolff was not then able to see the beauty of the country, which he discovered on his second journey, in 1844.

Wolff arrived the following day in Karrakool, and waited on the Governor, who was a most intelligent, venerable-looking man, with a fine white beard. He had been brought as a slave from Persia to Bokhara, and became the favourite of Hydar Shah, and was at last exalted to the situation of Governor. He treated Wolff with tea, made with milk, salt, and grease; with roasted horse-flesh, also, and veal. And when Wolff told him the object of his travels, he said to him,—

"Friend, allow me to give you some advice. Bokhara is called *Koobbat Islaame Deen*, which means, 'the stronghold of the Muhammadan reli-

gion.' Be cautious, therefore, in Bokhara, because one word against our religion will make the people forget that you are a guest, and they will put you to death; therefore, be cautious in Bokhara."

Wolff thanked him for his kind advice, left his house the next day, and proceeded on his journey.

It was a cold, freezing day; he travelled during the whole of it. He had to cross the frozen Oxus; and, in one place where the ice was broken, he went in a boat, which made him feel very nervous, so that he screamed out. Upon this, the Tajik—a tribe of half Moguls, half Persians—put their hands over Wolff's eyes, in order that he might not see the river; and then they got out on shore, and rode on again till ten at night, when the sky was covered with stars. The poor Guzl-baash slaves, above mentioned, began to chaunt again,—

> "The Al-ammaan have taken us,
> Poor, poor Guzl-baash;
> And carry us, and carry us,
> In iron and chains, in iron and chains,
> To Organtsh and Bokhara."

Then the Jews who had accompanied the caravan broke out with their voice of evening adoration, as it is heard all over the world whither they are scattered, *Shmaa Yesraeel Adonay Elohenoo Adonay Ekhad:* "Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord."

And then was overheard from a distance a loud, rapping noise, as of strokes upon wood, which came from within the walls of the now neighbouring city; and this was the sound of the *Umeer-Shab*, literally

"The Prince of the Night;" for the watchmen in the cities of the kingdom of Bokhara are thus called. And then followed Arabic words, which we give in English, and which were, "In the name of the most merciful and pitiful God, the most merciful and pitiful, the King on the day of judgment, praise be to the Lord, the Creator of two worlds! We serve Thee, we lift up our eyes to Thee. Guide us in the right way—the way of those to whom Thou art merciful, not the way of those with whom Thou art angry, and not the way of those who are in error. Amen."

And another voice was heard from a distance,—

"Agar een toorkee Sheeraaze bedast arad delle mara,
"Bekhaale hendish bakhsham Samarcand oo Bokhaarara."

Translation,—

"If this beautiful girl of Sheeraz would give me her heart,
"I would give her for one mole of her cheek all the treasures of Samarcand and Bokhara."

Then, suddenly, Awaz, the Turcomaun from Sarakhs, exclaimed, "Yussuf Wolff, raseedem dar bab Bokhara!"

Translation,—"Joseph Wolff, we are arrived at the gate of Bokhara!"

Dr. Wolff says, "Blessed be Thou, Jesus Christ, my God and my Lord, who hast redeemed me from all evil!"

END OF VOL. I.

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